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No. CCCCXXIII.

Art. I.—THE GOVERNMENT OF SUBJECT RACES.

Italy and Her Invaders. Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1892.

The 'courtly Claudian,' as Mr. Hodgkin, in his admirable and instructive work, calls the poet of the Roman decadence, concluded some lines which have often been quoted as applicable to the British Empire, with the dogmatic assertion that no limit could be assigned to the duration of Roman sway. *Nec terminus unquam Romanæ ditionis erit.* At the time this hazardous prophecy was made, the huge overgrown Roman Empire was tottering to its fall. Does a similar fate await the British Empire? Are we so far self-deceived, and are we so incapable of peering into the future as to be unable to see that many of the steps which now appear calculated to enhance and to stereotype Anglo-Saxon domination, are but the precursors of a period of national decay and senility?

A thorough examination of this vital question would necessarily involve the treatment of a great variety of subjects. The heart of the British Empire is to be found in Great Britain. It is not proposed in this place to deal either with the working of British political institutions, or with the various important social and economic problems which the actual condition of England presents, but only with the extremities of the body politic, and more especially with those where the inhabitants of the countries under British rule are not of Anglo-Saxon origin.

What should be the profession of faith of a sound but reasonable Imperialist? He will not be possessed with any secret desire to see the whole of Africa or of Asia painted red on the

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maps. He will entertain not only a moral dislike, but also a political mistrust of that excessive earth-hunger, which views with jealous eyes the extension of other and neighbouring European nations. He will have no fear of competition. He will believe that, in the treatment of subject races, the methods of government practised by England, though sometimes open to legitimate criticism, are superior, morally and economically, to those of any other foreign nation; and that, strong in the possession and maintenance of those methods, we shall be able to hold our own against all competitors.

On the other hand, he will have no sympathy with those who, as Lord Cromer said in a recent speech, 'are so fearful of Imperial 'greatness that they are unwilling that we should accomplish 'our manifest destiny, and who would thus have us sink into 'political insignificance by refusing the main title which makes 'us great.'

An Imperial policy must, of course, be carried out with reasonable prudence, and the principles of government which guide our relations with whatsoever races are brought under our control must be politically and economically sound and morally defensible. This is, in fact, the keystone of the Imperial arch. The main justification of Imperialism is to be found in the use which is made of the Imperial power. If we make a good use of our power, we may face the future without fear that we shall be overtaken by the Nemesis which attended Roman misrule. If the reverse is the case, the British Empire will deserve to fall, and of a surety it will ultimately fall. There is truth in the saying, of which perhaps we sometimes hear rather too much, that the maintenance of the Empire depends on the sword; but so little does it depend on the sword alone that if once we have to draw the sword, not merely to suppress some local effervescence, but to overcome a general upheaval of subject races goaded to action either by deliberate oppression, which is highly improbable, or by unintentional misgovernment, which is far more conceivable, the sword will assuredly be powerless to defend us for long, and the days of our Imperial rule will be numbered.

To those who believe that when they rest from their earthly labours their works will follow them, and that they must account to a Higher Tribunal for the use or misuse of any powers which may have been entrusted to them in this world, no further defence of the plea that Imperialism should rest on a moral basis is required. Those who entertain no such belief may perhaps be convinced by the argument that, from a national point of view, a policy based on principles of sound morality

is wiser, inasmuch as it is likely to be more successful, than one which excludes all considerations save those of cynical self-interest. There was truth in the commonplace remark made by a subject of ancient Rome, himself a slave and presumably of Oriental extraction, that bad government will bring the mightiest empire to ruin.*

Some advantage may perhaps be derived from inquiring, however briefly and imperfectly, into the causes which led to the ruin of that political edifice, which in point of grandeur and extent, is alone worthy of comparison with the British Empire. The subject has been treated by many of the most able writers and thinkers whom the world has produced—Gibbon, Guizot, Mommsen, Milman, Seeley, and others. For present purposes the classification given by Mr. Hodgkin of the causes which led to the downfall of the Western Empire has been adopted. They were six in number, viz. :

1. The foundation of Constantinople.
2. Christianity.
3. Slavery.
4. The pauperisation of the Roman proletariat.
5. The destruction of the middle-class by the fiscal oppression of the Curiales.
6. Barbarous finance.

1. *The foundation of Constantinople.*—It is, for obvious reasons, unnecessary to discuss this cause. It was one of special application to the circumstances of the time, notably to the threatening attitude towards Rome assumed by the now decadent State of Persia.

2. *Christianity.*—That the foundation of Christianity exercised a profoundly disintegrating effect on the Roman Empire is unquestionable. Gibbon, although he possibly confounds the tenets of the new creed with the defects of its hierarchy, dwells with characteristic emphasis on this congenial subject.† Mr. Hodgkin, speaking of the analogy between the British present and the Roman past, says :

> The Christian religion is with us no explosive force threatening the disruption of our most cherished institutions. On the contrary, it has been said, not as a mere figure of speech, that ' Christianity is part of the common law of England.' And even the bitterest enemies of our religion will scarcely deny that, upon the whole, a nation imbued with the teaching of the New Testament is more

* Male imperando summum imperium amittitur. Publius Syrus.

† Decline and Fall. Chap. xx.

easy to govern than one which derived its notions of divine morality from the stories of the dwellers on Olympus.

From the special point of view now under consideration, the case for Christianity admits of being even more strongly stated than this, for no attempt will be made to deal with the principles which should guide the government of a people imbued with the teaching of the New Testament, but rather with the subordinate, but still highly important question of the treatment which a people, presumed to be already imbued with that teaching, should accord to subject races who are ignorant or irreceptive of its precepts. From this point of view it may be said that Christianity, far from being an explosive force, is not merely a powerful ally. It is an ally without whose assistance continued success is unattainable. Although dictates of worldly prudence and opportunism are alone sufficient to ensure the rejection of a policy of official proselytism, it is none the less true that the code of Christian morality is the only sure foundation on which the whole of our vast Imperial fabric can be built if it is to be durable. The stability of our rule depends to a great extent upon whether the forces acting in favour of applying the Christian code of morality to subject races are capable of overcoming those moving in a somewhat opposite direction. We are inclined to think that our Teutonic veracity and gravity, our national conscientiousness, our British spirit of fair play, to use the cant phrase of the day, our free institutions, and our press—which, although it occasionally shows unpleasant symptoms of sinking beneath the yoke of special and not highly reputable interests, is still greatly superior in tone to that of any other nation—are sufficient guarantees against relapse into the morass of political immorality which characterised the relations between nation and nation, and notably between the strong and the weak, even so late as the eighteenth century.* It is to be hoped and believed that, for the time being, this contention is well founded, but what assurance is there—if the Book which embodies the code of Christian morality may without irreverence be quoted—that 'that which is done is that which shall be done'? † That is the crucial question.

There appear to be at present existent in England two different Imperial schools of thought, which, without being absolutely

* Anyone who wishes to gain an insight into the fundamental principles which governed those relations cannot do better than read the opening chapters of Sorel's 'L'Europe et la Révolution Française.'

† Ecclesiastes, i. 9.

antagonistic, represent very opposite principles. One school, which, for want of a better name, may be styled that of philanthropy, is occasionally tainted with the zeal which outruns discretion, and with the want of accuracy which often characterises those whose emotions predominate over their reason. The violence and want of mental equilibrium at times displayed by the partisans of this school of thought not unfrequently give rise to misgivings lest the Duke of Wellington should have prophesied truly when he said, 'If you lose India, the House of Commons will lose it for you.' * These manifest defects should not, however, blind us to the fact that the philanthropists and sentimentalists are deeply imbued with the grave national responsibilities which devolve on England, and with the lofty aspirations which attach themselves to her civilising and moralising mission.

The other is the commercial school. Pitt once said that 'British policy is British trade.' The general correctness of this aphorism cannot be challenged, but, like most aphorisms, it only conveys a portion of the truth; for the commercial spirit, though eminently beneficent when under some degree of moral control, may become not merely hurtful but even subversive of Imperial dominion, when it is allowed to run riot. Livingstone said that in five hundred years the only thing the natives of Africa had learnt from the Portuguese was to distil bad spirits with the help of an old gun barrel. This is, without doubt, an extreme case—so extreme, indeed, that even the hardened conscience of diplomatic Europe was eventually shamed into taking some half-hearted action in the direction of preventing a whole continent from being demoralised in order that the distillers and vendors of cheap spirits might realise large profits. But it would not be difficult to cite other analogous, though less striking, instances. Occasions are, indeed, not unfrequent when the interests of commerce apparently clash with those of good government. The word 'apparently' is used with intent; for though some few individuals may acquire a temporary benefit by sacrificing moral principle on the altar of pecuniary gain, it may confidently be stated that, in respect to the wider and more lasting benefits of trade, no real antagonism exists between commercial self-interest and public morality. †

* Life and Letters of Sir James Graham, vol. ii. p. 328.

† Lord Farrer says: 'It is the privilege of honourable trade that, like mercy, it is twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes; each of its dealings is of necessity a benefit to both parties. But traders and speculators are not always the most scrupulous of mankind. Their dealings with savage and half-

To be more explicit, what is meant when it is said that the commercial spirit should be under some control is this—that in dealing with Indians or Egyptians, or Shilluks, or Zulus, the first question is to consider what course is most conducive to Indian, Egyptian, Shilluk or Zulu interests. We need not always inquire too closely what these people, who are all, nationally speaking, more or less *in statu pupillari*, themselves think is best in their own interests, although this is a point which deserves serious consideration. But it is essential that each special issue should be decided mainly with reference to what, by the light of western knowledge and experience tempered by local considerations, we conscientiously think is best for the subject race, without reference to any real or supposed advantage which may accrue to England as a nation, or—as is more frequently the case—to the special interests represented by some one or more influential classes of Englishmen. If the British nation as a whole persistently bears this principle in mind, and insists sternly on its application, though we can never create a patriotism akin to that based on affinity of race or community of language, we may perhaps foster some sort of cosmopolitan allegiance grounded on the respect always accorded to superior talents and unselfish conduct, and on the gratitude derived both from favours conferred and from those to come.* There may then at all events be some hope that the Egyptian will hesitate before he throws in his lot with any future Arabi. The Berberine dweller on the banks of the Nile may, perhaps,

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civilised nations too often betray sharp practice, sometimes violence and wrong. The persons who carry on our trade on the outskirts of civilisation are not distinguished by a special appreciation of the rights of others, nor are the speculators who are attracted by the enormous profits to be made by precarious investments in half civilised countries, people in whose hands we should desire to place the fortunes or reputation of our country. When a difficulty arises between ourselves and one of the weaker nations, these are the persons whose voice is most loudly raised for acts of violence, of aggression, or of revenge.' 'The State in its Relation to Trade,' p. 177.

* It should never be forgotten that, in Oriental countries, whatever good is done to the masses is necessarily purchased at the expense of incurring the resentment of the ruling classes, who abused the power they formerly possessed. Seeley ('Expansion of England,' p. 320) says with great truth: 'It would be very rash to assume that any gratitude, which may have been aroused here and there by our administration, can be more than sufficient to counterbalance the discontent which we have excited among those whom we have ousted from authority and influence.'

cast no wistful glances back to the time when, albeit he or his progenitors were oppressed, the oppression came from the hand of a co-religionist. Even the Central African savage may eventually learn to chant a hymn in honour of 'Astraea Redux,' as represented by the British official who denies him gin but gives him justice. More than this, commerce will gain. It must necessarily follow in the train of civilisation, and, whilst it will speedily droop if that civilisation is spurious, it will, on the other hand, increase in volume in direct proportion to the extent to which the true principles of western progress are assimilated by the subjects of the British king and the customers of the British trader. This latter must be taught patience at the hands of the statesman and the moralist. It is a somewhat difficult lesson to learn. The trader not only wishes to acquire wealth; he not unfrequently wishes that its acquisition should be rapid, even at the expense of morality and of the permanent interests of his country.

Nam dives qui fieri vult,
Et cito vult fieri. Sed quae reverentia legum,
Quis metus aut pudor est unquam properantis avari? *

This question demands consideration from another point of view. A clever Frenchman, keenly alive to what he thought was the decadence of his own nation, published a remarkable book in 1897. He practically admitted that the Anglophobia so common on the Continent of Europe is the outcome of jealousy.† He acknowledged the proved superiority of the Anglo-Saxon over the Latin races, and he set himself to examine the causes of that superiority. The general conclusion at which he arrived was that the strength of the Anglo-Saxon race lay in the fact that its society, its government, and its habits of thought were eminently 'particularist,' as opposed to the 'communitarian' principles prevalent on the Continent of Europe. He was probably quite right. It has, indeed,

* Juvenal, xiv. 176.

† 'La supériorité des Anglo-Saxons! Si on ne la proclame pas, on la subit et on la redoute; les craintes, les méfiances et parfois les haines que soulève l'Anglais l'attestent assez haut. . . .

'Nous ne pouvons faire un pas à travers le monde, sans rencontrer l'Anglais. Nous ne pouvons jeter les yeux sur nos anciennes possessions, sans y voir flotter le pavillon anglais.' 'A Quoi tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons?' Demolins. This work, as well as another on much the same subject ('L'Europa Giovane,' by Guglielmo Ferrero), were reviewed in the EDINBURGH REVIEW for January, 1898.

become a commonplace of English political thought that for centuries past, from the days of Raleigh to those of Rhodes, the position of England in the world has been due more to the exertions, to the resources, and occasionally perhaps to the absence of scruple found in the individual Anglo-Saxon, than to any encouragement or help derived from British Governments, whether of the Elizabethan, Georgian, or Victorian type. The principle of relying largely on individual effort has, in truth, produced marvellous results. It is singularly suited to develop some of the best qualities of the vigorous, self-assertive Anglo-Saxon race. It is to be hoped that self-help may long continue to be our national watchword.

It is now somewhat the fashion to regard as benighted the school of thought which was founded two hundred years ago by Du Quesnay and the French Physiocrates, which reached its zenith in the person of Adam Smith, and whose influence rapidly declined in England after the great battle of Free Trade had been fought and won. But whatever may have been the faults of that school, and however little its philosophy is capable of affording an answer to many of the complex questions which modern government and society present, it laid fast hold of one unquestionably sound principle. It entertained a deep mistrust of Government interference in the social and economic relations of life. Moreover, it saw, long before the fact became apparent to the rest of the world, that, in spite not only of some outward dissimilarities of methods but even of an instinctive mutual repulsion, despotic bureaucracy was the natural ally of those communistic principles which the economists deemed it their main business in life to combat and condemn. Many regard with some disquietude the frequent concessions which have of late years been made in England to demands for State interference. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that the main principle advocated by the economists still holds the field, that individualism is not being crushed out of existence, and that the majority of our countrymen still believe that State interference—being an evil, although sometimes admittedly a necessary evil—should be jealously watched and restricted to the minimum amount absolutely necessary in each special case.

Attention is drawn to this point in order to show that the observations which follow are in no degree based on any general desire to exalt the power of the State at the expense of the individual.

Our habits of thought, our past history, and our national character all, therefore, point in the direction of allowing individualism as wide a scope as possible in the work of national

expansion. Hence the career of the East India Company and the tendency displayed more recently in Africa to govern through the agency of private companies. On the other hand, it is greatly to be doubted whether the principles, which a wise policy would dictate in the treatment of subject races, will receive their application to so full an extent at the hands of private individuals as would be the case at the hands of the State. The guarantee for good government is even less solid where power is entrusted to a corporate body, for, as Turgot once said, 'La morale des corps les plus scrupuleux ne vaut jamais celle 'des particuliers honnêtes.' * In both cases, public opinion is relatively impotent. In the case of direct Government action, on the other hand, the views of those who wish to uphold a high standard of public morality can find expression in Parliament, and the latter can, if it chooses, oblige the Government to control its agents and call them to account for unjust, unwise, or overbearing conduct. More than this, State officials, having no interests to serve but those of good Government, are more likely to pay regard to the welfare of the subject race than commercial agents, who must necessarily be hampered in their action by the pecuniary interests of their employers.

Our national policy must, of course, be what would be called in statics the resultant of the various currents of opinion represented in our national society. Whether Imperialism will continue to rest on a sound basis depends, therefore, to no small extent, on the degree to which the moralising elements in the nation can, without injury to all that is sound and healthy in individualist action, control those defects which may not improbably spring out of the egotism of the commercial spirit, if it be subject to no effective check.†

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* Vie de Turgot, i. 47. In the debate on the India Act in 1858, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, whose views were generally distinguished for their moderation, said: 'I do most confidently maintain that no civilised Government ever existed on the face of this earth which was more corrupt, more perfidious, and more capricious than the East India Company was from 1758 to 1784, when it was placed under Parliamentary control.'

† 'It still remains true that there is a large body of public opinion in England which carries into all politics a sound moral sense, and which places a just and righteous policy higher than any mere party interest. It is on the power and pressure of this opinion that the high character of English government must ultimately depend.' 'Map of Life.' Lecky, p. 184. It will be a matter for surprise if the ultra-bureaucratic spirit, coupled with a somewhat pronounced degree of commercial egotism, do not prove the two rocks on which German colonial enterprise will be eventually shipwrecked.

If this problem can be satisfactorily solved, then Christianity, far from being a disruptive force, as was the case with Rome, will prove one of the strongest elements of Imperial cohesion.

3. *Slavery.*—It is not necessary to discuss this question, for there can be no doubt that, in so far as his connexion with subject races is concerned, the Anglo-Saxon in modern times comes, not to enslave, but to liberate from slavery. The fact that he does so is, indeed, one of his best title-deeds to Imperial dominion.

4. *The pauperisation of the Roman proletariat.*—This is the *Panem et Circenses* policy. Mr. Hodgkin appears to think that in this direction lies the main danger which threatens the British Empire.

> ' Of all the forces,' he says, ' which were at work for the destruction of the prosperity of the Roman world, none is more deserving of the careful study of an English statesman than the grain-largesses to the populace of Rome. . . . Will the great Democracies of the twentieth century resist the temptation to use political power as a means of material self-enrichment ? '

Possibly Mr. Hodgkin is right. The manner in which the leaders of the Paris Commune dealt with the rights of property during their disastrous, but fortunately very brief, period of office in 1871, serves as a warning of what, in an extreme case, may be expected of despotic democracy in its most aggravated form. Moreover, misgovernment, and the fiscal oppression which is the almost necessary accompaniment of militarism dominant over a poverty-stricken population, have latterly developed on the Continent of Europe, and more especially in Italy, a school of action—for anarchism can scarcely be dignified by the name of a school of thought—which regards human life as scarcely more sacred than property. It may be that some lower depth has yet to be reached, although it is almost inconceivable that such should be the case. Anarchy takes us past the stage of any defined political or social programme. It would appear, so far as can at present be judged, to embody the last despairing cry of ultra-democracy ' Furens.'

It is permissible to hope that our national sobriety, coupled with the inherited traditions derived from centuries of free government, will save us from such extreme manifestations of democratic tyranny as those to which allusion has been made above. The special danger in England would appear rather to arise from the probability of gradual dry rot, due to prolonged offence against the infallible and relentless laws of economic science. Both British employers of labour and British workmen

are insular in their habits of thought, and insular in the range of their acquired knowledge. They do not appear as yet to be thoroughly alive to the new position created for British trade by foreign competition. It is greatly to be hoped that they will awake to the realities of the situation before any permanent harm is done to British trade, for the loss of trade involves as its ultimate result the pauperisation of the proletariat, the adoption of reckless expedients based on the *Panem et Circenses* policy to fill the mouths and quell the voices of the multitude, and finally the suicide of that Empire which is the offspring of trade, and which can only continue to exist so long as its parent continues to thrive and to flourish.

5. *The destruction of the middle class by the fiscal oppression of the Curiales.*—Leaving aside points of detail, which were only of special application to the circumstances of the time, this cause of Roman decay may, for all purposes of comparison and instruction, be stated in the following terms : funds, which should have been spent by the municipalities on local objects, were, from about the close of the third century, diverted to the Imperial Exchequer, by which they were not unfrequently squandered in such a manner as to confer no benefit of any kind on the tax-payers, whether local or Imperial. Thus, the system of local self-government, which, Mr. Hodgkin says, was, during the early centuries of the Empire, ' both in name and fact ' Republican,' was shattered.

It does not appear probable that an attempt will ever be made to divert the public revenues of the outlying dependencies of Great Britain to the Imperial Exchequer. The lesson taught by the loss of the American Colonies has sunk deeply into the public mind. Moreover, the example of Spain stands as a warning to all the world. The principle that local revenues should be expended locally has become part of the political creed of Englishmen ; neither is it at all likely to be infringed, even in respect to those dependencies whose rights and privileges are not safeguarded by self-governing institutions.

There may, however, be some little danger ahead in a sense exactly opposite to that which was incurred by Rome—the danger, that is to say, that, under the pressure of Imperialism, backed by influential class and personal interests, too large an amount of the Imperial revenue may be diverted to the outlying dependencies. If this were done, two evils might not improbably ensue.

In the first place, the British democracy might become restive under taxation imposed for objects the utility of which would not perhaps be fully appreciated, and might therefore be dis-

posed to cast off too hastily the mantle of Imperialism. It is but a short time ago that an influential school of politicians persistently dwelt on the theme that the colonies were a burthen to the Mother Country. Although, for the time being, views of this sort are out of fashion, no assurance can be felt that the swing of the pendulum may not bring round another anti-Imperialist phase of public opinion.

In the second place, if financial aid to any considerable extent were afforded by the British Treasury to the outlying dependencies, a serious risk would be run that this concession would be followed at no distant period by a plea in favour of financial control from England. The establishment of this latter principle would strike a blow at one of the main props on which our Imperial fabric is based. It would tend to substitute a centralised, in the place of our present decentralised system. Those who are immediately responsible for the administration of our outlying dependencies will, therefore, act wisely if they abstain from asking too readily for Imperial pecuniary aid in order to solve local difficulties.

These considerations naturally lead to some reflexions on the principles of government adopted in those dependencies of the Empire, the inhabitants of which are not of the Anglo-Saxon race. Colonies whose inhabitants are mainly of British origin stand, of course, on a wholly different footing. They carry their Anglo-Saxon institutions and habits of thought with them to their distant homes.

Englishmen are less imitative than most Europeans in this sense—that they are less disposed to apply the administrative and political systems of their own country to the government of backward populations; but in spite of their relatively high degree of political elasticity, they cannot shake themselves altogether free from political conventionalities. Moreover, the experienced minority is constantly being pressed by the inexperienced majority in the direction of imitation. Knowing the somewhat excessive degree of adulation which some sections of the British public are disposed to pay to their special idol, Lord Dufferin, in 1883, was almost apologetic to his countrymen for abstaining from an act of political folly. He pleaded strenuously for delay in the introduction of parliamentary institutions into Egypt, on the ground that our attempts 'to mitigate 'predominant absolutism' in India had been slow, hesitating, and tentative. He brought poetic metaphor to his aid. He deprecated paying too much attention to the 'murmuring leaves,' in other words, imagining that the establishment of a Chamber of Notables implied constitutional freedom, and he

exhorted his countrymen 'to seek for the roots,' that is to say, to allow each Egyptian village to elect its own mayor (Sheikh).

It cannot be too clearly understood that whether we deal with the roots, or the trunk, or the branches, or the leaves, free institutions in the full sense of the term must for generations to come be wholly unsuitable to countries such as India and Egypt. If the use of a metaphor, though of a less polished type, be allowed, it may be said that it will probably never be possible to make a Western silk purse out of an Eastern sow's ear; at all events, if the impossibility of the task be called in question, it should be recognised that the process of manufacture will be extremely lengthy and tedious.

But it is often urged that, although no rational person would wish to advocate the premature creation of ultra-liberal institutions in backward countries, at the same time that for several reasons it is desirable to move gradually in this direction. The adoption of this method is, it is said, the only way to remedy the evils attendant on a system of personal government in an extreme form; it enables us to learn the views of the natives of the country, even although we may not accord to the latter full power of deciding whether or not those views should be put in practice; lastly, it constitutes a means of political education, through the agency of which the subject race will gradually acquire the qualities necessary to autonomy.

The force of these arguments cannot be denied, but there should be no delusion as to the weight which should be attached to them. It has been very truly remarked by a writer, who has dealt with the idiosyncrasies of a singularly versatile nation, whose genius presented in every respect a marked contrast to that of Eastern races, that from the dawn of history Eastern politics have been 'stricken with a fatal 'simplicity.'* Do not let us for one moment imagine that the fatally simple idea of despotic rule will readily give way to the far more complex conception of ordered liberty. The transformation, if it ever takes place at all, will probably be the work, not of generations, but of centuries.

So limited is the stock of political ideas in the world that some modified copy of Parliamentary institutions is, without doubt, the only method which has yet been invented for mitigating the evils attendant on the personal system of government. But it is a method which is thoroughly uncongenial to Oriental habits of thought. It may be doubted whether, by the adoption of this exotic system, we gain any real insight into native aspira-

* 'Some Aspects of the Greek Genius,' Butcher, p. 27.

tions and opinions. As to the educational process, the experience of India is not very encouraging. The good government of most Indian towns depends to this day mainly, not on the Municipal Commissioners, who are generally natives, but on the influence of the President, who is usually an Englishman.

A further consideration in connexion with this point is also of some importance. It is that British officials in Eastern countries should be encouraged by all possible means to learn the views and the requirements of the native population. The establishment of mock parliaments tends rather in the opposite direction, for the official on the spot sees through the mockery and is not unfrequently disposed to abandon any attempt to ascertain real native opinion, through disgust at the unreality, crudity, or folly of the views set forth by the putative representatives of native society.

For these reasons it is important that, in our well-intentioned endeavours to impregnate the Oriental mind with our insular habits of thought, we should proceed with the utmost caution, and that we should remember that our primary duty is, not to introduce a system which, under the specious cloak of free institutions, will enable a small minority of natives to misgovern their countrymen, but to establish one which will enable the mass of the population to be governed according to the code of Christian morality. A freely elected Egyptian Parliament, supposing such a thing to be possible, would not improbably legislate for the protection of the slave owner, if not the slave dealer, and no assurance can be felt that the electors of Rajputana, if they had their own way, would not re-establish Suttee. Good government has the merit of presenting a more or less attainable ideal. Before Orientals can attain anything approaching to the British ideal of self-government they will have to undergo very numerous transmigrations of political thought.

The question of local self-government may be considered from another, and almost equally important point of view.

When writers such as M. Demolins speak of the 'particularist' system of England and of the 'communitarian' system prevalent on the Continent of Europe, they generally mean to contrast the British plan of acting through the agency of private individuals with the Continental practice of relying almost entirely on the action of the State. This is the primary and perhaps the most important signification of the two phrases, but the principles which these phrases are intended to represent admit of another application.

It is difficult for those Englishmen who have not been brought into business relations with Continental officials to realise the

extreme centralisation of their administrative and diplomatic procedures. The tendency of every French central authority is to allow no discretionary power whatever to his subordinate. He wishes, often from a distance, to control every detail of the administration. The tendency of the subordinate, on the other hand, is to lean in everything on superior authority. He does not dare to take any personal responsibility; indeed, it is possible to go further and say that the corroding action of bureaucracy renders those who live under its baneful shadow almost incapable of assuming responsibility. By force of habit and training it has become irksome to them. They fly for refuge to a superior official, who, in his turn, if the case at all admits of the adoption of such a course, hastens to merge his individuality in the voluminous pages of a code or a Government circular.

The British official, on the other hand, whether in England or abroad, is an Englishman first and an official afterwards. He possesses his full share of national characteristics. He is by inheritance an individualist. He lives in a society which, so far from being, as is the case on the Continent, saturated with respect for officialism, is somewhat prone to regard officialism and incompetency as synonymous terms. By such association, any bureaucratic tendency which may exist on the part of the British official is kept in check, whilst his individualism is subjected to a sustained and healthy course of tonic treatment.

Thus, the British system breeds a race of officials who, relatively to those holding analogous posts on the Continent, are disposed to exercise their central authority in a manner sympathetic to individualism; who, if they are inclined to err in the sense of over-centralisation are often held in check by statesmen imbued with the decentralising spirit; and who, under these influences, are inclined to accord to local agents a far wider latitude than those trained in the Continental school of bureaucracy would consider either safe or desirable.

On the other hand, looking to the position and attributes of the local agents themselves, it is singular to observe how the habit of assuming responsibility, coupled with national predispositions acting in the same direction, generates and fosters a capacity for the beneficial exercise of power. This feature is not merely noticeable in comparing British with Continental officials, but also in contrasting various classes of Englishmen *inter se*. The most highly centralised of all our English offices is the War Office. For this reason, and also because a military life necessarily and rightly engenders a habit of implicit obedience to orders, soldiers are generally less disposed than civilians to assume personal responsibility and to act on their own initiative.

Nevertheless, whether in military or civil life, it may be said that the spirit of decentralisation pervades the whole British administrative system, and that it has given birth to a class of officials who have both the desire and the capacity to govern, who constitute what Bacon called * the *Participes curarum*, namely, 'those upon whom Princes doe discharge the greatest 'weight of their affaires,' and who are instruments of incomparable value in the execution of a policy of Imperialism.

The method of exercising the central control under the British system calls for some further remarks. It varies greatly in different localities.

Under the Indian system a council of experts is attached to the Secretary of State in England. A good authority on this subject says † that there can be no question of the advantage of this system.

> No man, however experienced and laborious, could properly direct and control the various interests of so vast an Empire, unless he were aided by men with knowledge of different parts of the country, and possessing an intimate acquaintance with the different and complicated subjects involved in the government and welfare of so many incongruous races.

On the assumption that India is to be governed from London, there can be no doubt of the validity of this argument. But, as has been frequently pointed out,‡ this system tends inevitably towards over-centralisation, and if the British Government is to continue to exercise a sort of παντοκρατορία, to use an expressive Greek phrase, over a number of outlying dependencies of very various types, over-centralisation is a danger which should be carefully shunned. It is wiser to obtain local knowledge from those on the spot, rather than from those whose local experience must necessarily diminish in value in direct proportion to the length of the period during which they have been absent from the special locality, and who, moreover, are under a strong temptation, after they leave the dependency, to exercise a detailed control over their successors. It is greatly to be doubted, therefore, whether, should the occasion arise, this portion of the Indian system is deserving of reproduction.

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* Essays. 'Of Honour and Reputation.'

† 'Sir Charles Wood's Administration of Indian Affairs, 1859–66.' West. 1867. Sir Algernon West was Private Secretary to Sir Charles Wood, afterwards Lord Halifax, who was the first Secretary of State for India appointed after the passing of the India Act of 1858, and, therefore, inaugurated the new system.

‡ See, *inter alia*, Chesney's 'Indian Polity,' p. 136.

There is, however, another portion of that system which is in every respect admirable, and the creation of which bears the impress of that keen political insight which, according to many Continental authorities, is the birthright of the Anglo-Saxon race. India is governed locally by a council composed mainly of officials who have passed their adult lives in the country; but the Viceroy, and occasionally the legal and financial members of Council, are sent from England and are usually chosen by reason of their general qualifications, rather than on account of any special knowledge of Indian affairs. This system avoids the dangers consequent on over-centralisation, whilst at the same time it associates with the administration of the country some individuals who are personally imbued with the general principles of government which are favoured by the central authority. Its tendency is to correct the defect from which the officials employed in the outlying portions of the Empire are most likely to suffer, namely, that of magnifying the importance of some local event or consideration, and of unduly neglecting arguments based on considerations of wider Imperial import. It enhances the idea of proportion, which is one of the main qualities necessary to any politician or governing body. Long attention to one subject, or group of subjects, is apt to narrow the vision of specialists. The adjunct of an element, which is not Anglo-Indian, to the Indian Government acts as a corrective to this evil. The members of the Government who are sent from England, if they have no local experience, are at all events exempt from local prejudices. They bring to bear on the questions which come before them a wide general knowledge and, in many cases, the liberal spirit and vigorous common sense which are acquired in the course of an English parliamentary career.

It may be added, as a matter of important detail, that it would be desirable, in order to give continuity to Indian policy, to select young men to fill the place of Viceroy, and to extend the period of office from five to seven, or even to ten years.

Although over-centralisation is to be avoided, a certain amount of control from a central authority is not only unavoidable; if properly exercised, it is most beneficial. One danger to which the local agent is exposed is that, being ill-informed of circumstances lying outside his range of political vision, he may lose sight of the general principles which guide the policy of the Empire; he may treat subjects of local interest in a manner calculated to damage, or even to jeopardise, Imperial interests. The central authority is in a position to obviate any danger arising from this cause. To ensure the harmonious

working of the different parts of the machine, the central authority should endeavour, so far as is possible, to realise the circumstances attendant on the government of the dependency; whilst the local agent should be constantly on the watch lest he should overrate the importance of some local issue, or fail to appreciate fully the difficulties which beset the action of the central authority.

To sum up all that there is to be said on this branch of the subject, it may be hoped that the fate which befell Rome, in so far as it was due to the special causes of decay now under consideration, may be averted by close adherence to two important principles. The first of these principles is that local revenues should be expended locally. The second is that over-centralisation should above all things be avoided. This may be done either by the creation of self-governing institutions in those dependencies whose civilisation is sufficiently advanced to justify the adoption of this course; or by decentralising the executive Government in cases where self-government, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, is impossible or undesirable.

6. *Barbarous finance.*—Mr. Hodgkin says that the system of Imperial taxation under the Roman Empire was 'wasteful, 'oppressive, and, in a word, barbarous.' He gives, as an instance in point, the Roman Indiction. This was the name given to the system under which the taxable value of the land throughout the Empire was reassessed every fifteen years. At each re-assessment, Mr. Hodgkin says, 'the few who had prospered 'found themselves assessed on the higher value which their 'lands had acquired, while the many who were sinking down 'into poverty obtained, it is to be feared, but little relief from 'taxation on account of the higher rate which was charged to all.'

It is somewhat unpleasant to reflect that the system which Mr. Hodgkin so strongly condemns, and which he even regards as one of the causes of the downfall of the Roman Empire, is—save in respect to the intervals of periodical re-assessment—very similar to that which exists everywhere in India, except in the province of Bengal, where the rights conferred on the Zemindars under Lord Cornwallis's Permanent Settlement are still respected in spite of occasional unwise suggestions that time and the fall in the value of the rupee have obliterated any moral obligations to maintain them. Nor are the results obtained in India altogether dissimilar from those observable under Roman rule. The knowledge that re-assessment was imminent has, it is believed, often discouraged the outlay of private capital on improving the land. More than this, it is notorious that, at one time, some provinces suffered greatly from the mistakes made

by the settlement officers. These latter were animated with the best intentions, but, in spite of their marked ability—for they were all specially selected men—they often found the task entrusted to them impossible of execution. Unfortunately, political or administrative errors cannot be condoned by reason of good intentions. Like the Greeks of old, the natives of India suffer from the mistakes of their rulers.

The intentions of the British, as compared with the Roman Government are, however, noteworthy from one point of view, inasmuch as from a correct appreciation of those intentions it is possible to evolve a principle perhaps in some degree calculated to avert the consequences which befell Rome, partly by reason of fiscal errors.

In spite of some high-sounding commonplaces which were at times enunciated by Roman lawgivers and statesmen, and in which a ring of utilitarian philosophy is to be recognised * — and of the further fact that, as in the case of Verres, a check was sometimes applied to the excesses of local Governors, it is almost certainly true that the rulers of Rome did not habitually act on the recognition of any very strong moral obligation binding on the Imperial Government in its treatment of subject races. The merits of any fiscal system were probably judged mainly from the point of view of the amount of funds which it poured into the Treasury. The fiscal principles on which the Emperors of Rome acted survived long after the fall of the Roman Empire. They deserve the epithet of 'barbarous' which Mr. Hodgkin has bestowed upon them.

The point of departure of the British Government is altogether different. Its intentions are admirable. Every farthing which has been spent—and, it may be feared, often wasted—on the numerous military expeditions in which the Government of India has been engaged during the last century would, in the eyes of many, certainly be considered as expenditure incurred on objects which were of paramount interest to the Indian taxpayers. Moreover, a whole category of British legislation connected with fiscal matters has been undertaken, not so much with a view to increase the revenue as with the object of distributing the burthen of taxation equally amongst the different classes of society. Much of this legislation has been perfectly justifiable

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* Perhaps the best-known example is 'Salus populi suprema lex esto,' a maxim which, as Selden has pointed out ('Table Talk' ciii.), is very frequently misapplied. See also the advice given by the Emperor Claudius to the Parthian Mithridates (Tacitus, 'Ann.' xii. 11.)

and even beneficial. Nevertheless, it should never be forgotten that it is generally based on the purely Western principle that abstract justice is in itself a desirable thing to attain, and that a fiscal or administrative system stands condemned if it is wanting in symmetry. It was against any extreme application of this principle that Burke directed some of his most forcible diatribes.* It has been already pointed out that the commendable want of intellectual symmetry which is the inherited possession of the Englishman gives him a very great advantage as an Imperialist agent over those trained in the rigid and bureaucratic school of Continental Europe. But the Englishman is a Western, albeit an Anglo-Saxon Western, and, from the point of view of all processes of reasoning, the gulf which separates any one member of the European family from another is infinitely less wide than that which divides all Westerns from all Orientals. Even the Englishman, therefore, is constrained—sometimes much against his will—to bow down in that temple of Logic, the existence of which the Oriental is disposed altogether to ignore. Indeed, sometimes the choice lies between the enforcement on the reluctant Oriental of principles based on logic—occasionally on the very simple science of arithmetic—or abandoning the work of civilisation altogether. From this point of view, the dangers to which the British Empire is exposed by reason of fiscal measures are due not, as was the case with Rome, to barbarous, but rather to ultra-scientific finance. We give a case in point.

The land-tax has always been the principal source from which Oriental potentates have derived their revenues. For all practical purposes it may be said that the system which they have adopted has generally been to take as much from the cultivators as they could get. Reformers, such as the Emperor Akbar, have at times endeavoured to introduce more enlightened methods of taxation and to carry into practice the theories upon

* 'The idea of forcing everything to an artificial equality has something, at first view, very captivating in it. It has all the appearance imaginable of justice and good order; and very many persons, without any sort of partial purposes, have been led to adopt such schemes, and to pursue them with great earnestness and warmth. Though I have no doubt that the minute, laborious, and very expensive *cadastre*, which was made by the King of Sardinia, has done no sort of good, and that after all his pains a few years will restore all things to their first inequality, yet it has been the admiration of half the reforming financiers of Europe; I mean the official financiers, as well as the speculative.' Memoirs of 'Sir Philip Francis,' ii. 126.

which the fiscal system in all Moslem countries is based. Those theories are by no means so objectionable as is often supposed. But the reforms which some few capable rulers attempted to introduce have almost always crumbled away under the régime of their successors.* In practice, the only limit to the demands of the ruler of an Oriental State has been the ability of the taxpayers to satisfy them.† The only defence of the taxpayers has lain in the concealment of their incomes at the risk of being tortured till they divulged their amount.

Nevertheless, even under such a system as this, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb by the fact that Oriental rulers recognise that they cannot get money from a man who possesses none. If, from drought or other causes, the cultivator raises no crop, he is not required to pay any land-tax. The idea of expropriation for the non-payment of taxes is purely Western and modern. Under Roman law, it was the rule in contracts for rent that a tenant was not bound to pay if any 'vis major' prevented him from reaping.

The European system is very different. A far less heavy demand is made on the cultivator, but he is, at all events in principle and sometimes in practice, called upon to meet it in good and bad years alike. He is expected to save in years of plenty in order to make good the deficit in lean years. If he is unable to pay, he is liable to be expropriated, and he often is expropriated. This plan is just, logical, and very Western. It may be questioned whether Oriental cultivators do not sometimes rather prefer the oppression and elasticity of the Eastern to the justice and rigidity of the Western system.

Various palliatives have been adopted in India with a view to giving some elasticity to the working of the Land Revenue system. In Egypt, where the administration is much less Anglicised than in India, and where, for various reasons, the treatment of this subject presents relatively fewer difficulties, it is the practice now, as was the case under purely native rule, to remit the taxes on what is known as *Sharaki* lands, that is to say, land which, owing to a low Nile, has not been irrigated. It is not, however, necessary to dwell on the details of this subject. It will be sufficient to draw attention to the different points of view from which the Eastern and the Western approach the subject of fiscal administration. The latter urges with unanswerable logic that financial equilibrium must be maintained, and that he cannot frame a trustworthy Budget unless

* Mill, 'History of British India,' vi. 433.
† Elphinstone, 'History of India,' p. 77.

he knows the amount he may count on receiving from direct taxes, especially from the land-tax. The Eastern replies that he knows nothing of either financial equilibrium or of budgets, that it has, indeed, from time immemorial been the custom to leave him nought but a bare pittance when he had money, but to refrain from any endeavours to extort money from him when he had none.

Another instance drawn, not from the practices of fiscal administration, but from legislation on a cognate subject, may be cited.

Directly Western civilisation comes in contact with a backward Oriental society, the relations between debtor and creditor are entirely changed. A social revolution is effected. The Western applies his code with stern and ruthless logic. The child-like Eastern, on the other hand, cannot be made to understand that his house should be sold over his head because he affixed his seal to a document, which, very probably, he had never read, or at all events had never fully understood, and which was presented to him by a man at one time apparently animated with benevolent intentions, inasmuch as he wished to lend him money, but who subsequently showed his malevolence by asking to be repaid his loan with interest at an exorbitant rate.

Here, again, many palliatives have been suggested and some have been applied, but many of them sin against the economic law, which provides that legislation intended to protect a man against the consequences of his own folly or improvidence is generally unproductive of result.

In truth, no thoroughly effective remedy can be applied in cases such as those mentioned above, without abandoning all real attempt at progress. Civilisation must, unfortunately, have its victims, amongst whom are to some extent inevitably numbered those who do not recognise the paramount necessities of the Budget system, and those who contract debts with an inadequate appreciation of the *caveat emptor* principle. Nevertheless, the Western financier will act wisely if, casting aside some portion of his Western habit of thought, he recognises the facts with which he has to deal, and if, fully appreciating the intimate connexion between finance and politics in an Eastern country, he endeavours, so far as is possible, to temper the clean-cut science of his fiscal measures in such a manner as to suit the customs and intellectual standard of the subject race with which he has to deal.

The question of the amount of taxation levied stands apart from the method of its imposition. It may be laid down as a

principle of universal application that high taxation is incompatible with assured stability of Imperial rule.*

The financier and the hydraulic engineer, who is a powerful ally of the financier, have probably a greater potentiality of creating an artificial and self-interested loyalty than even the judge. The reasons are obvious. In the first place, the number of criminals, or even of civil litigants, in any society is limited; whereas practically the whole population consists of taxpayers. In the second place, the arbitrary methods of administering justice practised by Oriental rulers do not shock their subjects nearly so much as Europeans are often disposed to think. Custom has made it in them a property of easiness. They often, indeed, fail to appreciate the intentions, and are disposed to resent the methods, of those whose object it is to establish justice in the law-courts. On the other hand, the most ignorant Egyptian fellah or Indian ryot can understand the difference between a Government which takes nine-tenths of his crop in the shape of land-tax, and one which only takes one-third or one-fourth. He can realise that he is better off if the water is allowed to flow periodically on to his fields, than he was when the influential land-owner, who possessed a property up-stream on the canal, made a dam and prevented him from getting any water at all.

These principles would probably meet with general acceptance from all who have considered the question of Imperial rule. They are, indeed, almost commonplace. Unfortunately, in practice the necessity of conforming to them is often forgotten. India is the great instance in point. Englishmen are often so convinced that the natives of India ought to be loyal, they hear so much said of their loyalty, they appreciate so little the causes which are at work to produce disloyalty, and, in spite of occasional mistakes due to errors of judgement, they are in reality so earnestly desirous of doing what they consider, sometimes perhaps erroneously, their duty towards the native population, that they are apt to lose sight of the fact that the self-interest of the subject race is the principal basis of the whole Imperial fabric. They forget, whilst they are adding to the upper story of the house, that the foundations may give way.

This is not the place to enter into any lengthy discussion upon Indian affairs. It may be said, however, that the Indian history of the last few years certainly gives cause for some anxiety.

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* Lord Lawrence said, 'Light taxation is, in my mind, the panacea for foreign rule in India.' Bosworth Smith, 'Life of Lord Lawrence,' vol. ii. p. 497.

Attention was at one time too exclusively paid to frontier policy, which constitutes only one, and that not the most important, element of the complex Indian problem.

That the policy of 'masterly inactivity,' to use the phrase epigrammatically, but perhaps somewhat incorrectly applied to the line of action advocated by Lord Lawrence in 1869, required some modifications as the onward movement of Russia in Asia developed, will scarcely be contested by the most devoted of Lawrentian partisans and followers. That those modifications were wisely introduced is a proposition the truth of which it is difficult to admit. The portion of Lord Lawrence's programme which was necessarily temporary, inasmuch as it depended on the circumstances of the time, was rejected without taking sufficient account of the further and far more important portion which was of permanent application. This latter portion was defined in an historic and oft-quoted despatch which he indited on the eve of his departure from India, and which may be regarded as his political testament. In this despatch, Lord Lawrence, speaking with all the authority due to a life-long acquaintance with Indian affairs, laid down the broad general principle that the strongest security of our rule lay 'in the contentment, if not in the attachment, of the masses.' * The truth of this general principle was at one time too much neglected. Under the influence of a predominant militarism acting on too pliant politicians, vast military expenditure was incurred. Territory lying outside the natural geographical frontier of India was occupied, the acquisition of which was condemned not merely by sound policy, but also by sound strategy. Taxation was increased, and, generally, the material interests of the natives of India were sacrificed and British Imperial rule exposed to subsequent danger, in order to satisfy the exigencies of a school of soldier-politicians who only saw one, and that the most technical aspect of a very wide and complex question.

Neither, unfortunately, is there any sure guarantee that the mistakes, which it is now almost universally admitted were made, will not recur. Where, indeed, are we to look for any effective check? The rulers of India, whether they sit in Calcutta or London, may again be carried away by the partial views of an influential class, or of a few masterful individuals.

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* The essential portions of this despatch, in so far as the purposes of the present argument are concerned, are given in Sir Richard Temple's work (p. 185), and in Bosworth Smith's 'Life of Lord Lawrence,' vol. ii. p. 186.

It is absurd to speak of creating free institutions in India to control the Indian Government. Experience has shown that parliamentary action in England not unfrequently degenerates into acrimonious discussion and recrimination dictated by party passion; in any case, it is generally too late to change the course of events. Still less reliance can be placed on the action of the British press, which falls a ready victim to the specious arguments advanced by some strategical pseudo-Imperialist in high position, or by some fervent acolyte who has learnt at the feet of his master the fatal and facile lesson of how an Empire, built up by statesmen, may be wrecked by the well-intentioned but mistaken measures recommended by specialists to ensure Imperial salvation. The managers of the London newspapers afford, indeed, be it said to their credit, every facility for the publication of views adverse to those which they themselves advocate. But it is none the less true that, during the years when the unwise frontier policy of a few years ago was being planned and executed, the voices of the opposition, although they were those of Indian statesmen and officials who could speak with the highest authority, failed to obtain an adequate hearing until the evil was irremediable. On the other hand, the views of the strategical specialists went abroad over the land, with the result that ill-informed and careless public opinion followed their advice without having any very precise idea of whither it was being led.

It would appear, therefore, that there is need for great care and watchfulness in the management of Indian affairs. That same inconsistency of character and absence of definite aim, which are such notable Anglo-Saxon qualities and which adapt themselves so admirably to the requirements of Imperial rule, may in some respects constitute an additional danger. If we are not to adopt a policy based on securing the contentment of the subject race by ministering to their material interests, we must of necessity make a distinct approach to the counter-policy of governing by the sword alone. In that case, it would be as well not to allow a free native press, or to encourage high education. Any repressive or retrograde measures in either of these directions would, without doubt, meet with strong and, to a great extent, reasonable opposition in England. A large section of the public, forgetful of the fact that they had stood passively by whilst measures, such as the imposition of increased taxes, which the natives of India really resent, were adopted, would protest loudly against the adoption of other measures which are, indeed, open to objection, but which nevertheless touch Oriental in a far less degree than they affect Western

public feeling. The result of this inconsistency is that our present system rather tends to turn out demagogues from our colleges, to give them every facility for sowing their subversive views broadcast over the land, and at the same time to prepare the ground for the reception of the seed which they sow. Now this is the very reverse of a sound Imperial policy. We cannot, it is true, effectually prevent the manufacture of demagogues without adopting measures which would render us false to our acknowledged principles of government and to our civilising mission. But we may govern in such a manner as to give the demagogue no fulcrum with which to move his credulous and ill-informed countrymen and co-religionists. The leading principle of a government of this nature should be that low taxation is the most potent instrument with which to conjure discontent. This is the policy which will tend more than any other to the stability of Imperial rule. If it is to be adopted, two elements of British society will have to be kept in check at the hands of the statesman, acting in concert with the moralist. These are Militarism and Commercial Egotism. The Empire depends in a great degree on the strength and efficiency of its army. It thrives on its commerce. But if the soldier and the trader are not kept under some degree of statesmanlike control, they are capable of becoming the most formidable, though unconscious, enemies of the British Empire.

It will be seen, therefore, that though there are some disquieting circumstances attendant on our Imperial rule, the general result of an examination into the causes which led to the collapse of Roman power, and a comparison of those causes with the principles on which the British Empire is governed, are, on the whole, encouraging. To every danger which threatens there is a safeguard. To every portion of the body politic in which symptoms of disease may occur, it is possible to apply a remedy.

Christianity is our most powerful ally. We are the sworn enemies of the slave-dealer and the slave-owner. The dangers arising from the possible pauperisation of the proletariat may, it is to be hoped, be averted by our national character and by the natural play of our time-honoured institutions. If we adhere steadily to the principle that local revenues are to be expended locally, and if, at the same time, we give all reasonable encouragement to local self-government and shun any tendency towards over-centralisation, we shall steer clear of one of the rocks on which the Roman ship of state was wrecked. Unskilful or unwise finance is our greatest danger, but here again the remedy lies ready to hand if we are wise enough to avail ourselves of it.

It consists in adapting our fiscal methods to the requirements of our subject races, and still more in the steadfast rejection of any proposals which, by rendering high taxation inevitable, will infringe the cardinal principle on which a sound Imperial policy should be based. That principle is that, whilst the sword should be always ready for use, it should be kept in reserve for great emergencies, and that we should endeavour to find, in the contentment of the subject race, a more worthy and, it may be hoped, a stronger bond of union between the rulers and the ruled.

If any more sweeping generalisation than this is required, it may be said that the whole, or nearly the whole, of the essential points of a sound Imperial policy admit of being embodied in this one statement, that, whilst steadily avoiding any movement in the direction of official proselytism, our relations with the various races who are subjects of the King of England should be founded on the granite rock of the Christian moral code.

Humanity, as it passes through phase after phase of the historical movement, may advance indefinitely in excellence ; but its advance will be an indefinite approximation to the Christian type. A divergence from that type, to whatever extent it may take place, will not be progress, but debasement and corruption. In a moral point of view, in short, the world may abandon Christianity, but can never advance beyond it. This is not a matter of authority, or even of Revelation. If it is true, it is a matter of reason as much as anything in the world. *

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* Goldwin Smith, ' Lectures on the Study of History,' p. 154.

Art. II.—LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

1. *Letters from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, 1709–1762. With an introduction by R. Brimley Johnson. Everyman's Library. London: Dent, 1906.
2. *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and her Times.* By George Paston. London: Methuen, 1907.

Men have written the history of their own lives in many ways direct and indirect; in 'Confessions' like those of St. Augustine or Rousseau, in diaries like those of Pepys or Evelyn, in spiritual analyses like those of Amiel or Novalis, in romances like those of De Sénancour or Schlegel, in letters like those of Petrarch or George Sand. And of all the fashions devised for presenting personality in literature letters perhaps are the most artless and let us in most easily to the secrets of the heart. Confessions are usually written with a definitely moral purpose; diaries with one eye on the public; romances are self-idealisations; but letters, because they are written in the disarmament of love, are apt to show men and women as they really are. In a 'familiar conversation between intimate friends,' which was Lord Chesterfield's definition of letter-writing, there can be no posturing for posterity, no false humility, truth will improbably be sacrificed for effect, literary self-consciousness will be absent. The correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is distinguished by these negative qualities, and forms in consequence one of the most interesting autobiographies in the English tongue. Yet though the qualities that distinguish her writing are negative, her self-revelation is a positive, vigorous and continuous thing that has no kinship with those apathetic souls described by her friend Pope:

> 'Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
> Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
> Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
> And close confined in their own palace sleep.'

Lady Mary's letters are not widely read because it is difficult to get people to take interest in a figure which has been, as it were, in the shop-front of English literature for generations, and whose story is at least superficially familiar to us all. Too many persons know, like the mythical Girton girl, that 'she 'quarrelled with Pope, and had something to do with vac-'cination,' just as too many persons have been content to

regard her letters as the brilliant *pas seul* of a blue-stocking, instead of as the autobiography of one of the warmest-hearted and most solitary women who ever lived in the great world. We are often satisfied in approaching the actors of earlier centuries with judging them coldly by standards which we should never apply to the men and women of our own day. We look at them with critical aloofness, and are surprised that they seem so mechanical, and so inhuman. There is but one way of understanding the living, and that is by loving them, and there is no other way with the dead. By feeling after the humanity of those spectral people they become to us of flesh and blood, and though we are told human nature does not alter with the centuries, yet it is good that we convince ourselves by experience that the relations of men and women are unchanging as the courses of the stars, that the heart has never slumbered, that feeling does not cease to be feeling, though 'blues' turn to 'vapours,' 'nerves' to 'sensibility,' and 'sincerity' to 'plain-'dealing.'

George Paston has rendered a great service to Lady Mary in his new book, for through it and through the many unpublished letters which he quotes, it is easy to learn to love that woman of feeling who has too often been described as an eccentric globe-trotter. Hitherto but sixteen out of the hundred love-letters in the possession of Lord Harrowby have been published, and it is from the unpublished letters that we learn how intensely solitary were her childhood and youth. A remark in one of those early epistles is really the key to her misfortunes, for in it she regrets she has always had 'admiration but not 'love,' and declares that all she asks from earthly existence is such quiet dependable affection as would make any life, however obscure, however poor, beautiful to her. Rousseau said that the difference between life in the country and the city was that in the one case you knew few people and had time to learn love, in the other that you became acquainted with many people but learnt to love no one. It is probable that Lady Mary was never loved, for father, husband, son, human relations which should be the source of complete heart-happiness, were all unsatisfactory, and all unloving. Admiration began for her on the day when her father instituted her as a toast at the Kit-Kat Club, and so inaugurated a life which was always empty because it did not contain the one thing which makes life worth living. Lady Mary, whose mother had died when she was a little child, did the honours of her father's house at Thoresby, and became his carver at feasts, but except on social occasions Lord Dorchester took scant notice of his daughter, and we catch glimpses

of a lonely little person, very grown up and serious, working away in her study at the classics and at English composition. She confessed many years later that her earliest ambition had been to found a conventual institution for women where they could study in peace. Mary Astell had published her 'Serious 'Proposal to Ladies' in 1694, and probably Lady Mary had read the scheme which suggested the erection of 'a monastery or 'religious retirement, not only to be a retreat from the world, 'but likewise a previous discipline to fit us to do the greatest 'good in it.' Just at the time that Lady Mary lived it was out of fashion for women to be learned, just as much as it was in the fashion in Queen Elizabeth's day for women of station to be highly educated, and it was thought incompatible by her acquaintances for her to live in society and yet be able to enjoy reading the classics. Nothing daunted by discouragement, she tried to accomplish both, but in the end her early tastes prevailed, and during the last twenty years of her life in Italy she lived through and with her books.

Though roads were being improved in England in the beginning of the eighteenth century it was still difficult to get about, and Thoresby, Lord Dorchester's house, was rather an isolated place in Sherwood Forest. Lady Mary's solitary days were sometimes humanised by visits from neighbours such as the Miss Montagus from Wharncliffe Lodge, and it was in their rooms that she first met their brother Edward. The talk on this occasion turned on classic authors, and the 'rake 'at reading' had to confess she had never read Quintus Curtius, the book on which her contemporary, Charles XII., founded his military career, whereupon the polished Montagu sent her a handsomely bound copy of that history. In this academic fashion began the acquaintance which ended three years later in so ill-assorted a marriage. No one is unfamiliar with the story of the strange courtship, in the course of which the lady was drawn on from avowal to avowal, while the suitor withdrew to the centre of indifference. The wooing began in indirect fashion, for Edward dictated letters of admiration to his sister Anne, who had begged the honour of writing to her friend Lady Mary. This transparent disguise was put an end to in September 1709 by Anne's death, and through the winter the lover was obliged to make advances on his own account. In the early spring of 1710 interviews were interrupted by Lord Dorchester's resolve to send his daughter away from London to his other country place, Acton, where there was 'to her mortification no library.'

'The night before her departure,' we read, in the fragmentary

autobiography, written in the third person, which she at this time composed,

'she went to the Park. Sebastian was there and endeavoured by his books and messages that he sent by the orange-woman to show her that this sudden remove made him very miserable. One of those jades who make it their business to find out people's inclinations, in order to find their account in serving them, seeing an unfeigned melancholy in his air and behaviour, told him after the farewell bow of Laetitia, that she gave him permission to write to her, and herself orders to convey the letter.' *

The letters which passed between Sebastian and Laetitia led to a business interview with Lord Dorchester. The suitor and the father quarrelled over the entail and settlements, and marriage negotiations were finally dropped at Midsummer 1710. The correspondence was, however, not dropped, and lingered on intermittently for two years, till a runaway wedding put an end to all uncertainty.

Various estimates have been formed of Mr. Wortley Montagu's ability and character, but all are agreed that his lack of tenderness and want of affection for the unfortunate girl, who had, in spite of his plain speaking, idealised him, are abominable. Lady Mary had been brought up in the society of wits, therefore she probably set too high a value on Montagu as the intimate of Addison, the friend of Steele, and the patron of letters to whom the second volume of the 'Tatler' was dedicated. She not unnaturally thought there must be something remarkably distinguished about a man who could combine culture with cutting a pretty figure in the two worlds of politics and of fashion, a combination which seemed in her own case so impossible to achieve. Her idealisation was her undoing, for Montagu was only complete in her fancy, and in reality was a shallow ungenerous prig, priding himself on speaking the truth in and out of season, a creature as 'contrairy' as it is conceivable for anyone to be. If his lady was kind he said he liked reserve, if she was cold he desired expansiveness, nothing she could do or say ever pleased him, and yet he told her that he would not give her up, till the day came when she should return one of his letters unopened—an action that seemed to him a fitting conclusion to an episode of the kind. Lady Mary seems, in spite of her own judgement, to have been mysteriously drawn towards this man. Vanity may have had something to do with the attachment at first, for it is evident from one or two remarks she lets fall that she is envied by all her acquaintance for her friendship with the

* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and her Times, p. 28.

wit, and one day she told him that even if she was not good enough for him to marry she would wish to preserve a friendship of which she was so vain. A severe attack of measles gave Mr. Montagu an opportunity of sympathising with his sick lady love, and also gives us the chance of seeing of what stuff his affection was made. Firstly he says her loss would be irretrievable, and secondly that he would not be the least concerned if it left her plain, because it would lessen the number of her admirers, though nothing could make her less beautiful in his eyes. The measles depressed her dreadfully. 'I have not 'lived very long in the world, but long enough to be weary of it, 'and in the state I am in, very sorry to have recovered.' His formal letters were too selfish in their point of view to be of much comfort, and he cannot cease criticising her actions and carping at her character. The more certain he was that the girl was ready to sacrifice everything for him the more impossibly exacting he became. After her illness she seemed to lose spirit and be incapable of resenting his waywardness, and she laments: 'The softness of my temper is the most unfortunate part of my 'composition.'

All the time that her marriage was being debated she tried to fill up her time and thoughts by translating the 'Enchiridion' of Epictetus; for philosophy, she hoped, might harden her against the uncertainties of fortune. When it was finished she posted her translation to her old friend and adviser, Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, for judgement. The letter which accompanies it is full of apology; she knows 'there is hardly a cha-'racter in the world more despicable, or more liable to universal 'ridicule than a learned woman,' for it means 'according to the 'received sense a tattling, impertinent, vain and conceited 'creature.' Everything that Lady Mary did was stamped with soundest common sense, and the undertaking of such a translation, at such a moment, was calculated to keep her in possession of her reason and perhaps her soul in quietness. She did not find her own company pleasant under the circumstances. 'People mistake very much in placing peace in woods and shades, 'for I believe solitude puts people out of humour, and makes 'them disposed to quarrel.'

All the latter part of this summer (1710) Montagu spent abroad, having resolved 'to have a truce with business, politicks 'and love.' Lady Mary, having no notion that her suitor did not cause them to be forwarded, was nearly heartbroken at getting no answer to her letters. When he returned from his holiday he wrote to her in a hard, cold manner which hurt her pride as well as her heart, but she would not let him see how miserable

it made her, and replied with affection and spirit. 'I begin 'to be tired of my humility' . . . 'I foolishly fancied you *loved* 'me (which I confess I never had any great reason for, more 'than that I wished it).' When discussing the question of marriage, he urged her to think 'so that she may prevent a 'great misfortune falling on both of them.' 'You will like me 'less and less every year, perhaps every day of your life,' he writes one day in his tiresome way. Never a touch of romance or idealism or imagination is to be found in his dealings—his was a nature calculated to make any woman miserable. In February 1711 she wrote, 'Do not think of marrying me, 'except you think it would make you happy. I would rather 'never see you, than see you dislike me.' Other suitors came upon the scene at this time, and, one is pleased to think, gave the crabbed Edward slight uneasiness. In April his suit seemed at an end, for his lady wrote, 'Adieu. . . . You have thrown 'away a heart you knew not how to value. . . . You are unjust 'and I am unhappy—'tis past—I will never think of you more '—never.'

Correspondence, however, was resumed in the autumn, when both contemplated a runaway match to avoid settlement difficulties. Assignations in Kensington Gardens were made, but trysts, either in private houses or public parks, were most difficult to keep, and things dragged on through the winter in a very tedious way, and in the spring they were still discussing marriage *à la longue*.

'Should we not repent we should be happy beyond example; if we should [repent] we should I fear be both wretched in as high a degree. I should not hesitate for one moment, was I not resolved to sacrifice everything to you. . . . I abandon all things that bear the name of pleasure, but what is found in your company. I give up all my wishes to be regulated by yours, and I resolve to have no other study but that of pleasing you.' *

There was no doubt that Lady Mary was nobly willing to fulfil her part of the bargain, for she says again: 'I am willing 'to abandon all conversation but yours. If you please I will 'never see another man. In short, I will part with anything 'for you but you.' By July things came to a crisis, for Lord Dorchester had arranged another match for his daughter. She had no inclination for the suitor he favoured, but settlements were made, clothes were bought, and a day of union appointed. She begged her father to allow her to lead a single life, and to Montagu she wrote, 'I hate the man they propose for me. If I

* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and her Times, p. 131.

'did not hate him, my reason would tell me he is not capable 'of being my friend or my companion. I have an esteem for 'you, with a mixture of more kindness than I imagine.'

Her father banished her again to Acton in August, where terribly anxious days were passed. Her letters show deep agitation over the elopement, which she now regards as inevitable. Montagu became practical, and offered to provide the coach, licence, and parson :

'A coach and six looks much better than a pair for such a service, but will it not be more likely to have company about it while it stands near your house? If we should once get into a coach, let us not say one word till we come before the parson, lest we should engage in fresh disputes.'

A kinder letter followed, in which he offers to escort her to Italy and do what she wishes. Then came a real love-letter. As George Paston says, 'the only love-letter worthy of the name 'written by Mr. Wortley during the whole period of his court-'ship.' He talked of his 'great happiness,' 'greatest good 'fortune' and of the number of times he had kissed her letter. The idea of running away troubled her, as it meant a breach with her family, the condemnation of her circle of acquaintance, and her father's permanent displeasure. Lord Dorchester must have had some suspicion of what was going on, for he came down to Acton the day before the proposed elopement, and arranged that Lady Mary should start for West Dean the day following under her brother's escort. When Montagu heard of this he prepared to follow, in order to carry her off from one of the inns on the road. Lord Kingston, who was to act escort, probably was sympathetic, and did not keep too strict a watch over his sister's movements, but things did not go easily even then, for she had been obliged to leave her maid behind at Acton, and Edward was hopelessly stupid at contriving an escape. Lady Mary's last few letters to her lover are penned on the roughest paper with the worst of pens. No one knows exactly what happened at the crisis; it seems most probable that the elopement took place from West Dean, and not from an inn on the road.

Just before leaving Acton she had written a pathetic entreaty, 'Love me and use me well.' Three months later she was tormenting herself to distraction in the country, neglected by a husband who would not so much as write a line to say how he did. Christmas found her at Hinchinbrook with a robin for company. Bad roads fenced her in from the outer world, posts were uncertain, neighbours inaccessible. Depressed and ill,

she tried to amuse herself with reading old letters—those of the first Lord Sandwich and his lady, from which she hoped 'to 'extract lessons in economy.' She also wrote an appreciation of Joseph Addison's new and then unacted tragedy, 'Cato,' in which she particularly praised his great soliloquy on 'Immortality.' 'I write and read till I can't see, and then I walk, sleep succeeds, 'and thus my whole time is divided.' Poor neglected little bride! Nothing could exceed the loneliness of her situation, and no treatment was better calculated to turn a warm, proud heart to stone or to create the seemingly cold, detached, independent woman that Lady Mary in later days appeared. Though she felt ill she wrote to Montagu that she did not think sickness good subject-matter for a letter, for ailments, she asserted, should only be discussed with physicians. The bridegroom must have been a hard man, for she wrote, 'Should 'I tell you that I am uneasy, that I am out of humour, should 'I see you half an hour the sooner? I am in circum-'stances in which melancholy is apt to prevail even over all 'amusements, dispirited and alone, and you write me quarrelling 'letters.'

The baby son was born in May 1713, in London. When Lady Mary was convalescent Montagu left her alone again, and this was the occasion for an outburst of undeserved tenderness on her part.

'You have not been gone three hours. I have called at three people's doors, and without knowing it myself, I find I have come home only to write to you. The late rain has drawn everybody to the Park. I shall pass the whole evening in my chamber alone, without any business, but thinking of you in a manner you would call affection, if I should repeat it to you. That reflection brings me back to remember I should not write my thoughts to you. You will accuse me of deceit when I am opening my heart to you, and the plainness of expressing it would appear artificial. I am sorry to remember this and cheque the inclination that I have to give a loose to my tenderness, and tell you how melancholy all things seem to me in your absence. How impatient I am for the end of this week, and how little possible I find it would be for me to live without you. My eyes are so weak I can go no further.'*

Montagu was too much occupied with politics to answer this letter, or to assure her that her fears that he may have the small-pox, from which her brother was at the moment suffering severely, were groundless.

The summer she spent house-hunting, unaided by Edward,

* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and her Times, p. 174.

who was electioneering. Fixing on Middlethorpe, near York, they lived there off and on for eighteen months, but when rumours of the Rebellion began to float about, she became alarmed, her husband being from home, and contemplated retreating to Castle Howard for protection, which she said was the same thing as 'pensioning in a nunnery,' for no mortal man ever entered the doors while Lord Carlisle was away. Mr. Montagu was so much concerned with choosing a constituency since he had been supplanted at Huntingdon by his father, that he had no time to go north. His wife, who was ambitious for him, egged him on to 'push' a little more for a good seat. 'It is my interest 'to believe (as I do) that you deserve everything and are capable 'of everything. But nobody else will believe you if they see 'you get nothing.'

Most of the first two years of their married life—those years which are often so intensely happy—were full of sadness and solicitude. Dismal little ejaculations are scattered up and down the letters :

'You made me cry two hours last night, I cannot imagine why you use me so ill. . . . I know very well that nobody was ever teized into a liking and 'tis perhaps harder to revive a past one than to overcome an aversion, but I cannot forbear any longer telling you that I think you use me very unkindly. . . . I beg you to write to me, till you do I shall not have an easy minute.'

On January 1, 1715, Lady Mary set out from Middlethorpe. The new king had just ascended the throne; the Tories, with whom the late queen had so strongly sympathised, were out of office; the day of the Whigs had again dawned. Lord Dorchester was created Duke of Kingston; Montagu was offered a post as Commissioner of the Treasury. The latter hesitated in accepting this office, for 'he had that opinion of his own merit 'as made him think any offer below that of Secretary of State 'not worth his acceptance.' Once more Lady Mary was seen in society. By the members of George I.'s dull court, as well as by the poets and wits of the town, she was welcomed with delight. Pope, who was at the time translating the 'Iliad,' became her admirer, and either he or Gay passed judgement on her ladyship's 'Town Eclogues,' and perhaps assisted to polish them. The eclogues, of which there was one for each day of the week, held the mirror to fashionable life, and Lady Mary was the object of much adulation as the manuscript passed from hand to hand. Three of them crept anonymously into print, and many years later they were all published by Horace Walpole. The poem for Saturday describes the feelings of Flavia when

attacked by the small-pox, and was written in 1715, the year in which Lady Mary lost her eyelashes through the scourge, a fate not quite so terrible as that of the charming letter-writer of a hundred years earlier, Dorothy Osborne, whose beauty was quite destroyed by the disease.

In London Lady Mary lived her own life, but when Mr. Montagu was appointed to the Embassy of Constantinople it looked as if interests, hitherto diverse, might become united, and that the matrimonial situation might be saved. There was so much to be discussed, planned, and carried out. A chaplain, 'equip-'age,' liveries, had all to be chosen, and the excitement of preparation seemed to join the pair into a semblance of harmonious life. They made their start early in August, and Lady Mary was so agog for novelties that she minded no heat and no discomfort. Travelling accentuated her Protestant views, and though her friend Pope, himself a Catholic, was writing to her frequently at the time, it did not modify her opinions on 'superstition' and 'idolatry.' It is unlikely that she knew much about Catholicism, and her famous comment in later years after attending High Mass at St. Mark's, 'I was not obliged to 'any act of worship,' is sufficient indication of her temper in those matters. From Cologne she wrote after visiting the shrines:

'I could not help murmuring in my heart at that profusion of pearls, diamonds and rubies bestowed on the adornment of rotten teeth and dirty rags. I own that I had wickedness enough to covet St. Ursula's pearl necklaces; though perhaps it was no wickedness at all, an image not being certainly one's neighbour.'

Relics seemed to her 'a farce' with which she is 'entertained,' and a Christ covered with a full-bottomed wig well powdered, most laughable. In Ratisbon, where she was detained by a chill, it relieved her to discover in fingering the relics that much of the envied jewellery was false. It shows how completely conventual life had dropped out of notice in England for Lady Mary to lay so much stress as she does upon it. She was surprised to find that nuns lived with 'ease and neatness,' that they entertained visitors and played at ombre, that each of them had 'a little 'cell perfectly clean, the walls covered with pictures more or 'less fine according to their quality.' These nuns showed her the speaking head of the Saviour—an 'oracular relic of great 'antiquity'—which she thought very funny. Her whole attitude towards Catholicism is contemptuous, for in talking of the prodigious number of alchemists there were in Vienna she says, 'They believe in a new kind of transubstantiation which

'is designed to make the laity as rich as the other kind has made 'the priesthood,' and again,

'I never in my life had so little charity for the Roman Catholic religion as since I see the misery it occasions; so many poor unhappy women! and the gross superstition of the common people who are some or other of them day and night offering bits of candle to the wooden figures that are set up almost in every street. The processions I see very often are a pageantry as offensive and apparently contradictory to all common sense, as the pagods of China.'

When she got farther east and visited mosques, they appeared to her more beautiful than churches on account of their severity, for they at least were not disfigured by 'the little tawdry images 'and pictures that give the Roman Catholic churches the air 'of toy-shops.'

The religious question, except from its outer aspects, did not really interest the traveller, and if we were asked what it is that is lacking in her letters we should answer, the sense of life as a mystery, the belief in a power greater than herself. The forces behind daily lives, the mysterious destiny of death concerned her not at all, for she was content with the palpable objective side of life, and seems to have had no religion in any accepted sense, but a mere staff, half conduct, half philosophy, on which she leans in every crisis. Her pride, her resolution, her strength of will, her courage, enabled her to go through terrible trials, and her capacity for detachment empowered her to disentangle herself from her circumstances when she found them insupportable. 'There is but one evil—acute pain,' wrote she, late in life, to the daughter whom she advised to guard against misfortune by not loving her children too fondly. In these words it is easy to see the reflection of the anguish she had gone through during the earlier days of disappointment as wife and mother.

From Ratisbon the voyagers had embarked on a convenient houseboat, and navigated the swift Danube past Passau and Linz to Vienna. At this capital Lady Mary was particularly delighted with the pretty furniture, the lacquer tables and crystal chandeliers which are to-day collected so eagerly. The court ladies laughed at the English woman for being afraid of a gun, for it was their custom to have shooting matches among themselves, and Lady Mary's mind, which was nothing if not literary, immediately busied itself in wondering whether it would not be possible to make a poem on the subject after the model of the prize shooting in the 'Æneid,' 'supposing she could write as 'well as Virgil'!

This poem does not seem ever to have been written, for the Montagus were hurriedly recalled by George I. to Hanover to receive further instructions on the delicate situation in the near East. Pope, when he heard Lady Mary was returning across Europe, thought she was coming to England, and wrote in his gallant classical style, 'Do you come back so far to die 'twice? Is Eurydice once more snatched to the shades?' Eurydice, however, was soon despatched on her road eastwards, and arrived at Vienna on New Year's Day, 1717, whence they drove on to Peterwaradin, Belgrade, and Adrianople. A rest of six weeks was made at the last-named place, and when spring was more advanced the journey was continued through meadows full of garden flowers and sweet herbs; Lady Mary's 'berlin perfumed the air as it pressed them.'

The Macedonian question was almost as much of a problem then as now, for the woods of Servia were haunted by bandits who assaulted travellers and forced the inhabitants of lonely villages to yield them the fruits of their hard toil. Janissaries were in the habit of commandeering poultry and live stock; and Turkish pashas travelling in luxury through the country not only ate the provisions of their involuntary hosts but also exacted 'teeth-money,' that is to say, compensation for the wear and tear of teeth used in such a manner. And besides the evils of misgovernment the land suffered in being the theatre of continual hostilities and the scene of many crimes. The Montagus, however, travelled through it without adventures and arrived unscathed at Constantinople.

We cannot help noticing that the letters Lady Mary sent to Pope were more carefully composed and more sprightly than those sent to her sister, Lady Mar, whom she did not credit with any literary or poetic sensibility. In one of her epistles to the poet, giving a charming account of pastoral life at Adrianople, she describes her garden with its tall cypresses by the banks of the Hebrus, the sound of pipes played by idlers beside the river, the boys making garlands for favourite lambs, the women working at their looms under the trees, saying how it all reminds her of the idylls of Theocritus. Enclosing a copy of Turkish love verses 'wonderfully resembling the Song of 'Solomon,' she alleges that she has entered a new world of metaphor and thought, and that her understanding of many Scripture passages has been made easy by contact with Oriental minds and imagery, and that even her appreciation of Pope's 'Homer' is keener for being near Greece.

The beauty of the country inspired Lady Mary herself to write verses from her 'Chiosk at Pera.' Country life was so charming

that all she could desire was to live in rustic retirement for ever.

'Give me, Great God! said I, a little farm,
In summer shady and in winter warm.

* * * * * *

Here, at my window, I at once survey
The crowded city and resounding sea;
In distant views the Asian mountains rise,
And lose their snowy summits in the skies;
Above those mountains proud Olympus tow'rs,
The parliamental seat of heavenly pow'rs.
New to the sight my ravish'd eyes admire
Each gilded crescent and each antique spire,
The marble mosques, beneath whose ample domes
Fierce warlike Sultans sleep in peaceful tombs;
Those lofty structures, once the Christians' boast,
Their names, their beauty, and their honour lost;
Those altars, bright with gold and sculpture grac'd,
By barbarous zeal of savage foes defac'd;
Sophia alone her ancient name retains,
Though unbelieving vows her shrine profanes;
Where holy saints have died in sacred cells,
Where monarchs prayed the frantic Dervish dwells.
How art thou fallen, imperial city, low!
Where are thy hopes of Roman glory now?'

It may be said that the quality of this poem is not high, but Lady Mary probably felt the beauty of the scene as genuinely as did, a century later, the great English poet who fell in love with that same clime of the East and that same view:

'Sophia's cupola with golden gleam,
The cypress groves, Olympus high and hoar,
The twelve isles and the more than I could dream,
Far less describe, present the very view
Which charmed the charming Mary Montagu.'

This precursor of Lady Hester Stanhope studied Turkish, assumed Turkish dress, and professed a great admiration for Turkish morality and manners. It bored her to be still fettered by the conventions of the West, to have to call on her colleagues with 'equipage' and ceremony, to have to return, in equal state, the visit of the French ambassador's wife, who was attended by four-and-twenty footmen and some gentlemen ushers, and it was a genuine pleasure to her to wander about the streets and bazaars of Stamboul in veil and native dress.

She began to collect Greek gems, to 'bespeak' mummies, to pass judgment upon Byzantine pictures as 'monstrous in taste,'

and to make friends with anyone, no matter how eccentric, who promised to be interesting. A schoolmaster just outside the city told her he lived in a tree, and she, having a mind to see his nest, climbed up fifty steps, which took her half-way up his cypress home, but her courage and her head failed her at this point and she climbed down. The consideration shown to birds in Turkey delighted her. She found that turtle-doves on account of their innocence and storks because they were supposed every winter to make the pilgrimage to Mecca were held in reverence. She also took an interest in the beasts of the country, and the first sight of camels impressed her. She had seen 'hundreds of pictures of the animals' but 'none resembling enough to give a true idea of them.' She hazards a suggestion with regard to them. 'I am going to make 'a bold observation and possibly a false one, because nobody 'has ever made it before me; but I do take them to be of the 'stag kind, their legs, bodies and necks are exactly shaped like 'them, and their colour very near the same.' The buffaloes that plough the fields, too, are a novelty. She describes them as having 'extremely little white eyes that make them look like devils.'

But however numerous her pleasures and amusements, they did not entirely make up for the poverty of Montagu's heart, and as the sunny days succeeded each other in the 'retreat 'secure from human kind,' perpetual brightness began to pall, as it has palled on so many exiles, and Lady Mary began to write enviously of English skies: 'I am sometimes very weary of this 'singing and dancing, and sunshine, and wish for the smoke and 'impertinences in which you toil.'

Turkey, it must be remembered, had but recently entered the field of European politics—in fact, at the peace of Carlowitz, which Lord Paget made, Russian and Turkish envoys appeared for the first time as part of a European Congress. So much had been made of this successful mediation that Montagu felt elated at being asked to perform the same rôle. But he, being no diplomat, only managed to alienate the Dutch ambassador and others by his obvious endeavour to keep everything in his own hands. He accomplished nothing in consequence, and made himself thoroughly disliked. Two or three months after his appointment the Home Government, with Joseph Addison as Foreign Minister, settled to recall their extremely undiplomatic envoy (October 13, 1717), but though Sir Robert Sutton and Abraham Stanyon, accredited to the Imperial Court of Vienna, were in possession of this information it was some months apparently before the news of his 'revocation' reached the ambassador himself.

After the capture of Belgrade Montagu was summoned to the Grand Signior's camp at Philippopoli. He set out in some style, and owing to the plague which infested all the towns along his way was under the necessity of carrying tents with him. The procession which entered the camp consisted of pack mules and Arabs, a Turkish escort of fifty-two soldiers, six led horses richly caparisoned, fourteen footmen in long liveries, twenty-four footmen in scarlet laced liveries, his Excellency and suite mounted, two English coaches drawn by six horses, and 'thirty-'six coaches covered with cloth Turkish fashion.' Montagu spared himself no pains to ingratiate himself with the Turks, and one of the complaints made against him during his embassy was that his sympathies were Turkish, and not Austrian. There was a personal reason for this, as he had not been treated with much courtesy in Vienna, and many of his official letters to that court were left unanswered. The Turkish Foreign Minister was informed about the time that Montagu was doing his best to treat that he had no real powers so to do, and that affairs were being managed in Vienna. But though Montagu's successors, Sir Robert Sutton and Abraham Stanyon, had been nominated, and the letters for Montagu's recall were lying in their hands, Montagu knew nothing of this, as far as we can make out, and it is not till 1718 that we find his acknowledgement of his recall. It is quite evident from Lady Mary's correspondence that she had no notion that anything of the kind was afoot. In January 1718 she wrote on the charm of a Turkish winter: 'I am now sitting with the windows open enjoying the 'warm shine of the sun while you are freezing over 'a sad sea-coal fire, and my chamber set out with carnations, 'roses and jonquils, fresh from my garden.' Early in February her girl was born, and in March the family moved to the country again as in the previous spring. In April Lady Mary wrote to her husband from Adrianople saying how greatly the news of his supersession had distressed her. 'You need not apprehend my expressing any great joy 'for our return; I hope 'tis less shocking to you than to 'me, who have really suffered in my health by the uneasiness 'it has given me, tho' I take care to conceal it here as much 'as I can.'

In reading the Foreign Office correspondence connected with Montagu's recall we are struck by the narrow outlook displayed by the English ambassador. Many letters are demands for money to pay his 'extraordinaries,' others are devoted to explaining how well his great sincerity is liked by the Turks, others contain general reflections on the campaign, but no

judgements and no policy. He was too self-centred a man even to throw himself into the public affairs of his country, much less into the private affairs of his poor wife.

The Montagus were determined to avoid the long and tedious land journey and the tongues of their enemies at Vienna by going home part of the way by sea. So they travelled by way of Troy and Candia, past Malta, off which rocky island they were, like St. Paul, dreadfully tossed, and finally rode safely at anchor in the Bay of Tunis. It was again August weather, and terribly hot, but they managed to drive round the bay by moonlight to Carthage, where they saw, as travellers to-day may see, the shabby encampments of the Bedouins with their sentinel camels. Lady Mary insisted on walking in the sun, to see the ruins and the mosaic-strewn fields on the site of what had been the most magnificent of cities. Quite dazed by the heat and glare, she was thankful to be led into vaults which she was thrilled to learn had once been 'the stables of the elephants,' then used as granaries, and which look to-day to the uneducated eye like the cellars of private houses.

From Tunis and its bazaars they went to Genoa, and thence across the Mont Cenis Pass. Lady Mary was carried on a little seat of twisted osiers, and the chaises were taken to pieces and transported on mules. Horace Walpole took four days to cross the Alps by the same pass a few years later. He was carried in a low arm-chair on poles, 'swathed in beaver bonnet, beaver 'gloves, beaver stockings, muff, and bearskin.' This was the occasion on which his fat little King Charles spaniel, being let down from his knees for a run, was snapped up before his very eyes by a wolf. Everyone had to travel in these portable seats, for the first road was not made across the Alps till many years later, and it was a far more adventurous journey in the early eighteenth century than the crossing of the Andes is to-day. As umbrellas were not in use, Lady Mary was unprotected from the weather. Misty rain fell for hours and penetrated her furs and clothes, and gave her a feverish chill which detained her for a time at Lyons. Umbrellas made their way but slowly into public favour, and when the conqueror of Quebec wrote to a friend from Paris in 1752 describing them as in general use there, he expressed surprise that they had not found their way to England; but for years after they were introduced into this country it was considered effeminate to use them.

From Lyons Lady Mary wrote an answer to Mr. Pope's letter of welcome at her return—a return which it seems gave her displeasure.

'I'll assure you 'tis not from insensibility of the joy of seeing my friends, but when I consider that I must at the same time see and hear a thousand disagreeable impertinents, that I must receive and pay visits, make courtesies and assist at tea tables, where I shall be half killed with questions, on the other part that I am a creature that cannot serve anybody but with insignificant good wishes, and that my presence is not a necessary good to any one member of my native country, I think I might much better have stayed where ease and quiet made up the happiness of my indolent life. I should certainly be melancholy if I pursued this theme one line further.'

The life and noise of London tired and bored Lady Mary, and at Pope's earnest request they moved to Twickenham, where they rented Sir Godfrey Kneller's house. Pope persuaded his friend to sit to that artist, who had earlier painted her sister-in-law Anne. She consented, and was portrayed in an ermine mantle with a Turkish veil festooned about her head. An artistic, musical and literary coterie were settled at Twickenham. Opera singers and composers often supped with the Montagus, and life went very pleasantly. 'I pass my time in a small snug set of 'intimates, and go very little into the "grand monde" which 'has always had my hearty contempt.'

During the summer of 1720, when the South Sea Company was floated, it became the fashion to speculate wildly in that stock. Pope did a little business for Lady Mary and other friends, and Lady Mary in her turn did a little for a French admirer, Rémond, who was civil to her so long as shares rose, but who afterwards insulted her for losing his money, and caused his fair broker many anxious hours. He tried to blackmail her, and for some time she was afraid he would tell her husband, or publish her letters to him, which might admit of mis-construction.

Two years of life at Twickenham killed the Pope-Montagu friendship. The final quarrel was said to have occurred over sheets lent by the poet to the Montagus, which were returned unwashed. In consequence of this offence, poetry extolling Lady Mary's virtues had to be suppressed by its author. On the completion of his grotto Gay had written to congratulate him, and in reply Pope penned the lines which he now withdrew:

'Ah, friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow,
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens,
Joy lives not here; to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where W—— casts her eyes.'

Lady Mary was quite equal to the occasion and wrote a poem on the grotto called 'the Court of Dulness,' describing the retreat as one

> 'Which Phœbus tries in vain to penetrate,
> Adorn'd within with shells of small expense
> (Emblems of tinsel rhyme and trifling sense).
> Perpetual fogs enclose the sacred cave
> And neighbouring sinks their fragrant odours gave.'

These amenities were not the only distractions of Lady Mary's village retreat. On her return from Turkey she had introduced the habit of 'engrafting for the small-pox,' an act by which to-day she is chiefly remembered. She met with great opposition from doctors, who foretold failure and disastrous consequences, and from the clergy, who descanted from their pulpits on the impiety of thus seeking to take events out of the hand of Providence, an argument which, it will be remembered, was also made use of by clerical bodies on the introduction of chloroform. The Princess of Wales altered the current of public opinion by having her children inoculated, and by 1724, the year in which Pope had the operation performed on him, the custom had become almost universal amongst the governing classes.

It occurred to Lady Mary that since her poems and letters had gained so great a *succès d'estime* it would be well for her to make a narration of her travels. This she accordingly did, and when the work was finished the great Mrs. Astell was permitted to read it. She advised publication, but Lady Mary preferred to allow the manuscript to be handed about among her friends, a method of circulation which challenged admiration and disarmed criticism, for was it not a privilege to be in the set which had access to such a production? Besides writing a good many gossiping letters of the Delany type and anonymous skits and lampoons, Lady Mary was able for the first time in her career to make a few real friends, such as Lady Stafford, Molly Skerrit and Lady Oxford (the mother of Mrs. Delany's great friend, the Duchess of Portland). Lady Oxford adored Lady Mary, and Dr. Johnson, in a surly humour, was heard to say that Lord Oxford's table was 'infested' by her. Hitherto Lady Mary had feared and despised women from a distance: 'I never had any great esteem,' she says at twenty-nine, 'for 'the generality of the fair sex, and my only consolation for being 'of that gender has been the assurance I had of never being 'married to any one among them.'

During the seventeen years spent in England between her

return from Turkey and her final emigration to Italy, Lady Mary encountered many trials, some of which it required all her fortitude to meet. Again and again in her letters does she allude to the vanity of life. How miserable had been her childhood at Thoresby, how wretched a state was marriage, how disappointing were children! Everything she had hoped for came, but in the coming proved itself undesirable. Money at least did not fail the Montagus, for they inherited great sums, and lived comfortably between Twickenham and London, but they had an unenviable reputation for economy, and Pope, who since the quarrel had been malignant, was spitefully pleased at being able to put veiled allusions into his poems which the whole world of fashion would understand. He lampooned Lady Mary as 'Worldly,' and Mr. Montagu as 'Avidien' and 'Shylock.' In the 'Essay on Man,' the couplet,

> 'Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
> Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus's wife,'

plainly pointed to the Montagus' weakness. Lady Mary was attacked by him as Sappho, and in the 'Dunciad' allusion was made to the speculation on Rémond's behalf as if she had really cheated her friend.

Besides the annoyance caused her by this amazing enmity of Pope, she was worried by her scapegrace son: 'I am 'vexed to the blood by my young rogue of a son, who 'has contrived at his age to make himself the talk of 'the whole nation. He has gone knight-erranting God knows 'where.' A reward of twenty pounds discovered the boy on a ship at Oporto, bound no one knew whither, he having cried fish at Blackwall and worked in Portuguese vineyards. Seeing his taste for travel he was sent to Italy with a tutor, but he elected to go thence to the West Indies, posing as a tutor himself. On his return he married a woman of low birth much older than himself.

Another blow was the elopement of Lady Mary's daughter with Lord Bute in 1737, and these troubles with her children, combined with the death of her father, who in his last years had shown her much kindness, and the death of her dear friend Lady Stafford, made England seem a very sad place. Worn down by anxiety and sorrow, she left this island in 1739 on the plea of ill-health, with the intention of going to Italy, and little then did she know she would never see her husband's face again. It is sometimes taken for granted that Lady Mary and her husband cared so little for each other that they lived independent lives,

but as a matter of fact, with the exception of some months at the beginning of their married life, they lived together for twenty-seven years. It is improbable that she left England in 1739 with the intention of spending twenty-three years without again setting foot in her native land, for she set out one August day almost casually for Calais, with a promise from her husband to follow her in six weeks. Hiring a chaise she drove to Dijon, and thence through France. Every town had numbers of English, Scotch, and Irish families established in it, and she found it tiresome that so many people knew her by sight or else had heard of her fame : ' I verily believe if one of the pyramids ' of Egypt had travelled it could not have been more followed, ' and if I had received all the visits that have been intended me, ' I should have stopped at least a year in every town I came ' through.' At Milan she read in the Borromean Library, and after a short sojourn in that town went, on Lord Carlisle's advice, to Venice.

Lady Mary, like Joseph Addison, was quite unimpressed by the beauty of the place and its setting. She looked upon it merely as a social centre, while he regarded it as a prosperous commercial town and as one of ' the most defensible cities in the ' world.' The great Venetian families welcomed the English lady with all hospitality, the Doge lent her his box at St. Mark's for High Mass, and the Pisanis entertained her at their beautiful palace at Strà on the Brenta. The treatment accorded her gratified her extremely, but not more so than did the economy of life and dress practised by the Venetians. Rents were very low, and she wrote : ' It is the fashion here for the greatest ladies ' to walk the streets in a mask, price sixpence, with a little cloak, ' and the head of a domino.'

It was disappointing to her to miss Lady Pomfret in Venice, and after a year's stay in the town she set out by ' sad roads ' to cross the Apennines to Florence, where she found her friend in the vast palace and vast garden which Horace Walpole found so *commode*. Walpole was himself in the city at the moment, and wrote just before her arrival :

' " On Wednesday we expect a third she-meteor. Those learned luminaries, the Ladies Pomfret and Walpole, are to be joined by the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu." When she did arrive Walpole had nothing kind to say about her ; she " is laughed at by the whole town. Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence must amaze any one that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang loose, never combed or curled ; an old mazarine blue wrapper that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat." . . . He also complained of her scandalous behaviour

with a young Englishman there, and of her cheating "horse and foot" at pharaoh.' *

This amazingly impudent account by a young man of twenty-three of a woman of fifty does not perhaps deserve mention, except as showing how early he began vilely to slander his neighbours. Lady Mary enjoyed the picture galleries and statues of Florence, but after spending a few weeks with her dear Lady Pomfret she again took the road to Rome. There she found everyone living on Mr. Law's system, no pleasant greeting for one who had such a disagreeable experience of speculation. From Rome she made an excursion to Naples, during which she had a carriage accident that 'greatly palled' her appetite for travelling. She thought it would interest Edward to hear about the treasures of newly unearthed Herculaneum. Vainly did she try, like Walpole, to gain admission to the King's Palace at Portici in order to see the antiquities, but baffled at length returned to Rome. Finding herself too much courted and too much spied upon in that Jacobite centre, she left for Leghorn to retrieve her heavy baggage, which had been eighteen months in making the journey from England. Going by Geneva to Chambéri she settled in that quiet retreat for the winter. The climate proved delightful, and since everyone was so poor there she found she could make a great figure without expense. By day she rambled about the country-side, astride on a little brown horse, and when the weather was bad she read or occupied herself with letter-writing. The Marquis de Beaufort paid her homage, and she thoroughly enjoyed the carnivals and assemblies got up by him in her honour.

In the spring of 1742 Lady Mary moved to Avignon, and, having put herself under the protection of the Holy See, proceeded to enjoy life. The splendid view from the rock on which the Papal palace is perched delighted her, and as she walked on its summit every evening to enjoy the breeze and see the sun set, the Town Council allotted to her a ruined tower which stood there, and a little space of ground. Lady Mary thereupon built herself 'a rotunda,' which she said Lord Burlington would have called a temple, wherein she read, meditated, and passed many tranquil evenings in looking out over the provinces of France.

The excavations at Nismes proved a great attraction to her, and she wrote to Mr. Montagu of the Temple of Diana there, and despatched to him a piece of metal with figures on it 'found

* Letters, 1840, v. i. p. 57.

' very deep.' At Orange she met her scapegrace son by arrangement, to give him money and to hear his adventures. She criticised him freely in her letters, just as if he were a perfect stranger, saying he was agreeable, had a superficial knowledge of many subjects, talked French like a Frenchman, but that he cheated and lied, and that she found nothing but falsehood and weakness in his whole conduct. She regarded him as lost to her, like ' the loss of a limb which ceases to be sad because it ' is irretrievable.' It shocked her considerably to hear a few months later that he had become ' an enthusiast,' that at Treves he had prayed four or five hours together and desired to enter a convent, an inclination with which she had, as we know, but scant sympathy.

However bad a son he may have been, posterity has judged him more interesting than his father, who has no place in the ' Dictionary of National Biography.' In '45 he fought at Fontenoy, later became a member of the House of Commons, and on his father's death began to rove about the world, becoming in turns a student of Arabic at Leyden, a Roman Catholic at Jerusalem, a Turk and an occultist at Rosetta. In a family that regarded the conventions he was looked upon as demented, but probably if he had lived to-day, when unconventionality is so highly prized, he would have been considered a genius. Lady Mary tried to sweep him out of her life; every few years, however, her motherly instincts awoke, and she took some pains to find out how her outlaw was doing.

Avignon became too important a centre of Jacobite intrigue to serve Lady Mary long as residence. She found it tiresome to be considered a spy and to have all her letters tampered with, and so she accepted with gratitude the proffered escort of an Italian count to Italy. The youthful Horace did what he could to convert this sea journey with Count Palazzo into a scandal. There seems to have been no foundation for this mischievous accusation, except that Lady Mary did travel in the Count's company, and did remain ill in his mother's house at Brescia for some weeks, but then she wrote : ' The Countess has ' taken as much care of me as if I had been her sister . . . from ' being as fat as Lady Bristol, I am grown leaner than anyone ' I can name.' Later, it turned out that the Palazzo family had not behaved well over Lady Mary's jewels, and that some had been taken.

Italy was the country that had first attracted her in returning from Turkey, and in Italy the remaining years of health were spent. To recover strength after her severe illness she was sent to Lovere on the Lago d' Iseo, forty miles from Brescia, ' the

'Tunbridge Wells of Italy,' and when the waters had completely cured her she returned to Brescia, then celebrated, as Addison remarked, for its iron works, and bought a house at Gottolengo, a few miles from the town, and abandoned herself to the rural amusements of gardening, fishing, and riding. She tells us that she visited the poor, and was by them esteemed something of a physician, and that she would be thought a saint if only she went to Mass; that she taught them to make butter, plum pudding, mince pies, and bread. The inhabitants of the village were delighted with her residence amongst them, and were anxious to erect a statue in her honour. She did not wish them to do so, and could only escape a marble immortality by telling them that her religion forbade it. It amused her to furnish the house which was 'the shell of a palace,' and she allowed her peasant neighbours to erect a theatre in her stable, and expressed herself as greatly diverted by the rustic acting during the carnival. The 'Dairy House' and garden, a mile from the palace, offered an object for her daily walk, and in this cottage she caused the floor of the sitting-room to be strewed with rushes, the chimney covered with moss and branches, and the room itself adorned with basins of earthenware filled with flowers. Straw chairs and a couch-bed were the only furniture, and this early advocate of the simple life took an occasional holiday from entertaining in her castle to spend a few days in rustic retirement and letter-writing. The house was situated on a bank fifty feet above the river Oglio, which was a stream 'as wide as the Thames at 'Richmond.' Stairs cut in the turf led down to its waters, and an avenue beside it 'to a wood of a hundred acres already 'cut into walks and ridings.' Lady Mary spent much time and thought on improving her property, just as that other famous woman letter-writer had done in Brittany, saying to the wild countryside, 'Je vous fais parc.' Lady Mary's wood was embellished with fifteen new bowers with seats of turf facing different views. In a letter to her daughter, who had by now become her very good friend, she says:

'I am now writing to you from one of these arbours which is so thickly shaded the sun is not troublesome even at noon. Another is on the side of the river, where I have made a camp kitchen, that I may take the fish, dress and eat it immediately, and at the same time see the barks which ascend or descend every day to or from Mantua, Guastalla or Pont de Vie.'

Her wood was carpeted with violets just as Madame de Sévigné's was tapestried with jonquils. 'Nations of nightingales' and all sorts of game lived there, and wild strawberries grew in abund-

ance. She transformed her vineyards into 'galleries of shade 'so different from the custom of Veneta,' and constructed 'a 'dining room of verdure,' for twenty covers. She also grew tea, which 'she could not say was as strong as the Indian, but which has the advantage of being fresher.'

The life led here was simple and perhaps a little lonely, and yet this period was the happiest of her existence. Lady Mary rose at six, breakfasted, worked with her weeding women till nine, inspected poultry, bees, silkworms, and at eleven allowed herself the great pleasure of an hour's reading, all that her poor eyesight would admit of. She dined at twelve, slept till three, then played 'whisk' with priests till it was cool enough to go those rides in the mountains which were 'as delightful as a romance,' or to float under her lute-string awning on the river waiting for fish to bite. 'I confess I sometimes wish for a little conversation,' but then she added gaily, 'gardening is the next amusement 'to reading.' When the winter came she found herself obliged to keep the house, and wrote most thankfully in acknowledgement of books sent her by Lady Bute: 'I thank God my taste 'still continues for the gay part of reading. Wiser people may 'think it trifling, but it serves to sweeten life to me and is at 'worst better than the generality of conversation.' Lady Bute had ventured to criticise her mother's taste in literature and call it trash, so Lady Mary wrote: 'Daughter! daughter! you 'are always abusing my pleasures, and that is what no mortal 'will bear.'

Books, to a greater extent than the daughter realised, peopled her solitude, and the excitement of unpacking a new case of volumes from England was the most thrilling moment of her life at Gottolengo. One day 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Roderick 'Random,' 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and 'Pompey the Little,' all arrived together. She set to work at once to read them, and whole letters to Lady Bute are devoted to discussing the characters and plots she has been wrestling with. For quiet lives each incident is an impression, whereas by some mysterious law of self-preservation in busy lives, nothing makes an impression, all is a fleeting show. 'Pompey the Little, or, the Adventures of a Lap Dog,' a book now forgotten, delighted her because she recognised everyone in it as an acquaintance. 'I 'saw myself in the character of Mrs. Qualmsick. You will be 'surprised at this, no Englishwoman being so free from vapours, 'having never in my life complained of low spirits or weak nerves.'

Her only real friend at Brescia was Cardinal Grevini, whose portrait hung in her house. One day he begged for a copy of her works for his library, and was greatly hurt when she said she

had never printed a line in her life, little knowing that Horace Walpole had caused her 'Eclogues' to be published without her permission. To this assertion, which he took for evidence of great meanness, the Cardinal's secretary coldly answered that he could easily send for a copy to England.

As Lady Mary became older the infirmities of age began to worry her. She complained to Lady Bute: 'My health is so 'often disordered, that I begin to be as weary of it as mending 'old lace; when it is patched in one place it breaks in another.' And in the following year she nearly died at Gottolengo, but being moved in a litter to the waters of Lovere she quickly recovered. But after this recovery she became restless, and took three or four houses in as many years. Salo, Lovere, Venice, Padua, pleased her by turns; but the truth was, that in spite of herself she was homesick and unhappy, and realised too bitterly 'that 'tis age in all things breeds neglects.' Letters are not the most satisfying way of knowing how old friends do, and it had become impossible to Lady Mary to make new intimates—new friends seemed to her as shadowy as 'figures in tapestry.' Henry Fielding and her dear Lady Oxford were both dead, and life seemed stale, flat, and unprofitable. Padua, where the bones of her outlaw were eventually destined to lie, attracted her as a pleasant health-giving place. St. Anthony's shrine there, on which, according to Addison, 'good Catholics rub their beads and smell his bones,' had no attractions for her, though she appreciated her convenient house and the shelter it afforded against an Italian winter.

Mr. Montagu wrote and told his wife that his eyesight grew worse and worse, and that he was afraid of going blind as several of his relations had done. Lady Mary, who was also in terror of such a catastrophe happening to herself, almost volunteered to go and be with him. 'If I could be any service to you on 'that or any other occasion, I shall think my last remains of 'life well employed.' To Lady Bute she said:

'I received a letter from your father last post that cuts my heart. He says he has great reason to fear blindness. My life is so near a conclusion, that where or how I pass it (if innocently) is almost indifferent to me. I have outlived the greater part of my acquaintance, and to say truth, a return to crowd and bustle after my long retirement would be disagreeable to me; yet if I could be of use either to your father or your family, I would venture shortening the insignificant days of your most affecte. Mother.'

On January 1, 1761, Mr. Wortley died, leaving an immense

fortune to Lady Bute and only an allowance to his son. There was trouble over the will, and in consequence Lady Mary set out for home. She was sick of life : ' I am preparing for my last ' and longest journey, and stand on the threshold of this dirty ' world, my several infirmities like post horses ready to hurry ' me away . . . I am dragging the wretched remnant of my ' life to England.' She stood the journey, however, better than her maid, who broke down from fatigue and hardships at Rotterdam. This and the snows and storms of winter kept the old lady of seventy by the sea. One attempt to cross in the packet was defeated by ' mountainous waves,' but early in January she succeeded in reaching ' the harpsichord house,' taken for her in Great George Street by Lady Bute, a house that seemed very small after Italian palaces, and which she laughingly said had two doors and a cupboard on each floor. All the world paid her homage. Horace Walpole said she looked dirty and ill-clothed, but that her face was unchanged, her manner lively, her senses perfect. Mrs. Montagu said ' She neither speaks, ' thinks, acts, nor dresses like anybody else.' It was soon discovered that the intrepid traveller was suffering from cancer, of which disease she died in her seventy-fourth year, and was buried, like Lord Chesterfield, in the little church in South Audley Street.

The names of these two great letter-writers remind us of the fact that the eighteenth century in England was pre-eminently the age of letters. Horace Walpole, Mrs. Delany, Gibbon, and many less distinguished persons held up the mirror to a fashionable, mercenary, and unphilanthropic society. Before the nineteenth century Englishwomen practised a reserve as to their own lives and personalities which makes it difficult to know them or their point of view, and Lady Mary Montagu's letters must always be prized as an autobiography interesting in its revelation of a woman's heart and excellent as a reflection of contemporary manners.

Art. III.—THE ORIGIN AND PROSPECTS OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

1. *The Seven Lamps of Architecture.* By John Ruskin. London : 1849.
2. *A History of the Gothic Revival.* By Charles Eastlake. London : 1872.
3. *Lectures on Mediæval Architecture.* By Sir Gilbert Scott. London : 1879.
4. *Principle in Art.* By Coventry Patmore. London : 1889.
5. *A History of Gothic Art in England.* By Edward S. Prior. London : 1900.
6. *Mediæval Art.* By W. R. Lethaby. London : 1904.
7. *Gothic Architecture in England.* By Francis Bond. London : 1905.

When the death of a conspicuous personage is imminent biographers are apt to become active. There is little doubt that the present trend of fashion is inimical to the practice of Gothic architecture, and that it may reasonably be treated as moribund ; and at no former time has there been a greater outburst of literature dealing with the history of the style, nor has it hitherto been dealt with so comprehensively or with equal accuracy of scholarly research by English writers. So fickle is the public taste that it is hazardous to forecast the future. Surprises may be in store ; obituary notices may after all prove to have been premature. Still the coincidence remains ; and gives occasion for a review of the various theories which have from time to time prevailed, of the heads under which the history of the style has been studied, and for considering its strength and weakness both on abstract grounds of art and as conditions of its applicability to modern uses.

Theories of the origin of the style may for present purposes be grouped under a fourfold division, though it is obvious that the lines of demarcation cannot be rigidly defined and must here and there overlap. Gothic architecture may be studied under the following heads : imitation of nature ; expression of racial characteristics ; expression of religious ideas ; and, finally, constructional developement.

In his essay on ' History ' Emerson writes :

' The Gothic church plainly originated in a rude adaptation of the forest trees with all their boughs to a festal or solemn arcade,

as the bands about the cleft pillars still indicate the green withes that tied them. No one can walk in a road cut through pine woods without being struck with the architectural appearance of the grove, especially in winter, when the barrenness of all other trees shows the low arch of the Saxons. In the woods in a winter afternoon one will see as readily the origin of the stained glass window, with which the Gothic cathedrals are adorned, in the colours of the western sky seen through the bare and crossing branches of the forest. Nor can any lover of nature enter the old piles of Oxford and the English cathedrals without feeling that the forest overpowered the mind of the builder. . . .

'The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish, as well as the aerial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty.'

Others have found the prototype of the Gothic nave in the avenue, the artificial arrangement of forest trees in parallel lines at equal intervals. It should be needless to point out that such avenues were incompatible with the character and uses of medieval houses of the larger type, which were fortified and surrounded by moats; and, in fact, the avenue can scarcely have come into use much before the seventeenth century.

But the idea of a school of architecture originating in the translation into stone of features which had proved attractive in nature is merely fanciful; for it completely ignores the conditions of architectural developement, which must be both gradual and constructional. It is, however, conceivable that there may be in the theory some such residuum of reasonableness as this: association and familiarity are factors in the appreciation of art products, and features arrived at by a totally different process may exercise a special power of appeal in virtue of reminiscences which they arouse in the beholder.

What we have chosen to call the 'racial theory' is more or less bound up with the term 'Gothic' (which was not used before the Renaissance); and indeed it is open to question whether the term itself may not unconsciously have influenced those who have dealt with the origin of the style from this point of view. The most recent and by no means the least able exponent of the theory which traces the origin of the style to the characteristics of the race after which it popularly takes its name is Mr. March Phillips, who, in the 'Contemporary Re-'view' for September 1907, puts forward a well-considered and at least a plausible account of the origin of the style. This may be briefly summarised as follows: The invasion of the northern tribes, of which the Gothic was the most important,

overwhelmed the effete and decadent Roman Empire, its civilisation social and political, and its art. The principal characteristic of the races which prevailed was an exuberant energy, and the lines on which the new vitality developed were those of liberalism, of the full recognition of the individual as a component of the State. Whereas under the Roman Empire the enterprise both of the nation and of the individual was severely repressed or rendered subservient, under the new regime ample scope was allowed, full encouragement given, to both alike. The fact that some six centuries elapsed before the new civilisation found its appropriate expression in a new form of art is accounted for by the consideration that it required no less time to consolidate the invading races into nationalities, and to bring to full fruition in art the qualities which had all along been innate in them, but had first to develope on political and social lines. The writer finds in 'Gothic' architecture the artistic expression of their native energy and force; and perhaps a further analogy with what he takes to be their political characteristics might be discernible in the comparative equality in importance of the component parts of the Gothic structure, and in the organic co-operation to a common purpose of units no one of which can be considered predominant.

There is little need to cavil at the theory here expounded. It is interesting, coherent, and has something to recommend it. The demand of so long a period of incubation need not be considered exorbitant, seeing that artistic expression may well be the latest efflorescence of racial character; though the idea involved, that personal equality was practically established at this date, would seem to need some qualification: the most that could be conceded would be that the seeds of the democratic idea were already sown. To render the theory more complete and to carry fuller conviction it might have been desirable to show what conditions localised the first appearance of the new departure in a special district of France, seeing that the new civilisation was co-extensive with Northern and Western Europe, and that in Germany rather than in France were the Teutonic race and influence most pure and most dominant. Possibly the same writer may in the future carry his theory into further detail. As it stands one can only say of it that it is in the main compatible with a tenable view of history, and gives occasion for a sound appreciation of the essential characteristics of the style. But all theories as to the origin of art must involve some element of mystery, a mystery inalienable from art itself, and will always be open to qualification.

A claim has frequently been made for Gothic architecture

that it is an essentially Christian style. Sir G. G. Scott writes:

'What we claim for Pointed Architecture is . . . that it has been more entirely developed under the influence of the Christian religion, and *more thoroughly carries out its tone and sentiment* than any other style. It is not exclusively, but *par éminence*, Christian.'

But for the words I have given in italics the claim resolves itself into little more than this: that Gothic architecture came into being under Christian auspices, and was for long closely though not exclusively associated with Christian worship. In what special manner the style reflected the 'tone and sentiment' of Christianity the writer fails to specify.

Coventry Patmore carries this theory further. In a series of essays on architecture he has endeavoured to show that of the three great architectural styles which the world has so far produced, and which he takes to be the Egyptian, the Greek, and the Gothic, each is in its structural character—or, to put it otherwise, in its method of dealing with weight—expressive of the religion of the race which originated it. Egyptian architecture is the expression of unrelieved ponderosity. The pyramid, of which the obelisk may be considered to be a shorthand presentation, 'may be regarded as the form taken by weight in the 'abstract,' and in dealing with more complex forms 'the Egyp-'tian architect . . . subordinated every detail . . . to the 'creation of an effect of compulsory submission to an irresistible 'and for-ever-enduring material power.' 'In the architecture 'of Greece weight . . . was still the theme; but it was material 'force which had met with its match, the force of mind'; and the writer proceeds to show how every detail subserves this essential idea of equipoise. The Gothic phase 'is that in which 'an ascetic spirituality, refusing all willing alliance with earth-'liness, only recognises it as a thing to be defied and to be 'made the measure of the spirit's predominance.' For our immediate purpose it might be necessary to consider only the dictum concerning Gothic; but as the value of the theory must depend upon its general applicability, it is worth while to examine how far it holds good of the religions of Egypt and of Greece.

With regard to the former, the only indication we can obtain from Mr. Patmore is the following: 'There is no need to point 'out how aptly this expression . . . the awful *life* of ponderosity 'and crushing earthliness . . . suited the political and religious 'character of the people out of whom Israel fled.'

Of the relation of Greek architecture to Greek religion the writer says nothing, except when he groups the three styles as 'the Material, the Rational, and the Spiritual.'

It must needs occur to the reader to ask in what sense the religion of Egypt was exceptionally 'material,' a question which is not too easily answered. The term 'material' seems to need definition: the senses in which it might be used are various. But it is doubtful if it could in any admissible sense be used of the religion of the ancient Egyptians. It is no simple task to define the character of an ancient national religion, and we must speak with a wholesome fear of the Egyptologist before our eyes; but it does seem to be generally admitted that the religion of ancient Egypt involved a profound belief in the divine origin and immortality of the human soul, and in a future of reward or penalty to be meted out according to success or failure in the struggle between good and evil; that their most important cult took the form of offices for the benefit of the departed, and that this was the leading motive of their architecture. If we add that Egyptian art showed signs, especially in its portrayal of animal form, of a highly developed idealism, it is not easy to see in what sense, or in what category, religious or ethical, the race could be justly called 'material.' Nor, indeed, is there any need to have recourse to the psychological, when the physical conditions—the origin of the style in the fashioning of the living rock, and the abundance of stone of unlimited dimension—are an adequate key to the character of their art.

Nor is it easier to justify the application of the term 'rational' to the religion of the Greeks. The quality of 'rationality,' in the sense of balance and moderation, is certainly present in the poetry and philosophy of Greece, and no doubt its religious ideas were eventually coloured by them; but this phase was till a late date no more than esoteric, and had not so superseded the original mythology as to become a predominant influence, or to dictate the character of the national art. The popular religion was, in spite of philosophical scepticism, still the mythology, and it is hard to see in what sense this can be called specially 'rational.'

Nor are we on more solid ground when we come to the third, the Gothic style, in attributing its expressional character to the 'spirituality' of the Christian religion. That spirituality is the keynote of the Christian faith and Christian ethics may be conceded: that the special phase of Christianity in connexion with which Gothic architecture developed can be so defined is less certain. On the contrary, it might be argued that never

was the Christian faith held in a more materialistic form than at this period.

It seems, therefore, that the endeavour to attribute style in architecture to religious influence, attractive though it may be, fails to be convincing, and that all that can be asserted is a close and prolonged association between the Christian religion and Gothic architecture, during which the latter was found adaptable to the manifold requirements of the former, and not unsympathetic with its higher aspirations. But even this adaptability and sympathy were not confined to the Gothic style. It cannot be confidently asserted that Byzantine architecture, or that of Central Syria, was less suited to Christian worship; and Rome, so long the metropolis of Western Christianity, boasts of having scarcely admitted Gothic within her walls.

We may therefore dismiss the attempt to find the origin of Gothic in Christianity as scarcely less fanciful than that which bases it on direct imitation of nature. The most that can be safely admitted with regard to the three theories which we have discussed is that some unconscious influences—association of ideas, racial tendency, or consonance of form with doctrine—may have been at work in establishing the Gothic style in popular appreciation; and that such influences, not being mutually exclusive, may have co-operated to a common result. In discussing the theory which traces the style to constructional developement we shall find ourselves on firmer ground.

It may be assumed that, architecture being essentially a structural art, the origin of style is to be sought for within the sphere of constructional method. Gothic has been variously described by theorists as the style of the pointed arch; as that of small stones; as that of vaulting. Here again we find that the rival theories are by no means mutually prohibitory; but it is reasonable to give predominant weight to such definition as is most closely involved in the organic evolution of structure and in the solution of problems which must have been most generally presented.

The pointed arch was not, as some would seem to have supposed, an invention of the age which gave birth to Gothic design; it must have been familiar to ordinary European eyes in the intersection of semi-circular arches so constantly occurring in the wall-arcades of Romanesque buildings, and to those who in their travels beyond Europe, whether as Crusaders or as merchants, had become acquainted with the architectural forms of the East.

Again, it may be admitted that Gothic construction dispenses with the use of stones of considerable size, such as are needed

for a style which employs lintels; but this necessity had been already obviated so soon as an arcuated method of building had been invented; and this, under Roman influence, had long since become co-extensive with the civilised world. It cannot therefore be maintained that this second designation of Gothic is adequate; for it is not exclusively applicable to the style, nor does it predicate more than one of its characteristics. It does, however, imply an important condition of its extension: no region which possessed quarries even of small stones would be precluded from adopting it; and, even where no stone was to be found, brick might be used as a substitute.

The definition of Gothic as the style of the vault is more satisfactory than either of the previous designations, as it is involved in the more vital and far-reaching elements of origin and character; but even this requires such qualification as is usually inseparable from attempts to generalise. Otherwise it might be taken to imply that the vault was an invention of the age which inaugurated Gothic design; whereas it had for centuries been a feature of importance, to which a large proportion of architectural thought and invention had been already devoted. If, however, we cannot concede to Gothic the credit of originating the vault, it must at least be admitted that it so transformed it as to give it a totally new character, which proved the keynote, the *idée mère*, of all subsequent developement. It is to the problems occurring in the evolution of the vault that the general adoption of the pointed arch must be attributed: to similar exigencies must be assigned the flying buttress, the pinnacle, and all the more salient characteristics of the style.

We need not attempt to expound the processes whereby the consummation of Gothic architecture was achieved. In the absence of diagrams it would be difficult to make such exposition clear: in the presence of works such as those named above it would be superfluous. The main theory of developement has long since become a commonplace: in detail it has never previously been vindicated with so wide a range of knowledge, with so accurate a scholarship, as in the three recent works to which we have referred. Between the respective merits of these it is not necessary to discriminate. Mr. Bond's work is specially distinguished by the consistency with which he refers each separate step in the evolution of the style to practical requirements. Even such minor points as facility and economy in the centering of vaults are given their proper value. He writes as one who has imaginatively identified himself with the master-builder of the time which saw the style forming itself step by step, by the solution, from day to day, of minor pro-

blems—a process which, by accumulation, resulted in characteristics of wide importance. This method of research, the endeavour to realise the workman behind the tool, is the soundest which can be adopted as well as of the most human interest, and no better example of it can elsewhere be found. To Mr. Prior all lovers of our English school will be indebted for the wealth of knowledge which he has brought to bear in vindicating for it a just claim to independent developement and originality. Mr. Lethaby's work is especially valuable for enabling his readers to realise the scope of Gothic art, its coherence and force in domains other than architecture proper, and the power of the appeal which the combined influence of all its components must have made to the ages in which it flourished. It is, as he admits, impossible for us to recover any adequate idea of the effect on past generations of the completed monuments of their art. The neglect of centuries alienated from the Gothic style, decay, and, still worse, reckless 'restoration' have robbed us of many legitimate aids to such imaginative resuscitation. Nor in any case could we expect fully to apprehend on all its sides an art from which we are so far removed in time and sentiment that it has become foreign to our ideas and to our civilisation. Still, enough has survived in its integrity to enable us to appreciate the more permanent factors of its achievement: we can even now do justice to a representative Gothic building as 'a highly strung organism,' to the perfect articulation of its features, each of which co-operates towards the flame-like aspiration of the whole; to the perfect proportion of its parts, to the calculated equipoise of thrust and abutment; to the enchanting sense of strenuous activity wedded to perfect rest. Such qualities and characteristics of Gothic art lend themselves to complete apprehension and to imitation by later ages. But in such elements we have but the skeleton of the art: to clothe it with flesh we must imaginatively reproduce much that was not less essential to the ideal of the Middle Ages, but which to us is wrapped in a mystery more or less impenetrable. Even so salient a feature as the stained glass which glittered in the traceried window told a tale to past ages which is but half intelligible to our own: the art as revived in our time has so far failed to free itself from the archæological taint; and it would be a still harder task to recover the spirit which evolved the eerie work of jewelled shrines and tabernacles, or the varied symbolism in which the Gothic church abounded. Nor can we identify ourselves with an age which mingled the secular with the sacred; which presented in its sculpture humorous or satiric allusions to contemporary persons and events in close con-

nexion with scenes from sacred history; which even admitted some sly mockery of solemn offices—not necessarily in irreverence, seeing that the blight of Puritanism was still in reserve for future generations. The art of the Middle Ages gives indeed an epitome of the life of those among whom it throve; but it is a life essentially alien to our own, and the best picture we can make of it must be on a background of dense shadow. There is, however, fascination in a mystery, and we need scarcely desire to dissipate it. On its structural side Gothic is fully comprehensible to us and of no evanescent meaning and value.

Gothic architecture in its full developement possessed these permanent advantages: a complete manifestation of structure, each several feature having originated in a definite constructional requirement; variety, elasticity, vitality, economy of material, and comparative independence of local conditions. And as such qualities are the essence of the architectural art it must so far be allowed the premier position among the great styles which have arisen in the history of the world. So accustomed are we to subject ourselves to the influence of its highest achievements that it is no easy task to secure such detachment as is necessary for criticising it on grounds of abstract beauty. But the endeavour must be made.

We should say, then, that if it fails at all in comparison with the other great schools of architecture, its weakness lies in the sacrifice of exterior to interior effect. In a style of which the keynote is the vault and economy of material the rule, such a result is not unnatural. Still it must be maintained that the intricacy and complication of flying buttresses and pinnacles which were needed for the full development of the Gothic vault, especially as shown in the apses of the larger churches, and the almost complete absence of external wall-surface, militates against that repose which is an almost essential element of great art. Every style must have the defect of its qualities, and the characteristic of arcuation must be that every part is in constant activity. 'The arch never sleeps.' No charge, therefore, of incoherence or incongruity will hold: and indeed the defect, if it be a defect, is present only in ecclesiastical buildings of the larger type: in the castellated architecture of the same period the great masses of masonry needed for purposes of defence provided the necessary abutments without the special articulation which resulted in the complexity we have named; and for the same reason wall-surface predominated. Nevertheless, even though Gothic is not, as some have thought, a specially and almost exclusively ecclesiastical form of art, it was at least in this branch that it found its most complete

expression, and by its churches must it be mainly judged. Moreover there are in the later developements of Gothic indications that their designers felt the desirability of some departure from the normal type. William of Wykeham, by no means the least considerable exponent of the later Gothic, in his last work, the rebuilding of the nave of Winchester Cathedral, dispensed with the usual abutments, and trusted the massive walls to receive the thrust of the vaults. It is true, indeed, that the original dimensions of the Norman nave, whose immense piers suggested clerestory walls of unusual thickness, may have led up to this unusual device; but it would have been possible and even economical, while adhering to the dimensions of the piers, to have lightened the superincumbent walls; and it seems not unreasonable to suppose that Wykeham's intention was to obtain greater repose, simplicity, and dignity by dispensing with the display of abutments and by the increase of wall-surface. It is at any rate interesting to compare this method with the more uncompromising device adopted by Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral. He having, as every one knows, been given the task of building a Renaissance church on Gothic lines, a scheme which involved quasi-Gothic construction, raised the walls of his aisles to such a height as should completely conceal the abutments of the nave-vaults. The upper story of the side walls is therefore a mere screen to hide the buttresses which he found it impossible to display without compromising his ideal of artistic effect; and his repugnance to such features may be measured by the trenchancy of the method adopted to conceal them. No doubt Wren's devotion to the classic style prevented his judgement from being impartial; but he had in other instances shown no inconsiderable appreciation of Gothic forms, notably in the design of the tower of St. Michael's, Cornhill; and therefore his repudiation of the flying buttress as an element in external effect should have some weight with us in coming to a conclusion as to its intrinsic beauty.

It would be too lengthy a task to describe here the various phases through which Gothic architecture passed from its inception to its close. The story is one of an evolution like to that of a living organism. Theorists have differed considerably in their attempts to divide its history into distinct periods, each marked by special characteristics, and scarcely less as to the nomenclature appropriate to each. It is sufficient for our purpose to adopt Mr. Lethaby's view that the 'centre' may be found in the middle of the fourteenth century, the time of the Great Plague, that 'by setting two hundred years on either side of this, we get 1150 as the beginning and 1550 as the end.'

It may be conceded that this central period was also that of the culmination of the style ; but it is not necessary to admit that all its subsequent phases were ' decadent.' There are and have been many, notably Professor Freeman, to whom the style usually associated with the fifteenth century (though actually of much earlier inception) and popularly known as the ' Perpen- ' dicular ' has seemed to be of at least equal merit with those that preceded it. Such a view is at least tenable, and one which an Englishman should be reluctant to dispute ; for, whatever may be said as to the early history of Gothic, here at least we find a distinctly English note, a proof of the originating power of English craftsmen, and a hint of national virility which, whether conscious or not, preserved our own architecture from the excessive intricacy or effeminacy which degraded much of the contemporary Continental building. We think, then, that the decline of Gothic architecture is usually ante-dated. Nevertheless it must be allowed that for some short time before it was overwhelmed by the revival of classicism it had shown a tendency to excessive elaboration, to a cloying prettiness, even here and there to dulness and poverty of invention. Its evolution was in fact on lines not dissimilar to those of the great civilisations of the world ; but the final decay was unusually rapid. The style, however, still held its influence. In the more important structures of which the new movement was profuse it disputed the ground step by step ; and for generations formed a scarcely subordinate factor in the result : the humble or vernacular buildings of the country were scarcely affected by the change ; and here and there, under special influences, it re-emerged, scarcely deteriorated or compromised. The staircase to the dining-hall of Christ Church, Oxford, built by Dr. Samuel Fell, with the assistance of ' one —— Smith,' in 1640, might pass with any but an expert as a genuine work of unadulterated Gothic. The Civil War and its consequences suspended for some years ecclesiastical building, and a gap was formed which the old style had not the vitality to overleap. A few fitful efforts at its revival may subsequently be traced, but proved to be no more than the final flicker of an expiring flame.

The subsequent story is merely that of a more and more complete exclusion of medieval art from serious and respectful consideration till we reach the time when Horace Walpole began to experiment in the Gothic manner in architecture and in literature, realising his idea of the former in ' Strawberry Hill ' and of the latter in ' The Castle of Otranto.' Mr. Eastlake writes :

'If in the history of British Art there is one period more distinguished than another for its neglect of Gothic, it was certainly the middle of the eighteenth century. The old antiquarians had ceased from their labours. Their successors had not yet begun to write. An interval occurred between the works of Dugdale and Dodsworth, of Herbert and Wood, on the one side, and those of Grose, Bentham, Hearn, and Gough on the other, between the men who recorded the history of medieval buildings in England and the men who attempted to illustrate them. In this interval one author (Walpole) appeared who did neither, but to whose writings and to whose influence as an admirer of Gothic art, we believe, may be ascribed one of the chief causes which induced its present revival.'

Another writer on the same subject says of Walpole: 'He 'and his cherished ambition stand in the same relation to the 'Gothic revival in which Brunelleschi and the church of Santa 'Maria dei Fiori at Florence stood to the Renaissance'—a comparison at which Walpole in his vainest moments would, one hopes, have smiled.

Both writers, however, claim Walpole as the originator of an important and far-reaching movement, which for a time appeared to be little less than a revolution in art. Now in the first place there is a certain name which should take precedence of Walpole's in time. Batty Langley, who died in 1751, had endeavoured to re-establish Gothic art in a fantastic guise. His idea had been to formulate the medieval style into classical 'orders,' and by this strange compromise or amalgamation to weaken the still prevalent antipathy to the 'barbaric' manner. Monuments of his eccentric achievements are still to be seen in furniture and in stone; and though they savour of the cabinet-maker's, even of the toy-shop, they are scarcely more fanciful or remote from the true character of Gothic than Walpole's experiments. Moreover, it would be a strange anomaly if a change of style were really due to the mere whim of a dilettante; and we are naturally led to ask whether some wider influence may not have been at work to prepare the public mind for the new idea, and whether a more weighty personality than Walpole's may not have been the real influence which inspired its expression.

Mr. Eastlake's statement is no doubt approximately true of the mere facts of architecture and strict archæology; but it is unsafe to isolate a single domain of art; and if we take a somewhat wider view we shall be led to a different conclusion. There were already signs of an incipient reaction against the effete formalism of the classic school in poetry, which led to a search for fresh vitality from alien sources. The extraordinary

popularity of Macpherson's frauds and of Chatterton's forgeries, and the uncritical avidity with which they were received, are evidence of the general craving for a change of subject and method; and indeed the reception of the Rowley papers shows at least that the appetite for medieval archæology was keen. In this, then, as in other cases, a more comprehensive cause than the influence of an individual must be predicated; but even within the limited scope of personal origination it would be justifiable to seek a more august agent than Horace Walpole, one too in whom the architectural idea might be associated with the poetical.

Thomas Gray was Walpole's contemporary and intimate friend. Their intercourse was for many years unbroken, and it is reasonable to suppose that the influence of the stronger character and intellect on the weaker was considerable. In poetry Gray stands at the parting of the ways. He is about equally distant from the effete mannerisms of the formal classical type and from the complete emancipation of his successors. He also shows in his later work a desire to draw upon new sources, Icelandic and Gaelic. His interest in medieval art is for us expressed in his letters and indicated in the choice of route for his English travels: to his contemporaries his Gothic tendencies were better known. We find, for instance, on the authority of Mr. Gosse, that '"The Castle of Otranto," published anonymously, 'was almost universally attributed to Gray. . . . The reputa-'tion of the poet as an antiquarian and a lover of romantic anti-'quity probably led to this mistake.' Taking all these points into consideration, it is not unreasonable to suppose that Gray's was the primary influence which led Walpole, who had the means and the enterprise, to give concrete expression to an idea nurtured in their intercourse, the revival of the medieval manner. Not that it need be supposed that, had it fallen to Gray to realise directly his idea of Gothic architecture, the result would have been substantially better. He writes of Strawberry Hill: 'It has a purity and propriety of Gothicism in it (with very 'few exceptions) that I have not seen elsewhere.' If the evidence for this theory is mainly circumstantial, it is at least as much as we might expect to recover, and its advantage is that it enables us to associate this new departure with a wider and more far-reaching tendency.

Neither in literature nor in architecture did Walpole's experiments fail to find imitators. 'The Castle of Otranto' was followed after an interval of a dozen years by Clara Reeve's 'The Champion of Virtue: a Gothic story,' and later by 'The 'Old English Baron;' Clara Reeve was succeeded by Mrs.

Radcliffe, of whose influence Miss Austen makes excellent fun in 'Northanger Abbey'; nor had the fashion lapsed when the genius of Sir Walter Scott vindicated for medieval subjects a claim to figure in the highest rank of fiction. To follow fully this same tendency into other realms of literature would be to write the history of the Romantic movement; but it is evident that in poetry at least, from Gray onwards, there was a consistent progress towards emancipation from the classical manner and tradition, which had already become effete, and that this literature opened a field for the reception of a new standard of art. In architecture, Beckford, another wealthy eccentric, eclipsed Strawberry Hill, at least in size and pretension, by his building at Fonthill, which Hazlitt, who visited it when its contents were to be sold, calls 'a Gothic cathedral turned into 'a toy-shop.' Not many years were to elapse before a more accurate and scholarly school of archæology arose, which was in time and with new incentives to lead to very tangible and more satisfactory results.

Until such studies came to bear their legitimate fruit, modern Gothic drew out a feeble and dreary existence, mainly in the churches, in a less degree in the houses, occasionally in the public buildings, of this intermediate period. The introduction of a few pinnacles, of battlements and corner turrets, of pointed or labelled windows, was enough to satisfy the claims of the style as it was then understood; even 'Abbotsford,' though the work of one who was so fully seised of the medieval idea on its literary, showed failure to realise it on its material side. The standard of the Gothic of this period is given by such examples as Eastnor Castle, Donington Park, or the Pitt Press at Cambridge.

The first signs of a more true and scholarly study of the style and of its realisation in design are to be found in association with the name of Pugin. The earlier Pugin devoted his life to illustrating Gothic buildings with greater sympathy and accuracy than had hitherto prevailed; and his publication (1821–1823) of 'Specimens of Gothic Architecture' is the first sign of an awakening to the true spirit and character of the style. His son, who succeeded in crowding into a short lifetime a multiplicity of works of various degrees of excellence, showed at least that he had assimilated the fruits of his father's researches; and indeed in some of his productions, notably in the church which he founded and built in the early 'forties at Ramsgate—'the only building,' as he said, 'in which, 'being his own paymaster, he was not hampered by financial 'restrictions,'—he showed a fuller apprehension of the spirit of

medieval art than was to be seen from other hands till many years later.

The younger Pugin, having become a Roman Catholic, exerted himself, both by pencil and pen, to make medieval architecture prevail as the style in which the ecclesiastical art of his Church should find expression. In this he partially and temporarily succeeded, notwithstanding opposition on the part of those whose counsel of perfection was founded on strictly Roman precedent—Rome, as we have seen, never having given any practical recognition to the Gothic style. Nor must we omit to mention Pugin's co-operation in the design of the Houses of Parliament, which must be admitted to have been considerable, though its precise scope, in spite of endless controversy, cannot be accurately ascertained. The determination to adopt Gothic for the style of what is of necessity the most important secular building in the British Empire is a conspicuous event in the story of the revival, and to this the influence of the younger Pugin in no small measure contributed. Meanwhile the Anglican Church was becoming subject to a new influence, which worked towards a similar result. The 'Oxford Movement' inaugurated a return to the ideas and practices of pre-Reformation days, and as a consequence led to the more general revival of medieval art, with which they were associated both in history and in character. The study of Gothic architecture became general and popular. Archæological societies were formed, handbooks of the style multiplied, and the ambition of architects came to run almost exclusively in a single channel. It was, however, natural that in this earlier stage archæological accuracy should be more conspicuous than originality of invention. The exponents of the style, of whom Sir G. G. Scott was for long the most prominent, failed to surpass the standard of mere scholarly accuracy in their reproductions or adaptations of actual precedent; and it was not till the later 'fifties, some decade and a half after Pugin's most original work, that in the hands of a man of great and imperfectly recognised genius, William Butterfield, architecture showed signs of escaping from the swaddling-clothes of archæology and becoming once more a living art, pursued in the spirit rather than in the letter. Those who can recall the first impression produced by his church, All Saints', Margaret Street, may well feel that it was a revelation of a revivified art wholly consonant with the character of the offices which were being recovered from the past. That he had successors who have worthily inherited his mantle few who are interested in the art will deny, but a full discussion of more recent names would involve criticism of contemporaries which is better avoided.

The stream of Gothic revival which we have endeavoured briefly to follow runs mainly in the channel of ecclesiastical art, as it is to an ecclesiastical impulse that it owes its origin. But it was inevitable that an effort should be made to bring civil and domestic architecture into line ; and that the endeavour met with imperfect success we shall attempt to show in another context. Meantime it may be worth while to consider what other drawbacks attended the revival of Gothic, what back-eddies impeded the stream of tendency.

A name which can never be mentioned without respect is that of Mr. Ruskin. To his influence is largely due the enthusiasm which has inspired so many of the best artists in many spheres, and not least in architecture. Indeed, not a few who are most opposed to his direct influence will gratefully acknowledge an incalculable debt to him. But having admitted so much as to his general influence, we may be allowed to maintain that the particular form which his advocacy of Gothic assumed was among the greatest obstacles to the healthy progress of its revival, and to its permanent establishment.

In the first place he seems to us to have failed to apprehend the essential characteristics of the style. It is difficult to find in his writings any adequate expression of the vitality of the upward-springing movement, of that vertical tendency expounded, as we have seen, by Patmore, and later by nearly all writers on this style. It is true that here and there he shows some recognition of it in isolated detail, but seldom or never as a fundamental characteristic in the general expression of its monuments. This failure is no doubt in a measure conditioned by, certainly associated with, his preference for and predominant study of Italian examples. Of all the countries of Europe, Italy is that in which Gothic art, in its true character, least took root. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that except as an importation, as in the case of the Duomo of Milan, real Gothic is not to be found there at all. It is no less than amazing to hear the exclusive prophet of the style, to whom the Renaissance is but ' a foul torrent,' fall into ecstasies over Giotto's Campanile at Florence. A more catholic taste may indeed include this among the admirable monuments of a mixed style, but to look at it as an expression of the Gothic spirit is to make adventitious detail predominate over the character of the *ensemble.* This inculcation of Italian examples led to a schism in the practice of Gothic which could not fail to be injurious to its pursuit on the natural and obvious line of progress. Even had the school of art which he endeavoured to engraft been unequivocally superior, it still must have been

strange and foreign to the English eye. The influence of architecture lies, in no small measure, in association, and to forgo the advantages which this offers is to surrender not the least potent of its forces. The fashion set by Mr. Ruskin's advocacy of Italian Gothic (so called) was but temporary, but it endured long enough to distract the efforts of architects of the Gothic revival, to dissipate its influence, and to leave unsightly records of hopeless attempts to impose on the English public a manner impossible to assimilate.

But another and not less important miscarriage seems to be due to the same influence. There are, as has already been pointed out, two main motives in Gothic architecture : the one the expression of the life of the age in which it had its birth, the other pure design. The former expresses in the accessories, in the details of a building, in its sculpture and iconography, the ideas prevalent in the Middle Ages : the other is concerned exclusively with the construction, lines, and proportions of fabrics. Of these the one is of purely historic interest : the other is founded on universal and enduring laws of art. It should have been obvious that, in the endeavours to adapt to the needs of our own time a style of the past, the principle should have been to rest on the permanent elements of the art, and to ignore what was but temporary. Nor in adopting such limitations need we have sought in vain for precedent from the medieval times themselves. The Cistercian order, for example, at least in its earlier days, largely excluded the use of sculptured ornament, and leant its weight mainly on the general design. Moreover the meaning and intention of the sculpture prevalent in medieval times is in large measure lost to us. The ideas involved in many of the most prominent features of their sculptural representations are, and are likely to remain, an open field for conjecture. And, further, there is in our own age no natural tendency or desire to express in stone the familiar details of our life and thought. Such motives belong to a more childlike epoch : a sort of *naïveté* is a recognisable note of the Middle Ages, but is altogether inconsonant to our own, and any attempt to reproduce it can only rank as an affectation. So that while the effort to recover for the imagination the spirit of this epoch by a study of its sculptured monuments is of the utmost interest to the historian and archæologist, the idea of reinstating it in actual work is a violation of the sincerity which is the foundation of all artistic success.

In this matter, too, Mr. Ruskin appears to us to have led the revivalists into devious paths ; for it was as practical teaching rather than as research that his writings were offered and

accepted, and of them a predominant portion deals with such details as should have been excluded from the 'sphere of prac-'tical politics.' It is, therefore, difficult to say on which side the balance lies :—whether the enthusiasm for art, which Mr. Ruskin aroused as no other could have done, may be held to compensate for the aberrations which he as undoubtedly inaugurated.

On one point, at least, we may gratefully accept his leading. His reverence for antiquity did something to stem the 'foul 'torrent' of vandalism which was disguised under the mendacious title of 'Restoration.' In this matter, however, his great influence, notwithstanding that, or possibly because, he was altogether in the right, was either appreciated too late or put aside. And it cannot be doubted that not a little of the discredit to which the Gothic revival has become subject is due to unscrupulous meddling with antiquity. The lines on which this enterprise was pursued made it disastrous not only by destroying the integrity of those monuments which should have kept before the eyes of both architects and the public a standard of medieval design, but also, which was even a greater calamity, by erecting a false ideal of the style, such as poisoned study at the fount. The custom of reducing each building to conformity with one arbitrarily selected phase, whereas a principal charm of so many was the combination of the work of successive ages, indicating the various epochs through which in its evolution architecture had passed; the ruthless removal of all which failed to submit to a rule more rigid than that of Procrustes; the stripping of walls and ceilings and the exposure of masonry and woodwork never meant to meet the eye—these and many other anomalies, due to a fatal mixture of ignorance and recklessness, caused a justifiable resentment on the part of all true lovers of ancient art, and tended to lower the credit of practitioners of Gothic, even of those who had escaped the guilt of this baneful activity.

The reaction which inevitably followed on this vandalism, a reaction of which Mr. Ruskin may be considered the protagonist, came too late to save more than a remnant of our ancient buildings; and the Gothic revival, whatever it has given us of admirable and original work, must also be held answerable for the loss of much which, as the product of genuine antiquity, is of superior value.

Nevertheless, in spite of such drawbacks—the diversion of talent into unprofitable paths, and the lamentable tampering with the monuments of ancient art—there can be little doubt that, until the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the best architectural talent, focussed on the developement of Gothic,

had succeeded in passing from the archæological stage, to which it had at first inevitably been limited, and that it seemed destined to be accepted as the style of the future.

It may seem strange that a style of architecture which had so long held the field, which had taken so strong a hold on national life, on the revival of which such enthusiasm and artistic faculty had been expended at so recent a date, should fall behind in the race for practical recognition. It is true that so far there is little indication that it will easily be supplanted in church architecture; but even here if, as we foresee, rising talent is to become more and more exclusively enlisted in the classical camp, the revolution may be imminent. Nor is it likely that the public judgement will for ever tolerate the anomaly of one style for churches and another for civic and domestic buildings. No doubt a considerable factor in the change of fashion which has unquestionably occurred is this very divergence of character. If ever in the future a single style is to become predominant—and this seems to be a condition of healthy progress—it must be such as will be equally applicable to both purposes. There can be no doubt that the effort to adapt Gothic to contemporary secular uses has conspicuously failed; nor is it less obvious that its attempted revival as a universally applicable style has resulted in a more and more complete divorce between ecclesiastical and domestic architecture. For the influences affecting them severally have all along been leading in contrary directions. On the one hand the revival of pre-Reformation practices and ritual was consistently guiding the Gothic revival towards a more punctilious accuracy in spirit and in form: on the other, the requirements of domestic life, becoming more and more intricate and exigent, rendered the task of meeting them under the guise of a style remote in time, still more remote in sentiment, increasingly hopeless. To those who realised the radical divergence of medieval from modern domestic uses, the Gothic style seemed to be a mere veneer, a superficial fashion arbitrarily foisted on a civilisation uncongenial to it and reluctant to receive it. It would be a lengthy and irksome task to set out in detail the multifarious attempts made to bridge the gulf, to graft on the ancient stock the innovations of a later period. Such endeavours were frequently clumsy, sometimes ingenious, seldom satisfactory, often outrageous in their crudity and violence. For the most part they served only to emphasise the essential incompatibility of modern and medieval ideas. For it is undoubtedly true that for some reason or other the life and character of the Middle Ages seem to us more distant than those of ages which preceded them. Sentiment is not

necessarily conditioned by time. Hazlitt in his Essay on Antiquity writes as follows :

> ' The *dark* or Middle Ages . . . seem . . . older and further off, and more inaccessible to the imagination than the brilliant and well-defined periods of Greece and Rome. A Gothic ruin appears buried in a greater depth of obscurity, to be weighed down and rendered venerable with the hoar antiquity of more distant ages, to have been longer mouldering into neglect or oblivion, to be a record and memento of events more wild and alien to our own times than a Grecian temple.'

And in confirmation of this view he quotes in a footnote from Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses : ' The Gothic architecture, ' though not so ancient as the Grecian, is more so to our imagi- ' nation, with which the artist is more concerned than with ' absolute truth.' No doubt Sir Joshua wrote according to the habit of his time, in which classical architecture was current and had no rival ; and so far his opinion may be discounted. But, for all that, the sentiment seems to have survived to our own times, not after all so very remote. The ' Dark Ages,' then, are dark to us in more senses than one, partly no doubt because we are far more closely versed in classical than in medieval history, but also, as we think, because the life of the later time is essentially less congenial, and therefore less intelligible, to us than that of the former. So that even had the choice lain between Gothic and ancient classic architecture there would have been much to be said in favour of making the latter the precedent for our secular and domestic art : for sentimental, possibly even for practical reasons, this might have proved the easier task. But the problem was greatly simplified by the fact that the gulf between the ancient and the modern had already been partly spanned : the Renaissance had brought the classic style down almost to our own time : from the introduction of the new learning the classic influence had become increasingly predominant, and had in fact given birth to a prevalent traditional style which had been competent, while it lasted, to meet the requirements of secular and domestic uses in a civilisation not much less than contemporary with our own. It is true that through failure in force and in integrity it had latterly lost its prestige, and had therefore been more easily superseded by a new fashion ; but it seemed to be a comparatively easy task to hark back, to pick up a trail too recent to have become obliterated. For some such reasons as this the fashion of secular architecture changed : the endeavour to adapt Gothic forms to contemporary uses came to be more and more dis-

credited, and the revival of various phases of style mainly based on classical precedents came increasingly into vogue.

But it must be noticed that the necessity of reverting to a disused precedent radically altered the conditions of design. So long as any fashion of art remained prevalent and current, so long as the tradition was unbroken, the designer was at no loss as to the manner in which he should approach his task, and, further, much of the necessary machinery was present to his hand: till a recent date the rules and methods needed for the realisation of classic design were in the minds and in the hands of the workmen. So soon as it became necessary to 'hark 'back,' to take up a style which had ceased to be generally current, the need of special study of a lapsed fashion arose, and 'archæology' crept in. It is worth while to expatiate somewhat on this new condition, as the term 'archæological' has been somewhat loosely and even invidiously used. For it has been habitual with the advocates of the classical style to condemn the modern use of Gothic as 'archæological.' So it undoubtedly must have been in its inception: so also must, in its inception, have been the study of any style of which the tradition had lapsed. To this extent all the styles which find adherents at the present time are archæological, for there is none which preserves its original currency and vitality: a conscious effort of study is needed for the resuscitation of each one. From this point of view the difference between the conditions of revival, whether of Greek, Roman, Gothic, or Renaissance, is one of quantity rather than of quality: it is a question of the width of the gulf rather than of the method by which it is to be bridged. It is unfair, therefore, to use the term 'archæological' specially or exclusively of work in Gothic. It is more properly applied to the manner in which the knowledge necessarily obtained by archæological study is ultimately applied. The designer may fail to pass beyond a slavish adherence to actual precedent, in which case his work is justly called 'archæological,' whatever style he may adopt; or he may so far penetrate to its spirit as to use it with freedom and originality, without compromising its essential character. There can be no doubt that many architects, both living and dead, have reached this higher level in Gothic design; nor is it less obvious that others have, in their attempts to revive various phases of classical style, failed to accomplish anything better than a mere 'réchauffé,' a formal and unimaginative transcript, with some necessary adaptation, of actual examples. Nevertheless, if the examples imitated have happened to be unfamiliar to the public, their work has often passed as 'original.' The difference is, in fact,

of general application, and by no means limited to the practice of architecture. In most spheres of intellectual work the acquisition of accurate knowledge is a necessary preliminary; but such knowledge may ultimately become either the servant or the master. If it remain the master, the result is never better than mere pedantry. The smallest amount of knowledge may make a pedant: the fullest may be made subservient to original invention. And it is in this principle, in the result to which acquired knowledge is used, that the real distinction lies.

But when so much has been admitted it may still be maintained that it is both an easier and a safer method to seek precedents for our domestic architecture in a style which has come down almost to our own time rather than in one more remote; in a manner which has already adapted itself to a civilisation differing only in minor detail from our own, rather than in one associated with radically different uses, and which cannot without violence be made to fulfil an alien function. We need, therefore, scarcely be surprised if for the future the best architectural talent is exclusively devoted to some form or forms of classic architecture. Whether or not it will succeed in covering the entire field by annexing the ecclesiastical section is a question which (so strong are the sentiments and associations involved) must long remain undecided.

It is worth while to note in passing that the return to classical types which is apparent in architecture is by no means limited to this branch of art. There can be no doubt that the school of painters known as Pre-Raphaelites owed its origin in some degree to the influence of the Gothic revival; that the great majority of its adherents became gradually more and more alienated from the spirit which realised itself in stiff and ascetic form, and showed in their later work a reversion to a Renaissance character: so that the anti-medieval impulse is by no means limited to the art of building.

It is probable, then, that the Gothic revival will ere long have been played out, and that the main current of design will in the future run in a more or less classical channel. If so, we must anticipate that such developement as it may show, whatever modern note it may acquire, will be due to its gradual and consistent adaptation to new practical requirements and to novel facilities of construction. Architecture, like Nature, does nothing at a bound. Even those epochs which in retrospect appear to show a sudden and speedy impulse of invention would, were our knowledge more exhaustive, prove to have been no real exception to the rule. The greatest changes would

be seen to have been due to the accumulation of minor modifications. It is unreasonable, therefore, to claim or anticipate that this or any later century should give birth to a really novel style springing ready equipped from the brain of some originating genius, as Minerva from the head of Jupiter. The world and the art of building have grown old together: the range of possible types must have been mostly traversed by now, and the main impulses to which each owed its origin exhausted. The clamour for originality, as it is popularly understood, is no less pernicious than it is unreasonable, and the response to it can scarcely result in anything better than eccentricity, which properly considered is but its travesty, or even its negation. There are possible developements which are unprecedented simply because there were the best reasons why they never should have occurred.

There is, however, one main factor with which we must reckon as likely vitally to influence the architecture of the future—the use of iron. If the invention of the arch was due to the difficulty of finding stone of sufficient size for lintels, the employment of girders enables the builder to span horizontally the widest intervals. As architecture is essentially a constructional art, the introduction of iron may constitute no less than a revolution. Mr. Ruskin anticipates the straits into which it may be forced by this new material. In the 'Seven Lamps of 'Architecture' he writes as follows:

'Perhaps the most fruitful source of these kinds of corruption, which we have to guard against in recent times, is one which, nevertheless, comes in a "questionable shape," and of which it is not easy to determine the proper laws and limits; I mean the use of iron. The definition of the art of architecture . . . is independent of its materials: nevertheless, that art having been, up to the beginning of the present century, practised for the most part in clay, stone, or wood, it has resulted that the sense of proportion and the laws of structure have been based, the one altogether, the other in great part, on the necessities consequent on the employment of those materials; and that the entire or principal employment of metallic framework would, therefore, be generally felt as a departure from the first principles of the art. Abstractedly there appears no reason why iron should not be used as well as wood; and the time is probably near when a new system of architectural laws will be developed, adapted entirely to metallic construction. But I believe that the tendency of all present sympathy and association is to limit the idea of architecture to non-metallic work; and that not without reason. For architecture, being in its perfection the earliest, as in its elements it is necessarily the first, of arts, will always precede, in any barbarous nation, the possession of the science necessary either for the obtaining or the management of iron. Its first

existence and its earliest laws must, therefore, depend upon the use of materials accessible in quantity, and on the surface of the earth ; that is to say, clay, wood, or stone : and as I think it cannot but be generally felt that one of the chief dignities of architecture is its historical use ; and since the latter is partly dependent on consistency of style, it will be felt right to retain as far as may be, even in periods of more advanced science, the materials and principles of earlier ages.'

The strange conclusion to which he comes is that ' metals may ' be used as a *cement* but not as a *support*.' He would, for instance, ' allow Brunelleschi his iron chain around the dome of Florence, ' or the builders of Salisbury their elaborate iron binding of ' the central tower.' Such limitation of function for metals would no doubt exclude the main architectural abuses to which their introduction has given rise. But it is in the first place difficult to see on what principle such limitation is founded ;— why, for example, an iron girder should not take the place of and do duty for a timber beam ; and in the second it is hopeless to expect that a commercial age will, in the cause of architectural purity, pass any such self-denying ordinance as would exclude so ready a means of economy. Recent experience is enough to show the hopelessness of any such anticipation. In buildings devoted to commerce the facilities of construction afforded by steel and iron have been strained to the utmost limit in the interests of advertisement. The one condition to which shop-building is subject is the fullest opportunity for display, and, as a consequence, our commercial thoroughfares show almost invariably a superstructure which appears to rest on a ground-story of plate glass. Whether the upper stories are well- or ill-designed, what style they follow, are matters of indifference : the whole effect is necessarily stultified by absence of visible support. Indeed it might almost be maintained that, given such conditions, the less architectural the upper stories the less is the anomaly. Nor is this all. The increasing value of land in our large cities, tending to heighten buildings, is rapidly familiarising us with the constructional system long since common in America of erecting an iron framework which is subsequently clothed with a thin layer of stone (and this not seldom artificial), brick, or concrete. So far as this system may prevail, the primary conditions of architecture, which is the art of making construction visible and beautiful, are violated : all that meets the eye is a mere veneer, applied to a framework to which it has no organic relation ; and the result, whatever superficial attractiveness it may possess, must fail of any value in the domain of genuine art.

This new condition of building appears to supply the great problem of the future. It is specially inimical to Gothic architecture only in so far as in this style the display of structure is more essential and more complete: the new offices of the 'Morning Post' may be a shade less outrageous than the Tower Bridge, but the difference is only of degree. The corruption has progressed so far that commercial architecture seems already doomed. Nor is it likely that the baneful influence will be content with this amount of conquest. Whether the future may successfully face the problem, may succeed in finding possibilities of beauty, unimaginable by us, in the use of the material itself; or whether certain types of building may be permanently preserved from the infection, can be settled only by experience. There does not, so far, seem to be any possibility of the former, and the latter alternative would give us at most a partial survival of former standards and traditions—such, however, as might keep the lamp of art alive until some possible future era were reached which placed art above utility, which valued beauty more than economy. Or is architecture doomed to perish with this for its epitaph: "'Overwhelmed by "'the foul torrent of'—metal"?

Art. IV.—BISHOP GORE AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

1. *The Church and the Ministry.* By Charles Gore. London: John Murray. 1889.
2. *Lux Mundi.* Edited by Charles Gore. London: John Murray. 1889.
3. *Roman Catholic Claims.* By Charles Gore. London: John Murray. 1890.
4. *The Incarnation of the Son of God.* By Charles Gore. London: John Murray. 1891.
5. *The Message of the Church.* By Charles Gore. London: John Murray. 1892.
6. *Dissertations.* By Charles Gore. London: John Murray. 1895.
7. *The Sermon on the Mount.* By Charles Gore. London: John Murray. 1896.
8. *Essays in Aid of the Reform of the Church.* By Charles Gore. London: John Murray. 1898.
9. *The Epistle to the Ephesians.* By Charles Gore. London: John Murray. 1898.
10. *The Epistle to the Romans.* By Charles Gore. London: John Murray. 1899.
11. *The Body of Christ.* By Charles Gore. London: John Murray. 1901.
12. *The Permanent Creed and the Christian Idea of Sin.* By Charles Gore. London: John Murray. 1905.
13. *The New Theology and the Old Religion.* By Charles Gore. London: John Murray. 1907.
14. *Church Congress Reports* for 1896, 1899, 1903, 1906. Derby: Bemrose.
15. *Contemporary Review* for April 1899.

The strength and the weakness of the Anglican Church lie in the fact that it is not the best representative of any well-defined type of Christianity. It is not strictly a Protestant body; for Protestantism is the democracy of religion, and the Church of England retains a hierarchical organisation, with an order of priests who claim a divine commission not conferred upon them by the congregation. It is not a State Church as

the Russian Empire has a State Church. That is a position which it has neither the will nor the power to regain. Still less could it ever justify a claim to separate existence as a purely Catholic Church, independent of the Church of Rome. A community of Catholics whose claim to be the Catholic Church of England is ridiculed by all other Catholics, by all Protestants, and by all who are neither Catholics nor Protestants, could not long retain sufficient prestige to keep its adherents together. The destiny of such a body is written in the history of the 'Old 'Catholics,' who seceded from Rome because they would not accept the dogma of Papal infallibility. The seceders included many men of high character and intellect, but in numbers and influence they are quite insignificant. The Church of England has only one title to exist, and it is a strong one. It may claim to represent the religion of the English people as no other body can represent it. 'No Church,' Döllinger wrote in 1872, 'is so 'national, so deeply rooted in popular affection, so bound up 'with the institutions and manners of the country, or so powerful 'in its influence on national character.' These words are probably still true, though it is not possible to make the assertion with quite so much confidence as when Döllinger wrote. The English Church represents, on the religious side, the convictions, tastes, and prejudices of the English gentleman, that truly national ideal of character, which has long since lost its adventitious connexion with heraldry and property in land. A love of order, seemliness, and good taste has led the Anglican Church along a middle path between what a seventeenth-century divine called 'the meretricious gaudiness of the Church of 'Rome and the squalid sluttery of fanatic conventicles.' A keen sense of honour and respect for personal uprightness, a hatred of cruelty and treachery, created and long maintained in the English Church an intense repugnance against the priestcraft of the Roman hierarchy, feelings which have only died down because the bitter memories of the sixteenth century have at last become dim. A jealous love of liberty, combined with contempt for theories of equality, produced a system of graduated ranks in Church government which left a large measure of freedom, both in speech and thought, even to the clergy, and encouraged no respect for what Catholics mean by authority. The Anglican Church is also characteristically English in its dislike for logic and intellectual consistency (an Englishman, said Bishop Creighton, not only has no ideas, he hates an idea when he meets one) and in its distrust of undisciplined emotionalism, which in the eighteenth century was known and dreaded under the name of 'enthusiasm.' This type is not essentially

aristocratic. It does not traverse the higher ideals of the working class, which respects and admires the qualities of the 'gentleman,' though it resents the privileges long connected with the name. But it has no attraction for what may be impolitely called the vulgar class, whose religious feelings find a natural vent in a somewhat unctuous emotionalism and sentimental humanitarianism. This class, which forms the backbone of Dissent and Liberalism, is instinctively antipathetic to Anglicanism. Nor does the Anglican type of Christianity appeal at all to the 'Celtic fringe,' whose temperament is curiously opposite to that of the English, not only in religion but in most other matters. The Irish and the Welsh are no more likely to become Anglicans than the lowland Scotch are to adopt Roman Catholicism. Whether Dissent is a permanent necessity in England is a more difficult question, in spite of the class differences of temperament above mentioned. If the Anglican organisation were elastic enough to permit the order of lay-readers to be developed on strongly Evangelical lines, the lower middle class might find within the Church the mental food which it now seeks in Nonconformist chapels, and might gain in breadth and dignity by belonging once more to a great historic body.

The Church of England, then, can justify its existence as English Christianity, and in no other way. It began its separate career with a series of (doubtless) illogical compromises, in the belief that there is an underlying unity, though not uniformity, in the religion as well as in the character of the English people, which would be strong enough to hold a national Church together. The dissenters from the Reformation settlement were numerically insignificant, and their existence was not regarded as a peril to the Church, for it was recognised that in a free country absolute agreement cannot be secured. The Roman Catholics, after some futile persecution, were allowed to remain loyal to their old allegiance in spiritual matters, while the Independents and similar bodies were anarchical on principle, and upheld the 'dissidence of Dissent' as a thing desirable in itself. But the defection of the Wesleyan Methodists was another matter. This was a blow to the Church of England as irreparable as the loss of Northern Europe to the Papacy. It finally upset the balance of parties in the Church, by detaching from it the larger number of the Evangelicals, particularly in the tradesman class. It gave a great stimulus to Nonconformity, which now became for the first time an important factor in the national life. Till the Wesleyan secession, the Nonconformists in England had been a feeble folk. From a return made to the Crown in 1700, it appeared that the Dissenters numbered about

one in twenty of the population. Now they have increased to more than one-third of the whole. Their prestige has also been largely augmented by their dominating position in the United States, where the Episcopal Church, long viewed with disfavour as tainted with British sympathies, has never recovered its lost ground, and is a comparatively small, though wealthy and influential sect. Within the Anglican communion, the inevitable religious revival of the nineteenth century began on Evangelical lines, but soon took a form determined by other influences than those which covered England with the ostentatiously hideous chapels of the Wesleyans. The extent of the revival has indeed been much exaggerated by the numerous apologists of the Catholic movement. The undoubted increase of professional zeal, activity, and efficiency among the clergy has been taken as proof of a corresponding access of enthusiasm among the laity, for which there is not much evidence. In spite of slovenly services and an easy standard of clerical duty, the observances of religion held a larger place in the average English household before the Oxford Movement than is often supposed, larger, indeed, than they do now.

The Oxford Movement claimed to be, and was, a revival of the principles of Anglo-Catholicism, which had not been left without witness for any long period since the Reformation. The continuity is certain, as is the continuity of the Ritualism of our day with the Tractarianism of seventy years ago; but the developement has been rapid, especially in the last thirty years. Those who can remember the High Churchmen of Pusey's generation, or the disciples who in many country parsonages preserved the faith of their Tractarian teachers whole and undefiled, must be struck by the divergence between the principles which they then heard passionately maintained, and those which the younger generation, who use their name and enjoy their credit, avow to be their own.

In the Tractarians the Nonjurors seemed to have come to life again, and one might easily find enthusiastic Jacobites among them. Unlike their successors, they showed no sympathy with political Liberalism. Their love for and loyalty to the English Church, which found melodious expression in Keble's poetry, were intense. They were not hostile to Evangelicalism within the Church, until the ultra-Protestant party declared war against them; but they viewed Dissent with scorn and abhorrence. They would gladly have excluded Nonconformists from any status in the Universities, and opposed any measures intended to conciliate their prejudices or remove their disabilities. Archdeacon Denison, in his sturdy opposition to the 'conscience

'clause' in Church schools, was a typical representative of the old High Church party. But still more bitter was their animosity against religious Liberalism. Even after the feud with the Evangelicals had developed into open war, Pusey was ready to join with Lord Shaftesbury and his party in united anathemas against the authors of 'Essays and Reviews.' The beginnings of Old Testament criticism evoked an outburst of fury almost unparalleled. When Bishop Gray, of Cape Town, solemnly 'excommunicated' Bishop Colenso, of Natal, and enjoined the faithful to 'treat him as a heathen man and a publican,' for exposing the unhistorical character of portions of the Pentateuch, he became a hero with the whole High Church party, and even the more liberal among the bishops were cowed by the tempest of feeling which the case aroused. In the same period, many Oxford men can remember Bishop Wilberforce's attack upon Darwinism, and, somewhat later, Dean Burgon's University sermon which ended with the stirring peroration: 'Leave me 'my ancestors in Paradise, and I leave you yours in the Zoological 'Gardens!' From the same pulpit Liddon, a little before his death, uttered a pathetic remonstrance against the course which his younger disciples were taking about inspiration and tradition.

Reverence for tradition was a very prominent feature in the theology of the older generation. They spent an immense amount of time, learning, and ingenuity in establishing a *catena* of patristic and orthodox authority for their principles, reaching back to the earliest times, and handed down in this country by a series of Anglo-Catholic divines. This unbroken tradition was conceived of as purely static, a 'mechanical unpacking,' as Father Tyrrell puts it, of the doctrine once delivered to the Apostles. The Church, according to their theory, was supernaturally guided by the Holy Ghost, and its decisions were consequently infallible, as long as the Church remained undivided. Thus the earlier General Councils, before the schism between East and West, may not be appealed against, and the Creeds drawn up by them can never be revised. Since the great schism, the infallible inspiration of the Church has been in abeyance, like an old English peerage when a peer leaves two or more daughters and no sons. This fantastic theory condemns all later developements, and leaves the Church under the weight of the dead hand. On the question of the establishment the party was divided, some of its members attaching great value to the union of Church and State, while others made claims for the Church, in the matter of self-government, which were hardly compatible with establishment. Their bond of union was their conviction of 'the necessity of impressing on people that the

'Church was more than a merely human institution; that it had 'privileges, sacraments, a ministry, ordained by Christ Himself; 'that it was a matter of highest obligation to remain united to 'the Church.'*

As compared with their successors, the Tractarians were academic and learned; they preached thoughtful and carefully prepared sermons; they cared little for ecclesiastical millinery, and often acquiesced in very simple and 'backward' ceremonial. Their theory of the Church, their personal piety and self-discipline, were of a thoroughly medieval type, as may be seen from certain chapters in the life of Pusey. They fought the battle of Anglo-Catholicism, at Oxford and elsewhere, with a whole-hearted conviction that knew no misgivings or scruples. Oxford has not forgotten the election, as late as 1862, of an orthodox naval officer to a chair of history for which Freeman was a candidate.

A change of tone was already noticeable, according to Dean Church, soon after Newman's secession. Many High Churchmen, in speaking of the English Church, became apologetic or patronising or lukewarm. Progressive members of the party professed a distaste for the name Anglican, and wished to be styled Catholics pure and simple. The same men began to speak of their opponents in the Church as Protestants, no longer as ultra-Protestants. Other changes soon manifested themselves. The archæological side of the movement lost its interest; the appeal to antiquity became only a convenient argument to defend practices adopted on quite other grounds. The *epigoni* of the Catholic revival are not learned; they know even less of the Fathers than of their Bibles. Their chief literature consists of a weekly penny newspaper, which reflects only too well their prejudices and aspirations. On the other hand, they are far busier than the older generation. The movement has become democratic; it has passed from the quadrangles of Oxford to the streets and lanes of our great cities, where hundreds of devoted clergymen are working zealously, without care for remuneration or thought of recognition, among the poorest of the populace. Of late years, the more energetic section of the party has not only abandoned the 'Church and King' Toryism of the old High Church party, but has plunged into semi-socialism. The Mirfield community is said to be strongly imbued with collectivist ideas; and the Christian Social Union, which is chiefly supported by High Churchmen, tends to become more and more a Union of Christian Socialists, instead of being, as

* Palmer's 'Narrative,' p. 20.

was intended by its founders, a non-political association for the study of social duties and problems in the light of the Sermon on the Mount. This attitude is largely the result of a close acquaintance with the sufferings of the urban proletariate, which moves the priests who minister among them to a generous sympathy with their lot; and, partly, it may be, to an unavowed calculation that an alliance with the most rapidly growing political party may in time to come be useful to the Church. Their methods of teaching are also more democratic, though many of them make the fatal mistake of despising preaching. They rely partly on what they call 'definite Catholic teaching,' including frequent exhortations to the practice of confession; and partly on appeals to the eye, by symbolic ritual and elaborate ceremonial. Their more ornate services are often admirably performed from a spectacular point of view, and are far superior to most Roman Catholic functions in reverence, beauty, and good taste. The extreme section of the party is contemptuously lawless, not only repudiating the authority of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, but flouting the bishops with studied insolence. A glaring instance is to be found in the recent correspondence between Mr. Athelstan Riley and the Bishop of Oxford, which followed the Report of the Royal Commission on ritual practices.

Doctrinally, the modern Ritualist is prepared to surrender the old theory of inspiration. He takes, indeed, but little interest in the Bible; his oracle is not the Book, but 'the Church.' What he means by the Church it is not easy to say. The old Anglican theory of the infallible undivided Church is not repudiated by him, but does not appeal to minds which look forward much more than backward; he is not, except in a very few instances, disposed to accept the modern Roman Church as the arbiter of doctrine; and the English Church has no living voice to which he pays the slightest respect. The 'tradition of 'Western Catholicism' is a phrase which has a meaning for him, and he probably hopes for a reunion, at some distant date, of the Anglican Church with a reformed Rome. It is therefore essential, in his opinion, that no alteration shall take place in the formularies which we share with Rome; the Bible may be thrown to the critics, but the Creeds are inviolable. The Thirty-nine Articles he passes by with silent disdain. They are, he thinks not unjustly, a formula to which no one, High, Low, or Broad, can now subscribe without mental reservations.

The theory of developement in doctrine, which, in its latest application by 'Modernists' like Loisy and Tyrrell, is now agitating the Roman Church, is exciting interest in a few of the

more thoughtful Anglo-Catholics; but the majority are blind to the difficulties for which the theory of two kinds of truth is a desperate remedy. Nor is it likely, perhaps, that the plain Englishman will ever allow that an ostensibly historical proposition may be false as a matter of fact, but true for faith.

This party in the Church has a lay Pope, who represents the opinions of the more enterprising among the rank and file, and is president of their society, the English Church Union. It has the ably conducted weekly newspaper above referred to, and it has the general sympathy and support of the strongest man in the English Church, Charles Gore, Bishop of Birmingham. This prelate, partly by his personal qualities—his eloquence, high-minded disinterestedness, and splendid generosity, and partly by knowing exactly what he wants, and having full courage of his opinions, has at present an influence in the Anglican Church which is probably far greater than that of any other man. It is therefore a matter of public interest to ascertain what his views and intentions are, as an ecclesiastical statesman and reformer, and as a theologian.

Bishop Gore exercised a strong influence over the younger men at Oxford before the publication of 'Lux Mundi.' But it was his editorship of this book, and his contribution to it, which first brought his name into prominence as a leader of religious thought. The religious public, with rather more penetration than usual, fastened on the pages about inspiration, and the limitations of Christ's human knowledge, which are from the editor's own pen, as the most significant part of the book. The authors are believed to have been annoyed by the disproportionate attention paid to this short section. But in truth these pages indicated a new departure among the High Church party, a change more important than the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution, which was being made smoother for the religious public by the brilliant writings of Aubrey Moore. The acceptance of the verdict of modern criticism as to the authorship of the 110th Psalm, in the face of the recorded testimony of Christ that it was written by David, was a concession to 'Modern-'ism' which staggered the old-fashioned High Churchman. Liddon did not conceal his distress that such doctrine should have come out of the Pusey House. But the manifesto was well timed; it enabled the younger men to go forward more freely, and sacrificed nothing that was in any way essential to the Anglo-Catholic position. Since the appearance of 'Lux 'Mundi,' the High Church clergy have been able without fear to avow their belief in the scientific theories associated with Darwin's name, and their rejection of the rigid doctrine of verbal inspira-

tion, while the Evangelicals, who have not been emancipated by their leaders, labour under the reproach of extreme obscurantism in their attitude towards Biblical studies.

As Canon of Westminster, and then as Bishop of Worcester, and of Birmingham, Dr. Gore has written and spoken much, and has defined his position more closely in relation to Anglo-Catholicism, to Church Reform, and to the social question. It will be convenient to take these three heads separately.

The Bishop regards the excesses of the Ritualists as a deplorable but probably inevitable incident in a great movement. He quotes Newman's remonstrance against some hot-headed members of his adopted Church, who, 'having done their best 'to set the house on fire, leave to others the task of extinguishing 'the flames.' * But he reminds us that there has always been 'intemperate zeal' in the Church, from the time of St. Paul's letters to the Church at Corinth, to our own day. 'It must needs 'be that offences come,' wherever persons of limited wisdom are very much in earnest. The remedy for extravagance is to give fair scope for the legitimate principle. In the case of the so-called Ritualist movement, the inspiring principle or motive is easily found. It is the idea of a visible Church, exercising lawful authority over its members.

This is the key to Bishop Gore's whole position. It rests on the conviction that Jesus Christ founded, and meant to found, a visible Church, an organised society. It is reasonable, the Bishop says, to suppose that He did intend this, for it is only by becoming embodied in the convictions of a society, and informing its actions, that ideas have reality and power. Christianity could never have lived if there had been no Christian Church. And, from the first, Christians believed that this society, the Catholic Church, was not left to organise itself on any model which from time to time might seem to promise the best results, but was instituted from above, as a Divine ordinance, by the authority of Christ Himself.† The witness of the early Christian writers is unanimous that the conception of a visible Church was a prominent feature in the Christianity of the sub-apostolic age, and it is plain that the civil power suspected the Christians just because they were so well organised. The Roman Empire was accustomed to tolerate superstitions, but it was part of her policy to repress *collegia illicita*. The witness of the New Testament points in the same direction. Jesus Christ committed His message, not to writing, but to a 'little flock' of devoted

* Contemporary Review, April 1899.

† The Church and the Ministry, pp. 9, 10

adherents. He instituted the two great sacraments (Bishop Gore will admit no uncertainty on this point) to be a token of membership and a bond of brotherhood. He instituted a *civitas Dei* which was to be wide enough to embrace all, but which makes for itself an exclusive claim. The 'heaven' of the first century was a city, a new Jerusalem; Christians are spoken of by St. Paul as citizens of a heavenly commonwealth. The distinction between the universal invisible Church and particular visible Churches is 'utterly unscriptural,' and was overthrown long ago by William Law in his controversy with Hoadley.

As for the 'Apostolical Succession,' Dr. Gore thinks that its principle is more important than the form in which it is embodied. The succession would not be broken if all the presbyters in the Church governed as a college of bishops; and if something of this kind actually happened for a time in the early Church no argument against the Apostolical Succession can be based thereon.* The principle is that no ministry is valid which is assumed, which a man takes upon himself, or which is delegated to him from below. That this theory is Sacerdotalism in a sense may be admitted. But it does not imply a *vicarious* priesthood, only a representative one. It does not deny the priesthood which belongs to the Church as a whole. The true sacerdotalism means that Christianity is the life of an organised society, in which a graduated body of ordained ministers is made the instrument of unity. It is no doubt true that in such a Church unspiritual men are made to mediate spiritual gifts, but happily we may distinguish character and office. Nor must we be deterred from asserting our convictions by the indignant protests which we are sure to hear, that we are 'un-'churching' the non-episcopal bodies.† We do not assert that God is tied to His covenant, but only that we are so.

Dr. Gore has no difficulty in proving that the sacerdotal theory of the Christian ministry took shape at an early date, and has been consistently maintained in the Catholic Church from ancient times to our own day. It is much more difficult to trace it back to the Apostolic age, even if, with Dr. Gore, we accept as certain the Pauline authorship of the Pastoral Epistles, which is still *sub judice*. The 'Didache' is a stumbling-block to those who wish to find Catholic practice in the century after our Lord's death; but that document is dismissed as composed by a Jewish Christian for a Jewish Christian community.

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* The Church and the Ministry, p. 74.

† P. 110.

After the second century, the apologists for the priesthood are in smooth waters.

The conclusion is that 'the various presbyterian and congregationalist organisations, in dispensing with the episcopal succession, violated a fundamental law of the Church's life.' * 'A ministry not episcopally received is invalid, that is to say, it falls outside the conditions of covenanted security, and cannot justify its existence in terms of the covenant.' † The Anglican Church is not asking for the cause to be decided all her own way; for she has much to do to recall herself to her true principles. 'God's promise to Judah was that she should remember her ways and should be ashamed, when she should receive her sisters Samaria and Sodom, and that He would give them to her for daughters, but not by her covenant.' ‡ The 'covenant' which the Church is to be content to forgo in order to recover Samaria and *Sodom* (the 'Free Churches' can hardly be expected to relish this method of opening negotiations) is apparently the covenant between Church and State. 'In the future the Anglican Church must be content to act as, first of all, part and parcel of the Catholic Church, ruled by her laws, empowered by her spirit.' The bishops are to be ready to maintain, at all cost, the inherent spiritual independence which belongs to their office.

Such a theory of the essentials of a true Church necessarily requires, as a corollary, a refutation of the Roman Catholic theory of orders, which reduces the Anglican clergy to the same level as the ministers of schismatical sects. Bishop Gore answers the objection that the Roman Church is the logical expression of his theory of the ministry, by saying that Roman Catholicism is not the developement of the whole of the Church, but only of a part of it; and moreover, that spiritually it does not represent the whole of Christianity as it finds expression in the first Christian age or in the New Testament.§ The Roman Church is a one-sided outgrowth of the religion of Christ—a developement of those qualities in Christianity with which the Latin genius has special affinity. It has committed itself to unhistorical doctrines, involving a deficient appreciation of the intellectual and moral claim of truth to be valued for its own sake no less than for its results. Much of its teaching can only be explained as the result of an 'over-reckless accommodation to the unregenerate natural instincts in religion.' ‖ The fact that the

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* The Church and the Ministry, p. 344. † P. 345.
‡ P. 348. § The Mission of the Church, p. 32.
‖ Church Congress Report, 1896, p. 143.

largest section of Christendom has become what Rome now is, is no proof that theirs is the line of true developement. We can see this clearly enough if we consider the case of Buddhism. The main existing developements of Buddhism are a mere travesty of the spirit of Sakya Muni.* In this way Dr. Gore anticipates and rejects the argument since then put forward by Loisy, and other Liberal Catholic apologists, that history has proved Roman Catholicism to be the proper developement of Christ's religion. In short, the Anglican Church, which indisputably possesses the Apostolic Succession, has no reason to go humbly to Rome to obtain recognition of her Orders.

So far, in reviewing Bishop Gore's published opinions, we are on familiar High Anglican ground. But what is the Bishop's seat of authority in doctrine? He has shown himself willing, within limits, to apply critical methods to Holy Scripture. He has very little respect for the infallible Pope. And he would be the last to trust to private judgement—the *testimonium Spiritus Sancti* as understood by some Protestants. Where, then, is the ultimate Court of Appeal? Bishop Gore finds it in the two earliest of the three Creeds, 'in which Catholic 'consent is especially expressed;' and in a half apologetic manner he adds that this Catholic basis has been 'generally 'understood' to imply 'an unrealisable but not therefore unreal 'appeal to a General Council.' † No revision, therefore, of the Church's doctrinal formularies can be made except by the authority of a court which can never, by any possibility, be summoned! The unique sanctity and obligation which Bishop Gore considers to attach to the Creeds have been asserted by him again and again with a vehemence which proves that he regards the matter as of vital importance. 'There must be no com-'promise as regards the Creeds. . . . If those who live in an 'atmosphere of intellectual criticism become incapable of such 'sincere public profession of belief as the Creed contains, the 'Church must look to recruit her ministry from classes still 'capable of a more simple and unhesitating faith.' ‡ And, again, in his most recent book: 'I have taken occasion before 'now to make it evident that, as far as I can secure it, I will 'admit no one into this diocese, or into Holy Orders, to minister 'for the congregation, who does not *ex animo* believe the 'Creeds.' § Dr. Gore has not spared to stigmatise as morally dishonest those who desire to serve the Church as its ministers

* Church Congress Report, 1896, p. 142.
† Church Congress Report, 1903, p. 15. ‡ P. 17.
§ The New Theology and the Old Religion, p. 162.

while harbouring doubts about the physical miracle known as the Virgin Birth, and one of his clergy was a few years ago induced to resign his living by an aspersion of this kind, to which the Bishop gave publicity in the daily press.

Now it has been generally supposed that the Anglican clergy are bound to declare their adhesion not only to the Creeds, but to the Thirty-nine Articles, and to the infallible truth of Holy Scripture. Bishop Gore, however, holds that when a new deacon, on the day of his ordination, solemnly declares that he 'assents to the Thirty-nine Articles,' and that he 'believes the 'doctrine therein set forth to be agreeable to the word of God,' he 'can no longer fairly be regarded as bound to particular 'phrases or expressions in the Articles.' * And further, when the same new deacon expresses his 'unfeigned belief in all the 'canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments,' 'that 'expression of belief can be fairly and justly made by anyone who 'believes heartily that the Bible, as a whole, records and contains 'the message of God to man in all its stages of delivery, and 'that each one of the books contains some element or aspect of 'this revelation.' †

The Bishop himself has affirmed his personal belief that some narratives in the Old Testament are probably not historical. It may fairly be asked on what principle he is prepared to evade the plain sense and intention of a doctrinal test in two cases, while stigmatising as morally flagitious any attempts to do the same in a third. For it is unquestionable that a general assent to the Articles does not mean that the man who gives that assent is free to repudiate any 'particular phrases or expressions' which do not please him. A witness who admitted having signed an affidavit with this intention would cut a poor figure in a law court. And it is difficult to see how adhesion to the antiquated theory of inspiration could be demanded more stringently than by the form of words which was drawn up, as none can doubt, to secure it. These things being so, either the accusation of bad faith applies to the treatment which the Bishop justifies in the case of the Articles and the Bible, or it should not be brought against those who apply to one clause in their vows the principle which is admitted and used in two others.

There are some honourable men who have abstained from entering the service of the Church on account of these requirements. But there are many others who recognise that knowledge grows and opinions change, while formularies for the most

* Church Congress Report, 1903, p. 16. † Ibid.

part remain unaltered; and who consider that, so long as their general position is understood by those among whom they work, it would be overscrupulous to refuse an inward call to the ministry because they know that they will be asked to give a formal assent to unsuitably worded tests drawn up three centuries ago. Dr. Gore himself would probably have been refused ordination fifty years ago on the ground of his lax views on inspiration; and the Bishops who approved of the expulsion of Colenso, who condemned 'Essays and Reviews,' and who would have condemned 'Lux Mundi,' were more 'honest' to the tests than their successors. But an obstinate persistence in that kind of honesty would have excluded from the ministry all except fools, liars, and bigots. Again, it might have been supposed that the laity also, who at their baptism and confirmation made the same declaration of belief in 'all the articles' of the Apostles' Creed, and who are bidden by the Church to repeat the same Creed every week, are in the same position as the clergy. But the Bishop again attempts to draw a distinction. 'The respon-'sibility of joining in the Creed is left to the conscience of the 'layman,' but not to the conscience of the clergyman, nor, we suppose, of the choir.* This plea seems to us a very lame one. The Church of England has never thought of imposing severer doctrinal tests on the clergy than on the laity, and assent to the Creeds is as integral a part of the baptismal as of the ordination vows.

No loyal Christian wishes to impugn a story which touches so closely the life of the Redeemer as the account of His miraculous conception, which appears, in our texts, in two books of the New Testament. If the tradition is as old as the Church, which is very doubtful, it must, from the nature of the case, rest on the unsupported assertion of Mary, the mother of Jesus; for Joseph could only testify that the child was not his. It is therefore useless to reinforce the Gospel narrative by appealing to 'Catholic 'tradition,' † as if it could add anything to the evidence. It is significant, however, of the Bishop's own feelings about tradition, that he quietly sets aside the plain statement of the Synoptic Gospels that Joseph and Mary had a large family of four sons and more than one daughter by their marriage. This statement, which is doubtless historical, became intolerable to the conscience of the Church during the long frenzy of asceticism, when marital relations were regarded as impure and degrading; and in consequence the perpetual virginity of Mary,

* The New Theology and the Old Religion, p. 163.

† Dissertations, pp. 41–49.

though contradicted in the New Testament, became as much an article of faith as her conception of Jesus by the Holy Ghost. We have no wish to criticise the arguments for the Virgin Birth which Dr. Gore has collected in his 'Dissertations.' But when a strenuous effort is made to exclude from the ministry of the Church all who cannot declare *ex animo* that they believe it to be a certain historical fact, it becomes a duty to point out that, on ordinary principles of evidence, the story must share the uncertainty which hangs over other strange and unsupported narratives. The Bishop expresses his doubt whether those who regard this miracle as unproven can be convinced of the Divinity of Christ. This only shows how difficult it is for an ecclesiastic in his high position to induce either clergy or laity to talk frankly to him. To most educated men there would be no difficulty in believing that the Son of God became incarnate through the agency of two earthly parents. The analogy of hybrids in the animal world is not felt to apply to the union of the human and divine natures, except by persons of very low intelligence. We should have preferred to be silent on this delicate subject, but for the fact that some men whom the Church can ill spare have been advised officially not to apply for ordination, on account of their views about this miracle. Fortunately, the practice of demanding more specific declarations than the law requires has not been adopted in most dioceses.

The question of the miraculous element in religious truth has indeed reached an acute stage. The Catholic doctrine is and always has been that there are two 'orders'—the natural and the supernatural—on the same plane, and distinguishable from each other. The Catholic theologian is prepared to define what occurrences in the lives of the Saints are natural, and what supernatural. Miracles are of frequent occurrence, and are established by ordinary evidence. Three miracles have to be placed to the credit of each candidate for canonisation before he or she is entitled to bear the title of saint, and the evidence for these miracles is sifted by a commission. This theory has been practically abandoned in the English Church. There are few among our ecclesiastics and theologians who would spend five minutes in investigating any alleged supernatural occurrence in our own time. It would be assumed that, if true, it must be ascribed to some obscure natural cause. The result is that the miracles in the Creeds, or in the New Testament, are isolated as they have never been before. They seem to form an order by themselves, a class of fact belonging neither to the world of phenomena as we know it, nor to the world of spirit as we know it. From this situation has arisen the tendency, increasingly

prevalent both in the Roman Church and in Protestant Germany, to distinguish 'truths of faith' from 'truths of fact.' The former, it is said, have a representative, symbolic character, and are only degraded by being placed in the same category as physical phenomena. This contention is open to very serious objections, but it at least indicates the actual state of the problem, viz. that to the educated man the miraculous element in Christianity seems to float between earth and heaven, no longer essentially connected with either, while on the other hand the majority of religious people, including many men of high intelligence, find it difficult to realise their faith without the help of the miraculous. Supernaturalism, which from the scientific point of view is the most unsatisfactory of all theories, traversing as it does the first article in the creed of science—the uniformity of nature—gives, after all, a kind of crude synthesis of the natural and the spiritual, by which it is possible to live; and if its provisional and mediating character is recognised, no offence need be caused by it to the honest thinker. But when the heavy-handed dogmatist requires a categorical assent to the literal truth of religious symbols, in exactly the same sense in which physical facts are true, a rupture between faith and reason cannot be avoided. And it is in this literal sense that Bishop Gore requires all his clergy to assent to the miracles in the Creeds.

The fact is that the Catholic party in the Church are in a hopeless *impasse* with regard to dogma. They cannot take a step which would divide them from the whole Church, and the whole Church no longer exists except as an ideal—it has long ago been shivered into fragments. The Roman Church is in a much better position. The Pope may at any time 'interpret' tradition in such a manner as to change it completely—there is no appeal from his authoritative pronouncements; but for the High Anglican there is no living authority, only the dead hand, and a Council which can never meet. It is much as if no important legislation could be passed in this country without a joint session of our Parliament and the American Congress. It is difficult to see any way of escape, except by accepting the principle of developement in a sense which would repudiate the time-honoured 'appeal to antiquity,' and make reunion with Rome a manifest impossibility.

We have next to consider Bishop Gore as a Church Reformer. We have seen that he desires an autonomous Church, which can legislate for itself. The dead hand, which weighs so lightly upon him when it forbids any attempt to revise the formularies of the faith, seems to him intolerably heavy when it obliges the

Church to conform to 'the laws, canons, and rubrics of the 'sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which it cannot alter or 'add to.'* The only remedy, he thinks, is a really representative assembly, of bishops, presbyters, and laymen. In the early Church, as he points out, the laity were always recognised as constituent members of the government of the Church. In a democratic age, the laity as a body should exercise the powers which in the Middle Ages were delegated to, or usurped by, 'emperors, kings, chiefs and lords.' The parish ought to have the real control of the Church buildings, except the chancel; the Church servants ought to be appointed and removed by the parish meeting. It would be a step forward if these parish councils could be organised under diocesan regulation, and invested with the control of the parish finances, except the vicar's stipend; the right to object to the appointment of an unfit pastor; and some power of determining the ceremonial at the Church services. The diocesan synod should become a reality; there should also be provincial synods, which could become national by fusion. But in the last resort the declaration of the mind of the Church on matters of doctrine and morals ought to belong to the bishops.†

But who are the laity? 'By a layman,' he says, 'I mean 'one who fulfils the duties of Church membership—one who is 'baptised into the Church, who has been confirmed if he has 'reached years of discretion, and who is a communicant.' A roll of Church members, he suggests, should be kept in each parish, on which should be entered the name of each confirmed person, male or female. The names of those who had passed (say) two years without communicating should be struck off the roll. Further, names should be removable for any scandalous offences.‡

It is easy to see that the 'communicant franchise' would work entirely in favour of that party in the Church which attaches the greatest importance to that Sacrament. It would exclude a large number of Protestant laymen who subscribe to Church funds, and who on any other franchise would have a share in its government. But we need not suspect Dr. Gore of any *arrière pensée* of this kind. His ideal of parochial life is one which must appeal to all who wish well to the Church. We will quote a few characteristic sentences:

'Are we to set to work to revive St. Paul's ideal of the life of a Church? If so, what we need is not more Christians, but better

* Church Congress Report, 1899, p. 63. † pp. 65–67.
‡ Church Congress Report, 1896, pp. 342–346.

Christians. We want to make the moral meaning of Church membership understood and its conditions appreciated. We want to make men understand that it costs something to be a Christian; that to be a Christian, that is, a Churchman, is to be an intelligent participator in a corporate life consecrated to God, and to concern oneself, therefore, as a matter of course, in all that touches the corporate life, its external as well as its spiritual conditions . . . . We Christians are fellow-citizens together in the commonwealth that is consecrated to God, a commonwealth of mortal men with bodies as well as souls.' *

With regard to ritual, he will not allow that the disputes are unimportant. The vital question of self-government is at stake. From this point of view, a 'mere ceremony' may mean a great deal. St. Paul, who said 'Circumcision is nothing,' also said, 'If ye be circumcised Christ shall profit you nothing.' † This is quite consistent with his hearty disapproval of the introduction of purely Roman ceremonial.

Does this ideal of a free Church in a free State involve disestablishment? Not necessarily, Dr. Gore thinks. Why should not legal authority be entrusted to diocesan courts, with a right of appeal to a court of bishops, abolishing the jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee in spiritual cases? It is the paralysis of spiritual authority, in his opinion, which pushes into prominence all extravagances, and conceals the vast amount of agreement which exists in essentials. 'We are weary of debating 'societies; we want the healthy discipline of co-operative 'government.' ‡ The policy of this self-governing Church is to be 'Liberal-Catholic,' a type which 'responds to the moral 'needs of our great race.'

Such is the scheme of Church reform towards which the Bishop of Birmingham is working; and he has told us, in the sentence last quoted, what kind of Church he looks forward to see. But what kind of Church would it actually be, if his designs were carried out? It would not be a national Church; for his belief that Catholicism 'responds to the moral needs of 'our race' is contradicted by the whole history of modern England. The laity of England may not be quite 'as Protestant 'as ever they were,' though we often hear that they are so; but they show no disposition to become Catholics. Catholicism as we know it is Latin Christianity, and even in the Latin countries it is now a hothouse plant, dependent on a special education in Catholic schools and seminaries, with an *index librorum prohibitorum*. Such a system is impossible in England.

* Epistle to the Ephesians, pp. 113, 114.

† Contemporary Review, April 1899. ‡ Ibid.

Seminaries for the early training of future clergymen may indeed be established; but beds of exotics cannot be raised by keeping the gardeners in greenhouses while the young plants are in the open air. The 'Liberal Catholic' Church, accordingly, would shed, by degrees, the very large number of Churchmen who still call themselves Protestant. Nor would the adjective 'Liberal' secure the adhesion of the 'intellectuals.' Bishop Gore's Liberalism would exclude most of them as effectually as the most rigid Conservatism. It would also be a disestablished and disendowed Church; for surely it is building castles in the air to think of episcopal courts recognised by law. The prospect of disestablishment does not alarm the Bishop. Some of his utterances suggest that he would almost welcome it. Indeed, disestablishment is viewed with complacency by an increasing number of High Church clergy. They feel that they can never carry out their plans for de-Protestantising the Church while the Crown has the appointment of the bishops. For even if, as has lately been the case, their party gets more than its due share of preferment, there will always, under the existing system, be a sufficient number of Liberal and Evangelical bishops on the bench to make a consistent policy of Catholicising impossible. And the Catholic party are so admirably organised that they are confident in their power to carry their schemes under any form of self-government, even though the mass of the laity are untouched by their views. Moreover, the town clergy, among whom are to be found advocates of disestablishment, find in many places that the parochial idea has completely broken down. The unit is the congregation, no longer the parish, and the clergy are supported by pew-rents and voluntary offerings, not by endowments. In such parishes, disestablishment might, they think, give them greater liberty, and would make little difference to them in other ways. But in the country districts the case is very different. Thirty years after disestablishment, the quiet country rectory, nestling in its bower of trees and shrubs, with all that it has meant for centuries in English rural life, would in most villages be a thing of the past.

For these reasons, the Bishop's policy of reconstructing the Church of England as a self-governing body, professing definitely Catholic principles and enjoining Catholic practices, seems to us an impossible one. The chief gainer by it would be the Church of Rome, which would gather in the most consistent and energetic of the Anglo-Catholics, who would be dissatisfied at the contrast between the pretensions of their own Church and its isolated position. The non-episcopal bodies would also gain numerous

recruits from among the ruins of the Evangelical and Liberal parties in the Church.

But, it may be said, this dismal forecast may be falsified if the Anglican Church can win the masses. The English people are at present neither Protestant nor Catholic ; they are, if we count heads, mainly heathen. May not the working man, who has no leaning to dissent, unless it be the ' corybantic Christianity ' of the Salvation Army, be brought into the Church ?

Bishop Gore has always shown an earnest sympathy with the aspirations of the working class to improve their material condition. He is also profoundly impressed by the apparent discrepancy between the teachings of Christ about wealth and the principles which His professed disciples wholly follow and in part avow. These anxious questionings form the subject of a fine sermon which he preached at the Church Congress of 1906, on the text about the camel and the needle's eye. Jesus Christ chose to be born of poor and humble parents, in a land remote from the centre of political or intellectual influence, and in the circle of labouring men. He chose to belong to the class of the respectable artisan, and most of the twelve Apostles came from the same social level. In His teaching He plainly associated blessedness with the lot of poverty, and extreme danger with the lot of wealth. All through the New Testament the assumption is that God is on the side of the poor against the rich. As Jowett once said, there is more in the New Testament against being rich, and in favour of being poor, than we like to recognise. And is not this the cause of our failure to win the masses ? Is it not because we are the Church of capital rather than of labour ? The Church ought to be a community in which religion works upward from below. The Church of England expresses that point of view which is precisely not that which Christ chose for His Church. The incomes of the bishops range them with the wealthier classes ; the clergy associate with the gentry and not with the artisans. We must acknowledge with deep penitence that we are on wrong lines. For himself, the Bishop admits that he has ' a permanently troubled conscience ' in the matter. Then, with that admirable courage and practicality which is the secret of much of his influence, he proceeds to indicate four ' lines of hopeful recovery.' First, the Church must get rid of the administration of poor relief. Where the charity of the Church is understood to mean the patronage of the rich, it can do nothing without disaster. All will be in vain till it has ceased to be a plausible taunt that a man or woman goes to church for what can be got. Secondly, we must give the artisans their true place in Church management, and must consult their

tastes in all non-essentials. Thirdly, the clergy should 'concentrate themselves upon bringing out the social meaning of 'the sacraments,' and giving voice to the spirit of Christian brotherhood. Lastly, we ought to free the clerical profession entirely from any association of class.

The Bishop is not a Collectivist, but he has great sympathy with some of the aims of Socialism. In a 'Pan-Anglican Paper' just issued, he discusses the attitude of the Church towards Socialism. Christianity, he says, must remain independent of State-Socialism, as of other organisations of society. Socialism would make a far deeper demand on character than most of its adherents realise. 'An experiment in State-Socialism, 'based on the average level of human character as it exists 'at present, would be doomed to disastrous failure.' (Bishop Creighton said the same thing more epigrammatically. 'Social-'ism will only be possible when we are all perfect, and then 'it will not be needed.') But what we have is no Socialistic State, but a great body of aspiration, based on a great demand for justice in human life. The indictment of our present social organisation is indeed overwhelming, and with this indictment Christianity ought to have the profoundest sympathy, for it is substantially the indictment of the Old Testament prophets. The prophets were on the side of the poor; and so was our Lord. Where is the prophetic spirit in the Church to-day? We need 'a tremendous act of penitence.' Our charities have been mere ambulance-work; but 'the Christian Church was not 'created to be an ambulance-corps.' We have followed the old school of political economy instead of the prophets and Christ. Broadly, we may contrast two ideals of society: individualism, which means in the long run the right of the strong; and socialism, which means that the society is supreme over the individual. 'On the whole, Christianity is with Socialism.'

This 'Pan-Anglican Paper' is a fair representation of the views which are spreading rapidly among the High Church clergy. The party are in fact making a determined effort to enlist the sympathies of the working man with the Church, by offering him in return their sympathy and countenance in his struggle against capitalism. This is a phase of the movement which it is very difficult to judge fairly. Dr. Gore's sermon was calculated to give any Christian who heard it, whether Conservative or Liberal, 'a troubled conscience;' and his practical suggestions are as convincing as any suggestions that are not platitudes are likely to be. But in weaker hands this sympathy with the cause of Labour is in great danger of becoming one of the most insidious temptations that can attack a religious body. The

Church of England has been freely accused of too great complaisance to the powers that be, when those powers were oligarchic. Some of the clergy are now trying to repeat, rather than redress, this error, by an obsequious attitude to King Working-man. But the Church ought to be equally proof against the *vultus instantis tyranni* and the *civium ardor prava iubentium*. The position of a Church which should sell itself to the Labour party would be truly ignominious. It would be used so long as the politicians of the party needed moral support and eloquent advocacy, and spurned as soon as its services were no longer necessary. The taunt of Helen to Aphrodite in the third book of the 'Iliad' sounds very apposite when we read the speeches of some clerical 'Christian Socialists,' who find it more exciting to organise processions of the unemployed than to attend to their professional duties.

> ἧσο παρ' αὐτὸν ἰοῦσα, θεῶν δ' ἀπόεικε κελεύθου,
> μηδ' ἔτι σοῖσι πόδεσσιν ὑποστρέψειας Ὄλυμπον,
> ἀλλ' αἰεὶ περὶ κεῖνον ὀΐζνε καί ἑ φύλασσε,
> εἰς ὅ κέ σ' ἢ ἄλοχον ποιήσεται, ἢ ὅ γε δούλην.*

It is as a slave, not as an honoured help-mate, that the Social Democrats would treat any Christian body that helped them to overthrow our present civilisation. And rightly; for Christ's only injunction in the sphere of economics was, 'Take heed 'and beware of all covetousness.' He refused pointedly to have anything to do with disputes about the distribution of property; and in the parable of the Prodigal Son the demand, 'Give me 'the portion of goods that falleth to me,' is the prelude to a journey in that 'far country' which is forgetfulness of God (*terra longinqua est oblivio Dei*). Christ unquestionably meant His followers to think but little of the accessories of life. He believed that if men could be induced to adopt the true standard of values, economic relations would adjust themselves. He promised His disciples that they should not want the necessaries of subsistence, and for the rest, He held that the freedom from anxiety, covetousness, and envy, which He enjoined as a duty, would also make their life happy. This is a very different spirit from that which makes Socialism a force in politics.

Bishop Gore, we may be sure, will not willingly allow the High Church party to be entangled in corrupt alliances. When

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* 'Go and sit thou by his side, and depart from the way of the gods; neither let thy feet ever bear thee back to Olympus; but still be vexed for his sake and guard him, till he make thee his wife—or rather his slave.'

he handles what may be called applied Christianity, he does so in a manner which makes us rejoice at the popularity of his books. The little commentaries on the Sermon on the Mount, and on the Epistles to the Romans and Ephesians, are admirable. They are simple, practical, and profound. We subjoin a short analysis of the notes on the first part of the Sermon on the Mount, as an illustration of the teaching which runs all through the three commentaries.

'The Sermon on the Mount is not the whole of Christianity. It is the climax of law, of the letter that killeth. The Divine requirement is pressed home with unequalled force upon the conscience; yet not in the form of mere laws of conduct, but as a type of character. It is promulgated not by an inaccessible God, but by the Divine Love manifested in manhood. The hard demand of the letter is closely connected with the promise of the Spirit.' 'We are told that many of the precepts in the sermon were anticipated by Pagan and Jewish writers. But this we might have expected, since all men are rational and moral through fellowship with the Word, who is also the Reason of God. Christ is the light which in conscience and reason lightens every man throughout the history of the race. But the Sermon is comprehensive where other summaries are fragmentary, it is pure where they are mixed. It is teaching for grown men, who require principles, not rules. And it is authoritative, reinforced by the mysterious Person of the speaker. The Beatitudes are a description of character. Christ requires us, not to do such and such things, but to be such and such people.' . . . 'True blessedness consists in membership of the kingdom of heaven, which is a life of perfect relationship with man and nature based on perfect fellowship with God.' 'The Beatitudes describe the Christian character in detail; in particular, they describe it as contrasted with the character of the world, which, in the religious sense, may be defined as human society as it organises itself apart from God. The first Beatitude enjoins detachment, such as His who emptied Himself, as having nothing and yet possessing all things. We are all to be detached; there are some whom our Lord counsels to be literally poor. "Blessed are they that mourn" means that we are not to screen ourselves from the common lot of pain. We must distinguish "godly sorrow" from the peevish discontent and slothfulness which St. Paul calls the sorrow of the world, and which in medieval casuistry is named acedia. "Blessed are the meek" means that we are not to assert ourselves unless it is our duty to do so. The true Christian is a man who in his private capacity cannot be provoked. On a general view of life, though not always in particular cases, we must allow that we are not treated worse than we deserve. The fourth Beatitude tells us that if we want righteousness seriously, we can have it. The fifth proclaims the reward of mercy, that is, compassion in action. Pity which does nothing is only hypocrisy or emotional self-indulgence. On the whole, we

can determine men's attitude to us by our attitude to them; the merciful do obtain mercy. "Purity of heart" means singleness of purpose; but in the narrower sense of purity it is worth while to say that those who profess to find it "impossible" to lead a pure life might overcome their fault if they would try to be Christlike altogether, instead of struggling with that one fault separately. "Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcumque infundis acescit." On the seventh—there are many kinds of false peace, which Christ came to break up; but fierce, relentless competition is an offence in a Christian nation. The last shows what our reward is likely to be in this world, if we follow these counsels. Where the Christ-character is not welcomed, it is hated.'

From the later sections a few characteristic comments may be given in an abridged form.

'We are apt to have rather free and easy notions of the Divine fatherhood. To call God our Father, we must ourselves be sons; and it is only those who are led by the Spirit of God who are the sons of God.' 'Ask for great things, and small things will be given to you. This is exactly the spirit of the Lord's Prayer.' 'Act for God. Direct your thoughts and intentions Godward, and your intelligence and affections will gradually follow along the line of your action.' 'You must put God first, or nowhere.' 'It is a perilous error to say that we have only to follow our conscience; we have to enlighten our conscience and keep it enlightened.' 'There is no greater plague of our generation than the nervous anxiety which characterises all its efforts. We ought to be reasonably careful, and then go boldly forward in the peace of God.' 'Our Lord did not mean to make of His disciples a new kind of Pharisee.' '"Judge not," means, Do not be critical. The condemnation of one who is always finding fault carries no moral weight. It is those who have the lowest and vaguest standards of what is right who are often the most critical in judgement of other people.' 'We ought so to limit our desires that what we want for ourselves we can reasonably expect also for others.' 'A man who wants to do his duty must always be prepared to stand alone.' 'Christianity is not so much a statement of the true end or ideal of human life, as a great spiritual instrument for realising the end.'

These extracts will be sufficient to show what are the characteristics of these little commentaries. They exhibit extreme honesty of purpose, fearless acceptance of Christ's teaching honestly interpreted, scorn of unreality and empty words, and a determination never to allow preaching to be divorced from practice. No more stimulating Christian teaching has been given in our generation.

The valuable treatise on the Holy Communion, called 'The 'Body of Christ,' is too theological for detailed discussion in

these pages. The points in which the Roman Church has perverted and degraded the really Catholic sacramental doctrine are forcibly exposed, and the true nature of the sacrament is unfolded in a masterly and beautiful manner.

A study of the whole body of theological writings from the pen of this remarkable man leaves us with the conviction that he is one of the most powerful spiritual forces in our generation. It is the more to be regretted that in certain points he seems to be hampered by false presuppositions and misled by unattainable ideals. His loyalty to 'Catholic truth,' as understood by the party in the Church to which he consents to belong, prevents him from understanding where the shoe really pinches among those of the younger generation who are both thoughtful and devout. He makes a fetish of the Creeds, documents which only represent the opinions of a majority at a meeting; and what manner of meetings Church Councils sometimes were, is known to history. He is still impressed with the grandeur of the Catholic idea, as embodied in the Roman Church, and will do nothing to preclude reunion, should a more enlightened policy ever prevail at the Vatican. But this country has done with the Roman Empire, in its spiritual as well as its temporal form. The dimensions of that proud dominion have shrunk with the expansion of knowledge; new worlds have been opened out, geographical and mental, which never owned her sway; the *caput orbis* has become provincial, and her authority is spurned even within her own borders. There is no likelihood of the English people ever again accepting 'Catholicism,' if Catholicism is the thing which history calls by that name. The movement which the Bishop hopes to lead to victory will remain, as it has been hitherto, a theory of the ministry rather than of the Church, and its strength will be confined, as it is now, mainly to clerical circles.

Catholicism and Protestantism are both names for obsolescent phases in the evolution of the Christian religion. 'The time 'cometh when neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem 'shall men worship the Father.'

A profound reconstruction is demanded, and for those who have eyes to see has been already for some time in progress. The new type of Christianity will be more Christian than the old, because it will be more moral. A number of unworthy beliefs about God are being tacitly dropped, and they are so treated because they are unworthy of Him. The realm of nature is being claimed for Him once more; the distinction between natural and supernatural is repudiated; we hear less frequent complaints that God 'does nothing' because He does not assert

Himself by breaking one of His own laws. The divinity of Christ implies—one might almost say it means—the eternal supremacy of those moral qualities which He exhibited in their perfection. 'Conversio fit ad Dominum ut Spiritum,' as Bengel said. The visible or Catholic Church is not the name of an institution which has the privilege of being governed by bishops. It is 'dispersed throughout the whole world,' under many banners and many disguises. Its political reunion is (Plato would say) an ἐν μύθῳ εὐχή, and is at present neither to be expected nor desired. Among those who are by right citizens of the spiritual kingdom, those only are in danger of exclusion from it who entrench themselves in a little fort of their own and erect barriers, which may make them their own prisoners, but which will not hinder the great commonwealth of seekers after truth from working out modern problems by modern lights, until the whole of our new and rich inheritance, intellectual, moral, and æsthetic, shall be brought again under the obedience of Christ.

Art. V.—THE FALLACIES OF SOCIALISM.

1. *A History of Socialism.* By Thomas Kirkup. 3rd edition. London : Adam and Charles Black. 1906.
2. *An Inquiry into Socialism.* By Thomas Kirkup. 3rd edition. London : Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.
3. *Progress and the Fiscal Problem.* By Thomas Kirkup. London : Adam and Charles Black. 1905.
4. *Janus in Modern Life.* By W. M. Flinders Petrie, F.R.S., &c. London : Archibald Constable & Co. 1907.
5. *Land Nationalisation and Land Taxation.* By Harold Cox, M.P. 2nd edition. London : Methuen & Co. 1906.

Nothing in the history of civilisation is more remarkable than the varying proportions of sentiment and logic which have in different ages entered into the judgements of mankind. In the earliest historical times, and among the most primitive peoples, we find that sentiment was almost the sole factor by which conclusions were arrived at, and that logical inference was unknown. When any phenomenon occurred which called for an explanation, a suggestion as to its cause was held to be true or false, exactly in accordance with the degree in which it harmonised with the emotions or desires which happened to be entertained at the time. The developement of science has been little more than a constant widening of the sphere of logic and a narrowing of the sphere of sentiment in the formation of human judgements. Accordingly we find that the first sciences to emerge from the primitive darkness were those which were farthest removed from human interest,—in which the inertia of sentiment to be overcome was the least. Mathematics and astronomy were founded before the dawn of history. But even in these the struggle between sentiment and logical inference was acute, and the final triumph of the latter was very slow. For long it was affirmed that the orbits of the planets must be circular, because a circle was the only perfect curve, and it was inconceivable that a planet's path should be an imperfect curve. Everyone knows how Galileo was thrown into prison when he asserted that the earth went round the sun.

If the triumph of logic was so hard to attain in the sciences which were comparatively devoid of human interest, it is easy to understand how late has been the origin and how slow the advance of those sciences in which human interests and emotions

are deeply involved. Whereas thousands of years ago the Chaldæans were able to prophesy lunar eclipses, it is only within the last century that the fundamental principles of biology have been discovered. Obvious and striking as is the external resemblance of man to the other mammals, needless of proof as his relationship to them must appear to an extra-mundane observer, the fact was only proclaimed half a century ago, and was then not admitted till after a furious struggle with prejudice had taken place. Since that time psychology and sociology have claimed the rank of sciences. Experimental psychology has advanced a little way in the last few years on the side in which human interest is least involved; but we note that where emotion would be most liable to interfere, scarcely any progress has been made. But if biology and psychology have been so greatly impeded by the inertia of sentiment standing in their way, what shall we say of sociology, the youngest of all the sciences? Here the subject-matter is one of most transcendent interest and importance, and it is studied solely with a view to its practical applications. It bears in the most direct and immediate manner on human welfare; and moreover the study of it is not confined to the trained thinker or philosopher, but is the common pursuit of the public at large in their leisure hours. For logic to drive out sentiment from such a field as this, would indeed be a conquest which would throw all its other triumphs totally into the shade. And we fear that conquest is as yet far off. When we observe how much sentiment and how little logic enter into the judgements of the average man on small matters, when we remember that social affairs appeal more directly to prejudice and the emotions than happens in any other department of human inquiry, when we reflect that the intrinsic complexities and difficulties of the social science are tremendous, and when we see that the average man is unconscious of the very existence of those difficulties, but considers himself fully competent, with no training and little study, to express a confident opinion on every political problem,—then we must confess that the outlook upon the new land which we wish to reclaim for logical reasoning is indeed gloomy.

The struggle between emotion and ratiocination is peculiarly well exemplified in the minds of the various Socialist theorisers who have sprung up among us. They have before them an exceptionally vivid conception of the evils characterising the present condition of society, and are animated by a vigorous optimism and an ardent desire to abolish those evils. Their attitude is the very antithesis of the philosophic calm and conquered emotion which are so essential for the attainment

of truth ; and hence they are of necessity exceedingly liable to error in their results.

What now is the ultimate goal that both Socialists and Individualists are striving to attain ? What common standard is there, approximation to which is the test of soundness in the arguments used by either party ? The ordinary answer given is—the public good ; or otherwise—the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The extraordinary ambiguity of this phrase does not trouble the average social reformer ; but it is necessary to examine it here in order to obtain if possible the precise meaning of the words used. The distribution of happiness in a community may be nearly equal or very unequal. There may be one community in which all the members obtain a very moderate share of happiness, and no one more than a moderate share. There may be another community in which a certain section is possessed of happiness in a very high degree, and the remainder scarcely rise above the happiness line at all, and even may very frequently fall below it. And it may so be that the sum-total of happiness in the latter community is greater than the sum-total of happiness in the former community. It not only may be so, but very probably would be so. For it is easy to imagine that one section of the people, by removal from coarse work, would develope a greater sensitiveness, that is to say a greater potentiality for happiness than the rest, whose sensitiveness would be more or less blunted and whose capacity either for happiness or unhappiness would be of an inferior kind. It is not necessary here to prove that this is the case ; we simply wish to put it as a not improbable assumption, in order to get at the meaning of the greatest happiness principle. Now let us compare these two states of society ; one with the happiness mainly concentrated upon one section, but adding up to a sum-total which is higher than that of the other, in which happiness is more or less evenly distributed. Which of these two societies conforms the best to the greatest happiness principle ? The invariable assumption of the Socialist is that the society with evenly distributed happiness conforms the best. Yet a moment's consideration will show that herein the Socialist is certainly wrong. Suppose that anyone before he were born had the option of being born into one or other of the two communities we have been considering. Suppose he had to choose which he would prefer, but without any information as to what status or position he would have in either community. Which would he choose ? If he were intelligent, he would estimate actuarially his chances of happiness in the one or other community, and would select that in which his chance was the

higher. This would be the one in which the sum-total of happiness is the higher, though the happiness was unevenly distributed. That is to say, the Socialist desires to introduce a type of society which anyone, if he had the option before he was born, would hold to be less desirable than the type of society which the Socialist desires to get rid of. The success of the Socialist's scheme would be to diminish the sum-total of happiness which exists in the world.

A study of Mr. Kirkup's book entitled 'An Inquiry into Socialism' leaves us with the impression that the author has a very dim idea of what Socialism really implies, and no acquaintance whatever with the arguments by which it has been assailed. True, he informs us that he has studied the works of John Stuart Mill; but in view of the startling misrepresentations of Mill's views which disfigure his pages, we are compelled to believe that his studies of that eminent authority were of a most cursory description. To this subject, however, we shall revert later. At present we wish to draw attention to one or two of the more conspicuous fallacies of which Mr. Kirkup's book is a mine.

And first we must deal with his attack on the competitive principle. Mr. Kirkup's argument is in brief to the effect that the principle of competition in industry is unsound, as it rests upon the basis of self-interest, and self-interest is morally a low motive. But it is necessary for the welfare of society that the citizens should work. The work must be in many cases of a disagreeable kind, and in almost all cases greater in amount than the citizen would perform for his own pleasure. He must, therefore, be driven by some powerful motive. Now the most powerful of all human motives is the motive of self-interest. Society has evolved to its present condition entirely owing to the fact that its interests as a whole have been identified with the interests of individuals. Under our present system it is necessary for an individual, in pursuing his own interests, to further the interests of society at large. The competition into which he enters is competition to serve the public, to produce some article for which there is a public demand. The satisfaction of the public needs is thus identified in the closest way with the self-interest of individuals. Now all schemes of Socialism agree in seeking to abolish the competitive system, but none of them tell us what motive is to be substituted for the motive of self-interest. It must be regarded as one of the first laws of human nature that the great majority of individuals will always pursue to the best of their ability what they conceive to be their own private ends. So long as the welfare of the

state is identified with those private ends, the state will flourish ; but so soon as individual interest becomes divorced from the furtherance of public welfare, the state will decay. The only conceivable manner in which this decay could be arrested would be in a far-reaching system of compulsion. The public welfare *must* be attended to ; if the interests of individuals do not compel this attention, a human agency must be called in to supply the compulsion. Liberty will be extinguished, and slavery will be supreme. The condition arrived at will be similar to that of Rome in its declining days, or that of Peru under the Yncas.

Now what Socialists as a rule fail to grasp is the different functions of capital and labour in a community. They say that the entire wealth of the community is created by labour and should therefore go entirely to the labourers. This seems plausible enough until we reflect that the wealth of the community is mainly created by machinery, the chief function of labour being merely to supervise the working of this machinery. As civilisation advances, the relative amount of hand labour which has to be performed grows ever less and less, and the amount of labour performed by machinery grows ever more and more. In an ideal civilisation, such as we may hope to reach after many centuries, the amount of labour, in our meaning of the term, requiring to be done would be very small indeed. Nearly everything we may hope would be performed by machines. The annual production would be incredibly vast, and the wealth of the people would be correspondingly great. Moreover, nearly everybody would be a capitalist. It would be essentially a capitalist *régime*. We fancy that in the back of many Socialist minds there still lurks the ancient fallacy that labour is *per se* a blessing. It is still not fully recognised that one of the greatest evils in our environment is the evil that to procure the needs of life work has to be performed. Many are still unable to perceive the immense advantage accruing to the community, if instead of doing the work ourselves we can make machines to do it for us. Their ideal of society is one in which everybody is a labourer and nobody a capitalist ; the Individualist's ideal is one in which everybody is a capitalist and scarcely anybody a labourer.

The next fallacy of Socialism to be considered is the fallacy that labour is inadequately remunerated, and that the remuneration of capital is excessive. Correlated with this, is their theory of the ' right to work.' Let us deal first with the alleged inadequate remuneration of labour, and afterwards with the alleged excessive remuneration of capital. By what is the rate of

wages fixed under our present system of free competition? By the value to the community of the services rendered by the labourer. If the labourer tenders services, for which either there is an urgent public demand, or else a moderate demand but a great difficulty in satisfying that demand, he is a useful man to society, and can command a high rate of wage. If, on the other hand, the services which he offers are services for which there is little demand by the public, or else a greater demand, but one which is very easy to meet, he is a less useful man to society, and can only command a low rate of wage. Under our present system of free competition, every man is rewarded in precise proportion to the extent to which he meets the public needs, and his earnings reflect exactly his degree of usefulness to society. If by government agency, the public is compelled to pay a higher wage to a man than his services are worth to them, the result merely is that they have less money for the purchase of the other things which they want; and trade is depressed and unemployment caused in those other departments. But the Socialist is essentially a humanitarian; he desires to ameliorate the lot of the individual, but quite forgets the effect upon the community of his attempts at philanthropic legislation. The gist of his theory is that the workman should be rewarded more according to the efforts which he puts forth than according to the value of those efforts to the community. He is thus led to advocate what he calls the 'right to work.' This seems at first a curious proposition to advance; for no one can object to another person's working, and it may seem unnecessary to proclaim the right so loudly. But it means a great deal more than first appears. For by it, it is intended to assert that a moral obligation rests upon the public to purchase the results of any man's labour however little they may require it. It is merely a euphemistic expression for a large curtailment of our liberty to spend our money in buying what we want, and for the subsidising of the least efficient class in the whole community. Under our present social system the conditions of success for an individual are two: (1) the expenditure of labour, (2) the desire of the public for the article produced. If this second condition is to be dispensed with; if all that a man has to do to secure a living is to expend effort, surely it is obvious that the sinking of the relation hitherto subsisting between supply and demand will be most disastrous. Under such a system society as a whole will not be getting the articles which it most desires to have, and there will be a great deal of irrelevant labour performed. Thus we arrive at what at first appears to be a paradox, namely that the Socialist is aiming at the amelioration of the lot of the individual, while

the Individualist has before him the welfare of society as a whole.

Turning now to the question of the excessive remuneration of capital, we cannot do better than quote a passage from Mr. Kirkup's own book. He says: 'Mr. Carnegie tells us that 'ninety-five out of a hundred who start business on their own 'account in America become bankrupt. There is indeed hardly 'a firm or company which at one period or another has not 'been on the brink of ruin.' Yet it is necessary that new businesses should be started, and that enterprise should not be discouraged. The persons who start new businesses are public benefactors; they attempt to supply the public with something which it wants and which it did not have so well before; and if the risks attendant upon such persons are so terrible, is it not only fair that the rewards of success should be very great?

Mr. Kirkup is unaware that the main outstanding objection to Socialism is that it interferes with the freedom of the individual. Though he observes that Socialism has reached its greatest power in those countries where the government is the strongest and most tyrannical, he fails to grasp the extreme significance of this circumstance. It lies in the fact that where freedom of the individual has in the past been the least respected, schemes of social renovation, though aiming at a complete overthrow of the *form* of government, yet neglect, as much as before, the principle of individual liberty. Accustomed to tyranny, and unable to conceive any other mode of government, the change advocated is merely one from the tyranny of a monarchy or of an oligarchy to the tyranny of a democracy. Has Mr. Kirkup never been struck with the concomitant rise of Imperialism and Socialism in this country? While the one great party in the state has its thinking largely permeated by an aggressive and militant Imperialism, the other great party has its thinking largely imbued with Socialism. Both these developements are in our view essentially vicious; they both ignore or despise individual liberty as of no account; they are two sides of the same thing, though now one side is up and now the other; they came together, and we trust they will depart together.

We have said that the Socialist is usually a humanitarian. And it very commonly happens that, when he has depicted in glowing colours the evils incidental to our present civilisation, he imagines he has done sufficient to establish the case for Socialism. This illustrates afresh the oft-repeated failure of mankind to figure accurately to themselves any state of affairs of which they have had no experience. Social reformers forget that the state of society at any time is merely a reflection of the

average characters of individuals; that where the average character is bad, the state of society will be bad; and that where the average character is good, the state of society will also be good. Now, though human character is undeniably changing, that change takes place exceedingly slowly; and an attempt to abolish the evils of civilisation by juggling with the functions of government is *à priori* foredoomed to failure. The attempt is analogous to the futile efforts of metaphysicians to explain the origin of the universe and to discover 'first causes.' The history of metaphysics is a history of great systems of philosophy rising from the most slender bases of fact, but with their component parts so woven together by feats of deduction that the resulting whole bears all the appearance of being a coherent body of truth. Yet what result has been arrived at? Hegel found no difficulty in proving that everything is the contrary of that which it is. Probably few people would be capable of laying their finger upon any flaw in his argument; yet the most elementary endowment of common sense is sufficient to convince the average man that an argument leading to such a result must be wrong somewhere. And so it is with many of the theories of social reform which are floating about. There is indeed a considerable difference in the two cases. The Socialist schemer is as a rule incomparably inferior in intellect to the metaphysical schemer. Moreover, the subject-matter of the Socialist is far more complicated and difficult than the subject-matter of the metaphysician. But they are alike in this, that in both cases there is a painful present irritation which it is desired to remove—in the one case the evils of present civilisation, in the other case the intellectual craving for a first cause—and in both cases the desire to find a remedy prompts to the erection of a great theory which is so far removed from our present experience and placed beyond our power of checking by fact, that it gains some appearance of plausibility in the eyes of the unwary student. But a little common sense may come to one's help. It is as impossible to create a perfect society out of imperfect units as it is to create a machine which will give out more energy at the one end than is put into it at the other. Fortunately for the world, metaphysics has no practical application; and the great systems which have been reared up and crumbled away again during the past few thousand years have had little other effect than an educative one: furnishing intellectual gymnastics of a high order to the student. But not so Socialist schemes. There is a constant danger that an attempt may be made to put them into practical application, and that the flaw in the argument may not become obvious

until a hard experience has ground it with terrible suffering into the public mind.

'But,' we hear it said, 'surely the danger of Socialism is 'exaggerated. The Socialist party in this country is very 'insignificant, and carries little weight with the public at large. 'The good sense of the people may be relied on to prevent that 'party from ever becoming powerful.' Here once more is the old fallacy, which has so frequently enchained the intellect of man, the fallacy of mistaking names for things. Because the people who call themselves Socialists are few and insignificant, therefore it is supposed that Socialism itself is a negligible quantity. As Gibbon says in his 'Decline and Fall':— 'Augustus was sensible that mankind is governed by names; 'nor was he deceived in his expectation, that the senate and 'people would submit to slavery, provided they were respectfully 'assured that they still enjoyed their ancient freedom.' So long as Socialism is introduced into the country by men who deny that they are Socialists, so long will the public suffer experiments to be made upon them which they would not tolerate under its true name. There is Socialism in much of our present-day legislation. Every year a crop of new grievances is discovered, for which the only remedy suggested is some action by the state. Every year the functions of the state are extended into some new sphere which had been hitherto supposed to appertain solely to private individuals. And if this continues, at what other goal can we possibly arrive, than a system whereby the state does everything, is the only lord and master, and whose welfare is the solitary object of every individual's existence —a condition of subordination of the individual, only equalled among cannibal tribes, and as completely socialistic as any declared Socialist could desire?

Mr. Kirkup says that Socialism 'would be a control of society 'by the best for the good of the whole. There would be com-'petition for social distinctions and rewards, but . . .' that other industrial competition with which we are acquainted would be abolished. But what guarantee have we that it would be the best who would control society? What grounds have we for supposing that the functionaries told off to allocate the 'social distinctions and rewards' would be competent to so difficult and so vastly important a task? We confess that competition for the favour of state-appointed officials, or indeed of any set of individuals whatever, appears to us an exceedingly poor substitute for the competition to serve the public which now prevails; nor can we imagine human nature so altered that such a system could equal in efficiency our present system.

But here is one of the weakest points in Socialist theory. The Socialist ideal is, society administered by a few men of angelic natures, in the interests of the whole. That might do if human character was perfect. But taking human nature as it is, there is abundant evidence to show that the altruism required would not be forthcoming. The whole contention furnishes an illustration of the position which we have taken up: that a perfect society cannot be formed out of imperfect units. In examining the perfect society proposed to us by Mr. Kirkup, we find sure enough that a perfect human character is postulated for the working of it.

As an instance of the visionary nature of Socialist schemes, we desire now to touch upon one point which we are told will be effected by collectivism. We are assured that prostitution will be abolished. How this result is to be attained is not vouchsafed to us, but it requires no great powers of inference to perceive that the arrest of a factor which has always been one of the strongest and most constant demands where men are congregated together, could only be effected, if it could be effected at all, by the most severe and searching compulsion upon society. And supposing this compulsion appeared to be successful, what then? Prostitution is a terrible evil, but there are evils that are worse; and in view of the exposures which have recently taken place in Germany, it would surely be running the very gravest risks of undermining human nature, if we were to embark upon a wholesale interference with individual liberty such as that suggested. Nowhere is the visionary nature of Socialist ideals, and the extraordinary evils which might result from their adoption, more clearly brought out than by the present instance.

In these days the arguments in favour of a pure political individualism are little known or understood. The theory of politics which makes individual liberty, restricted only so far as is necessary to ensure similar liberty to others, the most paramount of social principles, suffers under the great misfortune of drawing its supporters mainly from the class whose interests are to maintain things in their present condition without any change whatever. It thus comes about that individualists are frequently accused of conservatism, and of desiring to stereotype the existing state of society. Nothing could be more remote from the truth. Auguste Comte has made us familiar with the conflicting social ideals represented respectively by order and progress. Collectivism is essentially the philosophy of order, and individualism the philosophy of progress. Under a merciless and unadulterated system of individualism, the weak and inefficient would rapidly die off; society would be purged of its

most useless members; and the forces making for increased efficiency and progress would be tremendous. No one now advocates such a system. Everyone agrees that the law of the survival of the fittest should be tempered by a large developement of private charity. Though this enables a certain number of inefficients to survive and propagate, and though this undoubtedly lays up a certain amount of misery for future generations, yet we are all agreed that the elevating effects of private charity upon human character are sufficient to outweigh the arguments which may be urged against it. But the case is very different when state charity is pressed upon us by Socialists. The hard-working man who is taxed for the upkeep of the inefficient derives no moral benefit from the payment of such taxation. The inefficient who receives it has no softening sense of gratitude, but takes it as a due, and probably curses that it is not more. The law of Nature is interfered with, the inefficient is enabled to survive, and no *quid pro quo* whatever accompanies the breach of Nature's law. What is the result? Taxation in favour of a certain class largely increases the number of that class. There is no necessary limit to the number of the inefficients; we can have just as many as we choose to pay for. And if no check is placed on this procedure, the result will be that in the future a large and mainly inefficient community will be supported wholly by the labours of such a proportion as still remain efficient, these being weighted down with an immense burden of taxation for the purpose.

There is no scheme of Socialism yet devised which would not be ruinous to the progress of the community. The Socialist talks a great deal about higher states of civilisation; he devises a great social scheme which he thinks represents society as it *ought* to be in its final state of developement. How is it possible that his imagination should be so limited—that his self-conceit and pride of ignorance should be so great? If society has evolved in the last two thousand years from its primitive state of simplicity and homogeneity to the marvellously complex and heterogeneous state which we now see, can we doubt that its evolution in the future will carry it to a point which is as far beyond our capacity to imagine, as our present state of society would have been beyond the capacity of the ancient Briton to imagine? If among the ancient Britons there had existed a sect who said they knew what the highest civilisation was like, how very foolish we should now think them! And if they had proposed to adopt that state of civilisation and stereotype it forthwith, how profoundly thankful we should be that their ignorant efforts to supersede the normal evolution had been

unsuccessful! But this is precisely what the Socialists of to-day are trying to do. With the laws of individual human character little understood but known to be complicated, with the laws of individuals in combination still less understood and known to be more complicated, the Socialists yet think that upon a knowledge of these laws as a foundation, the great superstructure which they wish to establish may confidently be rested. Truly it is said that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.' And indeed our knowledge must be vastly increased before we can attempt with safety to meddle with the course of Nature, and to point out the way in which social evolution should proceed.

We notice that Mr. Kirkup is under the impression that the lessons to be drawn from history go to establish the practicability of Socialist ideals. He says:

'What has led to violent revolutions and the ruin of states? Has it not usually been the developement of private and class interests to a degree utterly inconsistent with the public weal? What ruined ancient Rome? What was the cause of the French Revolution? To anyone who has an elementary acquaintance with history such questions are superfluous.'

We presume that Mr. Kirkup will allow that Professor Flinders Petrie has an elementary acquaintance with history. We turn therefore to his interesting book, 'Janus in Modern Life,' and find Mr. Kirkup's question with reference to Rome fully answered. Professor Petrie says:

'There was but one end possible to this accumulation of move upon move, on the false basis of compulsory trade unionism, and work under cost for the proletariat. The whole system was so destructive of character and wealth that it ruined the Empire. Slavery was by no means the destruction of Rome, it flourished in the centuries when the Government was strongest, and diminished in advance of the social decay. Vice was by no means the destruction of Rome, it was worst when Rome was most powerful and was lessened in the decline. The one movement which grew steadily as Rome declined, and which was intimately connected with every stage of that decline, was the compulsion of labour and the maintenance of the wastrel as a burden on society. It was that which pulled down the greatest political organism, by the crushing of initiative and character, and by the steady drain on all forms of wealth. The free Goth was the welcome deliverer from social bondage.'

Mr. Kirkup thinks it superfluous to ask what ruined ancient Rome. To one holding a brief for Socialism we can well imagine that this superfluity must be painfully apparent. But to the plain man the great object-lesson afforded to us in the failure

of practical Socialism appears a matter of the highest importance and interest.

While Mr. Kirkup avoids some of the difficulties which lie in the way of a socialistic solution he does attempt to meet a few others by argument. Socialism would largely relieve parents of the responsibilities connected with the possession of children. If, then, (it has often been argued) the pleasures of having children remain while the pains are removed, the natural philoprogenitiveness of the people would receive no adequate check, and the population would multiply far too rapidly for the means of subsistence to keep up with. Mr. Kirkup, while admitting the force of this argument, only meets it by hoping that the public spirit would be so well developed that the evil prophesied would not in reality arise. Once again it is borne in upon us that the fundamental postulate of Socialism is a perfection of character on the part of individuals. If human nature was perfect then probably Socialism would work well; but so also would any other state of society. Doubtless much might be done by education, but the innocent belief in the perfectibility of human nature which Socialists profess is wholly without warrant and incredible. A theory of society which admittedly only holds good under conditions of human nature different from what in fact prevail, must surely be considered discredited for practical purposes. Mr. Kirkup himself gets a glimpse of this truth now and again, as when he says: 'Whether the theory 'be too high for human nature the future alone can decide. 'Let us hope that it is not.' Let us hope so; but let us not allow our beliefs in reality to be affected by our hopes. When Mr. Kirkup goes on to inform us that under Socialism all work would be a pleasure and not a pain, we confess that the theory appears to us very much too high for human nature. We are unable to imagine any organisation of society so excellent as to make the collection of dung off the streets an agreeable occupation.

We are not surprised to find that Mr. Kirkup, who believes so strongly in the efficacy of state action, advocates Government interference with trade, and is a believer in the policy of tariff reform. The peculiar vice of Socialists is that they fix their gaze upon one section of the community, and, forgetting the rest, start to reorganise the whole of society with a single eye to that one section. The errors of tariff reformers are due to the same habit. They concentrate their attention upon a certain number of industries which are being injured by foreign competition, and propose to reorganise our whole fiscal system to remedy the evil. Mr. Kirkup's particular bugbear is the dumping

of American goods in this country. He points out that where production on a vast scale is carried on, the cost is correspondingly low, and the huge American producers are able to undersell our own manufacturers who work upon a smaller scale. From this he proceeds to conjure up the phantom of a gigantic stream of cheap American goods flowing across the Atlantic, and totally ousting British producers from the home markets. Here we come upon the *pons asinorum* of the fiscal problem, the stumbling-block over which so many intelligent people have fallen. A nation's prosperity depends in the last instance on its ability to *buy*, not on its ability to *sell*. Doubtless buying and selling are closely correlated with one another. In point of fact, a nation can only buy what it wants by producing and selling to other nations what *they* want; and the stream of cheap American goods coming across the Atlantic implies, and is paid for by, a corresponding stream of goods flowing out of this country either direct to America or else to some other country which exports to America. The moment our own exports fall, the wherewithal to pay for the dumped American goods ceases, and the dumping also ceases. We are protected by the natural law far more efficiently than we could be by any efforts of the Government. But now what is the exact effect of dumping? In the first place, the consumer can purchase what he wants cheap instead of dear. The outgoing stream of goods, that is, which pays for the incoming stream, need only be of moderate size in comparison; and the country benefits by the annual surplus. In the second place, our business men are compelled to turn their energies into a sphere where they can produce with greater efficiency and economy and where they can compete more successfully with their rivals. Suppose that the tariff reformers had their way and put on such duties as would enable our manufacturers to continue producing less economically than their American competitors, what then? This country is forthwith reduced to the rank of a second-class power. A first-class power is a power which is able to carry on its productions with the highest degree of economy, and therefore to amass the maximum of wealth. To do anything to encourage a production less economical than might be, is to neglect the canons of business and to sink in the scale of nations. If it is true, as is said, that our producers lack initiative and are dull as compared with German and American producers, surely that is no reason for relieving them from competition, and for allowing their dulness to pass unpunished. It is on the contrary an argument for applying to them the spur of the keenest and most open competition available: to do all in our power to drive them

from their lethargy and prevent them from falling below the level of their foreign rivals. It is a conclusive argument for affording them no protection whatever which will enable them to get on with less efficiency than their neighbours, and thus drag the country down.

Mr. Kirkup has at all events perceived the close connexion which exists between Socialism and tariff reform. Socialism proposes to tax the community for the benefit of the weaklings, and enables those to survive and multiply who otherwise would die out. It increases the number of the inefficients. Tariff reform proposes to tax the community for the benefit of the industrial weaklings who have shown themselves to be less good men than their German and American rivals. This, again, increases the number of the class subsidised. Let us have neither the one nor the other. Do not let us tax the useful man for the benefit of the useless. Do not let us tax the consumer for the benefit of such producers as can prove their inferiority to the foreigner.

Not only is it true that tariff reform and Socialism are intimately connected, but the converse proposition is also true. The close connexion between free trade and every other form of political freedom was clearly brought out by Adam Smith, by Bentham, and by John Stuart Mill. And now, before finally leaving Mr. Kirkup, we have a very serious quarrel to pick with him, in that he has totally misrepresented the attitude adopted towards Socialism by John Stuart Mill. Mr. Kirkup writes that Mill 'regarded Socialism as the fittest form of economic organisa-' tion for the future and the next stage in social evolution.' . . . 'In J. S. Mill we have the conscious recognition that English 'economics must and ought to pass into Socialism' . . . and again, 'Inspired by the hope for the future which the movement 'excited in his mind, a sagacious and sympathetic thinker like 'J. S. Mill declared himself a Socialist.' Mr. Kirkup is so obliging as to state in a footnote the references to enable us to verify his statements. He names three works of Mill, each of which we shall go into. First, he refers to three posthumous essays in the 'Fortnightly Review' of 1879, entitled 'Chapters 'on Socialism.' These chapters were to have been part of a work on Socialism which Mill had meant to write. They are chiefly confined to a statement of the views of various Socialists, and though the point is not reached where Mill would have delivered his own judgement upon those views, it is quite obvious that his judgement would have been strongly adverse.

Secondly, we are referred to pp. 61, 162, 167 of the 'Auto-' biography.' The first two of these pages are quite irrelevant,

and no opinion is expressed therein with regard to Socialism one way or the other. The third page is not irrelevant, and we proceed to quote it for the information of any of Mr. Kirkup's readers who may not happen to have looked up his references.

'The scheme gradually unfolded by the Saint-Simonians, under which the labour and capital of society would be managed for the general account of the community, every individual being required to take a share of labour, either as thinker, teacher, artist, or producer, all being classed according to their capacity, and remunerated according to their work, appeared to me a far superior description of Socialism to Owen's. Their aim seemed to me desirable and rational, however their means might be inefficacious; *and though I neither believed in the practicability, nor in the beneficial operation of their social machinery*, I felt that the proclamation of such an ideal of human society could not but tend to give a beneficial direction to the efforts of others to bring society, as at present constituted, nearer to some ideal standard.'

The third reference, and that to which Mr. Kirkup attaches the most importance, is to the chapter in the 'Political Economy' entitled 'Probable Future of the Labouring Classes.' And here we come upon what is probably the root of the error concerning Mill's views on Socialism. For in this chapter Mill gives a description of the system of co-operation or profit-sharing which he hoped would supersede the present system. He looked forward to a time when the working classes, instead of selling their labour for a fixed wage, would have a definite interest in the success of the business for which they were working. He points out that the incentive to individual efficiency under such a system would be greater than under a system where the wage paid is independent of the prosperity of the business.

We are compelled to believe that it is this advocacy of co-operation which has misled Mr. Kirkup into thinking that Mill favoured Socialism. Indeed, we notice throughout Mr. Kirkup's writings a persistent confusion between these two policies. And yet the difference between them is all the difference between Individualism and Collectivism. Co-operation is voluntary and does not involve state-action. Socialism is compulsory and does involve state-action. If co-operation turns out to be a less efficient method of conducting business than private trading, then it will die out in competition with private trading. If, on the other hand, it turns out to be a more efficient method—and there is great probability that it will so turn out—then it will survive and spread without any state-action whatever, until it is the normal business method of the country. The case is very different with the compulsory state-managed co-operation

which Socialists aim at. Here there is no guarantee that the more efficient method of business will survive and displace the less efficient. If the state-ordered co-operation is unable to compete with private individuals, the people are simply taxed to supply the deficiency. A governing body has merely to avail itself of the limitless wealth behind it, to carry on business at a loss for a time, until a monopoly is established, and all rivals driven out. It is a case of 'heads I win, tails you lose,' and affords an easy method by which the law of survival of the fittest may be circumvented.

We shall now quote from the chapter to which Mr. Kirkup refers us, the only passages we can find which in any way bear upon the subject of Socialism. Speaking of the value of political discussion and responsibility as an education for the labouring classes, Mill says: 'It is of little importance that some of them 'may, at a certain stage of their progress, adopt mistaken opinions. 'Communists are already numerous, and are likely to increase 'in number.' A little farther on, he says, speaking of the same subject: 'It is, at the same time, quite possible that they may 'demand, in many cases, the intervention of the Legislature in 'their affairs, and the regulation by law of various things which 'concern them, often under very mistaken ideas of their interest.' Finally, after strongly advocating the adoption of the system of profit-sharing, he proceeds:

'The objections that apply to a "co-operative society," in the Communist or Owenite sense, in which, by force of giving to every member of the body a share in the common interest, no one has a greater share in it than another, are not applicable to what is now suggested. It is expedient that those, whose performance of the part assigned to them is the most essential to the common end, should have a greater amount of personal interest in the issue of the enterprise. If those who supply the funds, and incur the whole risk of the undertaking, obtained no greater reward or more influential voice than the rest, few would practise the abstinence through which those funds are acquired and kept in existence.'

These are the only passages, bearing in the least degree upon Socialism, in the chapter to which Mr. Kirkup refers us, as the most important of Mill's pronouncements on the subject. They make it abundantly clear that it is voluntary co-operation and not socialistic co-operation which is advocated. But this must be obvious in any case to all who know Mill's work 'On Liberty' and the abhorrence in which he held any interference by the state with individual freedom. This work which, as he tells us in the 'Autobiography,' 'is likely to survive longer than anything 'else that I have written' is one of the most emphatic and con-

clusive refutations of the doctrine of state-intervention which exist in any language.

The visionary nature of Socialist ideals will be best displayed by an examination of the programme in which they propose to realise those ideals. For this purpose let us take the programme of the Independent Labour Party for 1907–8. This programme, after laying down the maxim that land and capital should be owned collectively, and that work and wealth should be 'equitably' distributed, goes on as follows :

'As a means to this end we demand the enactment of the following measures :

'1. A maximum forty-eight hours working week, with the retention of all existing holidays, and Labour Day, May 1, secured by law.

'2. The provision of work to all capable adult applicants at recognised trade-union rates, with a statutory minimum of sixpence per hour.

'In order to remuneratively employ the applicants, parish, district, borough, and county councils to be invested with powers to—

'(*a*) Organise and undertake such industries as they may consider desirable.

'(*b*) Compulsorily acquire land ; purchase, erect, or manufacture buildings, stock, or other articles for carrying on such industries.

'(*c*) Levy rates on the rental values of the district, and borrow money on the security of such rates for any of the above purposes.

'3. State pensions for every person over fifty years of age, and adequate provision for all widows, orphans, sick and disabled workers.

'4. Free, secular, moral, primary, secondary, and university education, with free maintenance while at school or university.

'5. The raising of the age of child labour, with a view to its ultimate extinction.

'6. Municipalisation and public control of the drink traffic.

'7. Municipalisation and public control of all hospitals and infirmaries.

'8. Abolition of indirect taxation and the gradual transference of all public burdens on to unearned increments with a view to their ultimate extinction.'

The two main effects of the realisation of this programme would be an enormous increase in the burden of taxation, and a diminution in the national production, that is in the wealth available to meet that taxation. Let us make a close examination into the various items.

The fixing of a maximum forty-eight hours per week involves a corresponding diminution in production ; for all that labour

which is now carried on in excess of this limit would be lost to the community.

The fixing of a minimum wage has the same effect. For in the first place, in a business where the margin of profit is very low, a forced increase in the rate of wages will render the business unprofitable, and it will have to close down. Production is diminished, and a number of men thrown out of work. In the second place, the compulsory raising of wages will enable a large number of persons to earn a sufficient income with less labour than formerly; and here again the community is the loser by the lessened amount produced.

The provision of state pensions, allowing persons to retire from work who would otherwise be compelled to continue, tells in the same way; as also does the extinction of child labour.

However desirable any one of these items may appear when examined singly, and out of relation to other things, it is undeniable that the net result of them will be an immense diminution in production, that is to say an immense loss of wealth and of annual income to the people at large.

And now let us come to the other side of the picture. Education from the lowest to the highest, together with free maintenance while being educated, involves an incalculable increase in the present burden of taxation. State pensions for everyone over fifty means a startling number of millions per annum. Municipalisation of drink traffic, of hospitals and infirmaries will add enormously to the sum. In case the citizens still have any money left after they have been mulcted in this fabulous taxation, the local bodies are to have power to embark upon any industries they like; that is to say, the cash remaining to each citizen will be liable to compulsory investment, at the command of a local governing body, for any purpose whatever, however wrong or unsound he may think it; and if the investment fails, he must bear the whole loss.

How is it possible that a political party, presumably thinking they are practical men, can propose a programme of such blatant absurdity? Supposing for an instant that such a programme could be realised, where would be the incentive to work? Why should anyone put himself out to earn money which will immediately be taken from him? Where would liberty come in? That section of the population which was above university age but below pension age would have to work not only to maintain itself, but to maintain the entire remainder of the population in addition. Wealth greatly diminished, taxation multiplied to an incredible degree, freedom extinct, where would be the joy of living? The prospect is so appalling that we must

congratulate ourselves on the obvious impracticability of the scheme. The whole nightmare arises from the habit before pointed out as prevailing among Socialists, of fixing their gaze upon *individuals*, and in their desire to improve the lot of these, forgetting the community. Their mental eye wanders from point to point in our social structure, and perceives each fact as an isolated circumstance, out of relation to all the rest. They seem incapable of taking in large general principles which apply to society as a whole ; or of seeing that the evils they wish to cure are merely the superficial aspect of deep-rooted processes which ramify throughout society, and which are not to be extirpated by the simple and primitive measures which they suggest.*

Another line of thought is raised by the above programme. Measures such as fixing a minimum wage have the effect of equalising the pay of the able and efficient man with that of the less able man. However much Socialists may disclaim that this is their intention, it would inevitably be the result of their policy. The evil consequences of this have often been pointed out ; and it is stated that ability would be eliminated from the country in consequence. But a much more disastrous result might ensue. Ability might be driven to procure its natural reward by a career of crime. At present criminals are usually ignorant, uneducated, and stupid persons ; hence the comparative efficiency of the police in dealing with them. But a really able man could probably carry on a successful criminal career with little danger of discovery by the police. An accomplished metal worker could, for instance, make a good income by turning out silver coins which would be entirely indistinguishable from the coins of the ordinary currency. But under our present system, a worker sufficiently accomplished for this has no motive to crime. His ability brings him a good income in an

* Mr. Kirkup, in particular, has a remarkable capacity for seeing parts of his subject in isolation from the remainder, and so arrives at some curious inconsistencies. Thus he tells us in one place that ' we should recognise that we are now suffering for the sins ' of our fathers. How many of our defects in England are summed ' up in the single statement that we had no national system of educa- ' tion till 1870!' This extravagant belief in state-education is characteristic of those who will not see *facts*. Yet only eleven pages back, Mr. Kirkup, when thinking of something else, pointed out that ' Brindley, the founder of our canal system, could barely read and ' write. James Watt had only the ordinary education of a Scottish ' boy of the lower middle class. George Stephenson could not ' read till the age of eighteen.'

honest manner with no risks. If ability is to be deprived of its natural reward; if society refuses to pay an able man a higher price for his work than it pays for much inferior work by an ordinary man, then there is great danger of driving that ability into enmity upon society, where it will be used for preying upon the community instead of for serving it.

The conclusion then to which all lines of reasoning converge is that Socialism would be quite unworkable, very inefficient, and, above all, that it would be destructive to individual liberty. It is to this latter principle in particular that Socialists will have to direct their attention in the future, if they wish to carry their aims to a successful conclusion. If once they can show that their methods are compatible with liberty of the individual, the greater part of the arguments against them will be swept away. It was almost entirely from the point of view of freedom that their doctrines were so emphatically condemned by Herbert Spencer and by John Stuart Mill. Again and again did these two authors point out that the great danger for the future was the tyranny which society is so much tempted to exercise over individuals; and nowhere have Socialists attempted to answer their arguments or harmonise their doctrines with the conditions requisite for preserving individual freedom. It is undoubtedly true that the great majority of Socialists altogether fail to grasp the significance and importance of this great social principle. A large number of them, for instance, advocate a system of universal compulsory military service in place of a standing army. We do not wish to dwell upon the obvious objections to such a system, nor to insist upon the absurdity of relinquishing the benefits found to accrue from division of labour, in the one sphere in which of all others efficiency is of vital importance to the nation. We wish merely to illustrate the tendency which exists among Socialists to prefer a compulsory system to a voluntary system, their fondness for the notion of everyone doing the same thing, and their underestimate of the value of diversity and individuality and in general of the forces which make for progress, and whose advantages appear in a dynamical rather than in a statical view of society. But these forces are apt to be under-estimated even by those who thoroughly perceive the impracticability of Socialist ideals. In Professor Petrie's book, for instance, 'Janus in Modern 'Life,' Socialism is condemned and many of its doctrines refuted in the most conclusive manner, but the author is too much inclined to advocate militarism as an antidote. Diversity and individuality are as liable to be crushed out by a military spirit in the country as they are by a Socialistic spirit; and many

of the arguments used against one may be applied with equal cogency against the other.

Professor Petrie is a thoroughgoing advocate of the gospel of hard work. Essential as it undoubtedly is to cultivate industrious habits in the community, we think that here as in other portions of his book he is somewhat too extreme. It is not the case that mankind live in order to work, nor should this be their ideal. They work in order to live ; a happy and cultivated life is the main object of existence, and work is necessary, only that the main object may be attained. But Professor Petrie, though he does overshoot the mark, none the less singles out correctly the one evil of society in its present form which more than any other has given plausibility and stimulus to Socialist doctrines—the evil of the unemployed rich. In emphasising this evil, he doubtless does not mean that there are not many greater evils, but merely that those greater evils are unavoidably imposed upon us by the laws of Nature, while the evil of a wealthy class which does no work appears to be one which a strong and wholesome public opinion could quickly abolish. He admits, indeed, that in this country the evil has been very much less than in foreign countries ; and he attributes the superiority of the upper classes in this country to the feeling which prevails among them of the desirability of having some occupation, and to their general condemnation of idleness.

The state of society in which we are condemned to live is no doubt a hard one. A condition of affairs in which a large percentage of the population has no escape from a lifelong application to hard and unpleasant work, with dire poverty always close upon them, is a condition which even hard-hearted people must perceive to be terrible. And when at the other end of the social scale we find a class of men who live comfortably upon the produce of the community's labour, but who are not themselves obliged to take any hand in the work, can we wonder that the cry for Socialism should be strong and appealing ? If a compulsory redistribution of wealth would alleviate the lot of the poorest, then indeed the arguments for Socialism would be very strong. But all reasoning goes to show that such alleviation could only be of the most transitory description, and that the multiplication of misery which Socialism would ultimately involve would be far in excess of anything which we now know. The evils under which we live are not dependent upon the organisation of society, but upon our natural environment.

There are many ways in which thoughtlessness on the part of the wealthier classes gives a strong lever to those who are

agitating for Socialism. Let us take an instance. The poor, apart from the workers on the soil, are congregated mainly in the towns. The country is largely in the hands of the rich, and is held by many of them with an exclusiveness and autocracy, which the best have long since discarded, and which cannot be justified by pointing to the damage which now and again some vulgar fellow may inflict. In many districts if the poor man ventures out for a holiday, what he finds is this. He is forbidden from setting foot off the roads for fear of disturbing the rich man's game. If he stays on the roads, he is liable every few minutes to be enveloped in clouds of dust from the rich man's motor car. The fields closed to him, the roads rendered intolerable, what gross egoism on the one side, what incentive to attacks on property on the other!

It is from considerations such as these that Mr. Harold Cox, in his 'Land Nationalisation and Land Taxation,' is led to advocate what he calls 'the right to roam.' So long as he does not interfere with agriculture, nor with the privacy of the possessors, every Englishman, he thinks, should be free to wander at large over English land. No one who has watched Mr. Cox's courageous opposition to Socialism in the House of Commons can suspect him of ulterior motives in advocating this doctrine; and, in fact, the book just referred to contains the strongest and most conclusive arguments against land nationalisation that we have yet seen. Mr. Cox has a far clearer insight into social laws than the average politician; the habit of logical inference and the suppression of sentiment or prejudice have in him gone much farther than we are accustomed to find in those who devote themselves to practical politics. If we have said little about his book in the course of the present article, it is not because we fail to recognise its great value as a contribution to social literature, but because it is difficult to pick out any one part from the rest for special approbation. Perhaps, however, it should be mentioned that Mr. Cox is a strong advocate of 'one taxpayer, 'one vote,' as a solution of the questions both of plural voting and woman suffrage. Doubtless the departure from this principle has done much to accelerate the progress of Socialism. Allowing a man to vote who does not pay taxes is a direct encouragement of national extravagance. Naturally he will vote for every description of state expenditure. Paying nothing himself, he enjoys the proceeds of this expenditure equally with those who do pay. It is useless to reply that indirect taxation affects the poorest voter. It very likely does so, and may weigh heavily upon him, but he does not feel it as taxation; it affects him only in increased prices of commodities, and affords

no efficient check upon extravagance. To check extravagance, the incidence of taxation cannot possibly be too immediate or direct. It falls no heavier on the community thereby, and yet everyone knows precisely what he is paying for the services of the state. Mr. Cox thus looks forward to the entire abolition of indirect taxation. The whole income of the state would be raised from income tax and death duties. The basis of these taxes would of course be very much widened so as to make it coincident with the body of the voters.

Something may be said for such a scheme. On the other hand a Chancellor of the Exchequer is a practical man, whose first object it is to fill the Treasury. He may be loth, even for the purpose of teaching economy to the public, to bring home to taxpayers more painfully than need be, the full burden of the sums which he wishes to extract from their pockets; and there seems at present little likelihood of the adoption of Mr. Cox's proposals.* Socialistic legislation has already been passed, and a continuance of it in a more extreme form is inevitable. It behoves individualists to devote their efforts to diverting these Socialistic reforms, which they cannot prevent, into a channel as little harmful as possible. It is useless any longer to inveigh against the principle of old-age pensions. Both parties are committed to it, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has promised it. How then can these pensions be granted so as to injure least the moral fibre of the nation? It is essential that such pensions should only go to the thrifty; otherwise the premium on thriftlessness would be ruinous. It is important that the cost of Government administration should be minimised as far as possible. Both these conditions would be satisfied by a policy of subsidising the friendly societies. If this were to be done, every member of a friendly society entitled to a pension from that society would have his pension increased by some definite percentage, such percentage being constant for all values of the pension, and being fixed by the amount available from the Government subsidy. This scheme could only act as an incentive to thrift.

Along what lines then is advance to be expected for the future? If the glittering promises which Socialists hold out to us are found to be false and unrealisable; if Socialism is, as we believe it to be, nothing more than a will-o'-the-wisp which will lead us into a dangerous quagmire from which there may be no escape,

* This policy was, however, advocated by the present Minister of Education in a speech in the House of Commons on the Finance Bill, July 2, 1907.

must we sit still with folded arms to await whatever eventualities Nature may have in store for us ? We think not. We think that from the encouragement of a strong and ubiquitous spirit of self-help, infinitely more may be expected than from a system whereby everyone is encouraged to rely upon everyone else, and to look for support in difficulties to anybody but himself. Much may be hoped in the future from the further developement of the trade unions, of the friendly societies, and, above all, of the profit-sharing system. From the general adoption of this latter form of co-operation, there is every hope that all which is good in the aims of the Socialists would be realised, by a method which is wholly admirable and free from objections. But we have the very gravest fears that the socialistic and paternal legislation, which is so much in vogue, will undermine the sturdy habits of self-help on which these and all other lines of true advance wholly depend. One thing at least is certain : that if we cultivate in our citizens a strong and self-reliant character looking for help nowhere but to itself, nothing can prevent our country from being great ; while if we allow individual character to dwindle, nothing can save our country from becoming small.

Art. VI.—VERSAILLES.

1. *Le Château de Versailles.* Par L. Dussieux. 2 Vols. Versailles : L. Bernard, 1881.
2. *La Création de Versailles.* Par Pierre de Nolhac. Versailles : L. Bernard, 1901.
3. *Versailles. Ce qu'il fut—ce qu'il est—ce qu'il devait être.* Par Alphonse Bertrand. Paris : Plon-Nourrit, 1906.
4. *Comptes des Bâtiments du Roi sous le règne de Louis XIV.* Publiés par Jules Guiffrey. 5 Vols. Paris : Imprimerie Nationale, 1881.
5. *The Great Days of Versailles.* By G. F. Bradby. London : Smith, Elder & Co., 1906.
6. *Les Grandes Eaux de Versailles.* Par L. A. Barbet. Paris : H. Dunot et E. Pinat, 1907.

In the ' Précis des Guerres du Maréchal de Turenne ' there is a passage in which Napoleon sums up the achievements of the Grand Monarque. ' Louis XIV.,' he says,

' fut un grand roi : c'est lui qui a élevé la France au premier rang des nations de l'Europe ; c'est lui qui, le premier, a eu 400,000 hommes sur pied et cent vaisseaux en mer ; il a accru la France de la Franche-Comté, du Roussillon, de la Flandre ; il a mis un de ses enfants sur le trône d'Espagne. Mais la révocation de l'édit de Nantes, mais les dragonnades, mais la bulle Unigenitus, mais les 200 millions de dettes, mais Versailles, mais Marly, ce favori sans mérite ! mais Madame de Maintenon, Villeroi, Talland, Marcin, etc., etc. ! Eh ! le soleil n'a-t-il pas lui-même des taches ? Depuis Charlemagne quel est le roi de France, qu'on puisse comparer à Louis XIV. sur toutes les faces ? '

The creation of Versailles, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Dragonnades and the Bull Unigenitus, which Napoleon here notes as so many spots upon the sun, were integral parts of that policy of ' un roi, une foi, une loi,' which it was the object of Louis XIV. to establish. In 1682, the year in which Versailles became the official residence of the monarchy, the Roi-Soleil had reached his meridian splendour. The diplomatic triumphs of Mazarin, followed by the treaties of Aix-la-Chapelle and Nimeguen and the taking of Strasburg, had left Louis the arbiter of Europe. Within France itself the King, always haunted by memories of the Fronde, was determined to prevent the recurrence of the troubles of his youth. Feudalism had been undermined. Henceforth the nobles were to find in

attendance at Court their only hope of advancement. They were the seraphim and cherubim around the throne which Bossuet had declared was the throne not of a man but of God Himself. Excluded from all political power, they were compelled to eke out their existence in the dull monotony of Court routine, glad enough if royal favour should assign them some small part to play in that perpetual pageant. And this protective system of which Versailles was the symbol was not confined to the nobility. It extended into every sphere of human activity, and literature and art suffered as severely as science and commerce. The great men of the first half of the reign would have shed a lustre upon any age, but when they died they left no worthy successors. The six marshals appointed in the place of Turenne were far from being an equivalent for the greatest captain of the age; and Montecucculi, his former opponent, refused to compromise his glory with what he called 'la monnaie de M. de Turenne.' But the general demoralisation was not the only evil result of the establishment of the Court at Versailles. If the Palace itself formed a background of incomparable splendour and added to the prestige of the monarchy, its maintenance was to prove a terrible drain on the resources of the nation. Moreover, in seeking to protect himself from the violence of faction by removing the seat of government from Paris, Louis cut himself adrift from the movements of the time. In the backwater of Versailles the ordinary current of popular opinion caused hardly a ripple; but when the deluge came, the monarchy was swept away.

The village from which the French Court was ultimately to take its name was situated on the south side of the valley of the Bièvre, at a distance of about twelve miles from Paris, and was little known before the seventeenth century, although the neighbouring woodland and marsh had long been noted for game. Some rising ground to the north offered a convenient site for a hunting-lodge, and here in 1624 Louis XIII. built what Saint-Simon long afterwards described as a 'petit château de 'cartes.' It was a three-sided building of brick and stone supported by pavilions at the angles, and the courtyard was closed by a portico with seven arches. The whole was surrounded by a moat, beyond which on the Paris or approach side the forecourt was flanked by the stables and domestic offices. Not much is known of the history of the earlier years, but M. de Nolhac has carefully sifted the mass of tradition and conjecture of which it has chiefly consisted. The attribution of the design to Lemercier, which M. Dussieux had accepted, has been shown to be an assumption which dates only from the time of Louis

Philippe, and is quite unsupported by evidence. The original walls of the château are still to be seen in the north and south wings of the Cour de Marbre of to-day, and although the interior has been almost entirely reconstructed, tradition points to a staircase of the period opening near the Œil-de-Bœuf as that by which Richelieu reached the King on the famous day of Dupes. The simplicity of the place, so different from the Chambords, the Fontainebleaus, the Saint-Germains of his predecessors, was not long in winning praise for the King. At an Assembly of Notables in 1627 Marshal de Bassompierre, in speaking of the reduction of expenses, observed that the King had no inclination for building and that the finances of France would not be exhausted by sumptuous edifices, unless he was to be reproached with the 'chétif château de Versailles, de la construction duquel 'un simple gentilhomme ne voudrait pas prendre vanité.' The place became a favourite resort of the King. Hither he used to come in search of relief from the rigid etiquette of Saint-Germain; and here in the company of four Jesuit Fathers he hoped to devote his last years entirely to the affairs of his soul. It was to Versailles also that in 1637 he came to bury his sorrow on discovering his love for Mademoiselle de la Fayette. The story has been told by Madame de Motteville. Mademoiselle de la Fayette, having taken leave of the King at the château of Saint-Germain, retired to her room, which looked upon the courtyard:

'et ayant entendu le carrosse du Roi, qu'il avait fait venir pour dissiper le chagrin où il était, pressée de la tendresse qu'elle avait pour lui, elle courut le voir au travers des vitres. Quand elle l'eut vu partir, elle se tourna vers la Comtesse de Fleix et lui dit, touchée de douleur "Hélas! Je ne le verrai plus."'

The end of the story may be read in the bald statement of the 'Gazette de France':

'Le 19 Mai, le Roi partit de Saint-Germain et fut coucher à Versailles. Le même jour, la demoiselle de la Fayette, l'une des filles d'honneur de la Reine, s'est rendue religieuse dans le monastère des filles de la Visitation et a été grandement regrettée du Roi, de la Reine et de toute la Cour.'

The contrast between the simple Louis XIII. and his magnificent successor is as great as that between the 'chétif château' and the vast palace which was soon to be the wonder of the world. To understand Louis XIV. it is necessary to know Versailles. The character of his father may be read in the Cour de Marbre.

After the premature death of Louis XIII. Versailles ceased to

be honoured with royal visits until Louis XIV., accompanied by his governor, Marshal de Villeroi, spent one night there in 1651. From this time not a year passed without one visit and not infrequently there were three or more; but we know from a rime of the period that

> ' Quoique le temps fut propice
> Pour prendre aux champs de l'exercice,
> Il est toutefois très certain
> Qu'on revient dès le lendemain.'

Four months after his marriage in 1660, the King brought Marie Thérèse to Versailles for the first time. In the following year he was present at the great fête given by Nicolas Fouquet at Vaux. This château, which owed its splendour to the extravagance of one man and the genius of three, had just been completed and was already one of the marvels of French art. Unlike our James the First, who thought Audley End too much for a King, though it might do very well for a Lord Treasurer, Louis was filled with envy by the beautiful domain of his Superintendent of Finance. Indeed so great was the effect produced by this visit on the King that the first idea of making a sumptuous palace out of the diminutive Versailles may be said to date from Vaux. Within a month of the fête Fouquet, who had long been suspected of helping himself from the royal treasury, was arrested and sent to join the Man in the Iron Mask in the fortress of Pignerol. The three collaborators at Vaux, Le Vau, Le Brun, and Le Nôtre, were summoned to Versailles; but at first no very extensive works were undertaken. On the side of the entrance the domestic offices and stables were swept away to make room for others larger. An apartment was arranged and decorated for the infant Dauphin and the walls of the courtyard were adorned with busts of the Roman Emperors. For the moment, however, the King was consumed by love for Mademoiselle de la Vallière and his inclination was not so much to ' build stately ' as to ' garden finely.' He wished for gardens as a framework for the fêtes which he meant to offer to his young divinity, gardens that should eclipse in splendour the wonders of Rueil and Vaux. The first fête was given in 1663, and was remarkable for the production of the ' Impromptu of ' Versailles,' which Molière had written in reply to the criticisms evoked by the ' Ecole des Femmes.' The fête of the following year—' Les Plaisirs de l'Ile Enchantée '—was of far greater magnificence. The subject was based upon an episode in ' Orlando ' Furioso,' in which Roger and his companions are detained in the island of the enchantress Alcina until magically delivered by

Angelica's ring. The King himself, representing Roger and superbly mounted, his horse's trappings glittering with gold, silver and precious stones, led the first day's procession, in which another notable figure was Apollo in a chariot driven by the royal coachman bearing the attributes of Time and escorted by the Ages, the Hours, and Signs of the Zodiac. A grand 'course 'de bague' followed; and after a ballet danced by the Seasons and Signs of the Zodiac with music composed and conducted by Lulli, the day's festivities closed with fireworks and supper in the garden. On the second day a performance was given of Molière's comedy, 'La Princesse d'Elide,' in which the author celebrated the charms of Versailles through the mouth of his heroine:

> 'Oui, j'aime à demeurer dans ces paisibles lieux;
> On n'y découvre rien qui n'enchante les yeux;
> Ces arbres, ces rochers, cette eau, ces gazons frais
> Ont pour moi des appas à ne lasser jamais.'

The fête concluded with a representation of the Palace of Alcina on the Grand Rondeau, as the Bassin d'Apollon was then called. Not a little merriment was caused by the appearance of three marine monsters on one of which Alcina was seated. While some maintained that they were living whales which had been caught by Biscayan fishermen, others contended that they were only the ordinary fish of the Bassin which had obligingly grown huge to celebrate the occasion. Notwithstanding all the trouble and expense which had been lavished upon it, the fête was not the unqualified success which the official account would have us believe. The six hundred guests were enraged at the utter lack of accommodation and the abominable discomforts which they were made to suffer. In this respect there was no improvement at the fête of 1668 inspired by Madame de Montespan; and this consideration undoubtedly influenced the King to hurry on the new buildings.

But meanwhile Colbert had viewed with apprehension the growing favour of Versailles. Appointed to the Council of Finance on the death of Fouquet, he had become superintendent of the buildings in 1664, and Controller-General of Finance in the following year. The son of a cloth weaver of Rheims, he had nherited an extraordinary aptitude for business. If his ability was not quite of the highest order, he was the most efficient and devoted Minister that Louis XIV. ever had, and his industry has never been surpassed. The question whether it was better to work in the morning or in the afternoon which had momentarily perplexed him in youth he solved by throughout his life

commencing at dawn and working far into the night. And never was industry more needed than when he became Minister. The finances had been left by Fouquet in a state of hopeless confusion. The result of the fatal system of collecting the taxes was that out of a nominal revenue of upwards of eighty million livres scarcely a third reached the Treasury. It was the mission of Colbert to change all this. Order was substituted for confusion. Expenditure was reduced and revenue increased. Within a few years the enormous deficit became an enormous surplus. But eager as he was to keep down expenses, Colbert was a spendthrift when there was any question of the King's glory. In a memorandum on the reduction of expenses he tells the King

'qu'il faut épargner cinq sols aux choses non nécessaires et jeter des millions quand il est question de votre gloire. Je déclare à Votre Majesté, en mon particulier, qu'un repas inutile de mille écus me fait une peine incroyable ; et, lorsqu'il est question de millions d'or pour la Pologne, je vendrais tout mon bien, j'engagerais ma femme et mes enfants, et j'irais à pied toute ma vie pour y fournir, s'il était nécessaire. Votre Majesté excusera, s'il lui plaît, ce petit transport.'

To Colbert the château of Versailles was rather for the King's pleasure and diversion than for his glory. He pleaded ardently the cause of the Louvre,

'assurément le plus superbe palais qu'il y ait au monde et le plus digne de la grandeur de Votre Majesté. Votre Majesté sait qu'au défaut des actions éclatantes de la guerre, rien ne marque davantage la grandeur et l'esprit des princes que les bâtiments ; et toute la postérité les mesure à l'aune de ces superbes maisons qu'ils ont élevées pendant leur vie. O quelle pitié que le plus grand roi et le plus vertueux, de la véritable vertu qui fait les plus grands princes, fût mesuré à l'aune de Versailles. Et toutefois il y a lieu de craindre ce malheur.'

The King however did not like Paris. It was associated in his mind too much with the political troubles of his youth. Moreover he had no wish to be remembered only by additions to a palace, which would always be identified with his predecessors. As soon as Colbert realised that the decision to continue the works at Versailles was irrevocable he set himself with all possible zeal to further the King's desires. He was met at the outset by a difficulty of the first magnitude. The question of the form which the new buildings should take occasioned endless discussion. Le Vau wished to begin by demolishing the old château ; but this, although the simplest and most

obvious course, was objected to on the ground of expense. On the other hand it was almost impossible to devise any satisfactory scheme for the retention of the old building in a palace which should be worthy of the Roi-Soleil. Most of the suggestions were brushed aside by Colbert as mere 'rapetasserie.' If a certain plan were adopted, the building he declared would present the appearance of a short man with a huge head and long arms. In the end however the King, possibly from filial piety, settled the matter by refusing to allow his father's château to be touched. Le Vau had prepared an ingenious design in which a great Palladian structure of two floors and an attic would envelope the little château on three sides. This plan, which left the Cour de Marbre intact, was accordingly accepted, and in 1669, the year after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the work was commenced. In the main building the King's state apartments occupied the whole of the first floor on the north side, the Queen's the first floor on the south. Each suite had its own grand staircase, which was reached from an entrance in the Cour de Marbre. The King's staircase was called the Grand Degré; but being chiefly used by ambassadors going in ceremony to receive an audience it came to be known as the Escalier des Ambassadeurs. No description can do justice to this admirable approach, the destruction of which by Louis XV. in 1752 was a piece of almost unparalleled vandalism. It is only from the engravings of Louis Surugue that we can form an idea of the superb decoration which everywhere bore witness to the fertile genius of Le Brun. Facing the entrance a flight of eleven steps led to a landing where the stairs branched to right and left. In a niche at the back of the landing a cascade poured its waters into a marble basin supported by bronze dolphins. Above the fountain a bust of the King was surmounted by his emblem of the sun in his glory. The walls to the level of the first floor were incrusted with marbles of every colour, and the higher spaces were hung with paintings of victories. But it was above all the ceiling and cornice which made this staircase celebrated throughout Europe. Here the artist had feigned that the Sciences and Fine Arts under the figure of the Muses had decorated the building not as for an ordinary fête, but as for a day of triumph. And he had pretended that the Muses, after having completed and embellished their work in a thousand places with festoons and vases filled with flowers, had themselves remained spectators of all that passed. 'Ce magnifique escalier,' said the *Mercure Galant*, 'doit faire avouer à l'Italie que lorsque le 'Roi fournit la matière et que M. Le Brun exécute, l'Europe 'entière ne peut donner de plus grands sujets, ni un plus grand

'maître pour les bien traiter.' The King's apartments were no less magnificent than the staircase itself. The finest marbles were everywhere in use and superb paintings adorned the ceilings. Magnificence extended to the details, and the designs even for locks and door-handles were drawn by the greatest French artists of the day and the best artisans were brought from abroad to execute them. The suite at first consisted of six rooms including the King's pavilion, but it was afterwards increased to seven, of which five were named after Apollo and the Planets. As the King had taken the sun as his emblem, the Salon d'Apollon inevitably became the throne room. The main façade between the pavilions of the King and the Queen was broken on the first floor to admit of the construction of an open gallery or terrace, on which subsequently was built the Galerie des Glaces. In the courtyard the moat was filled in, and two pavilions were erected in the forecourt, which was extended to its present dimensions. Although relays of workmen were employed night and day and the works were pushed forward with extraordinary rapidity, Le Vau did not live to see the château completed. He died in 1670, and his designs were carried into effect under the directions of his pupil, François Dorbay.

As soon as the new château was completed the King found it too small. The diligence and activity shown by Jules Hardouin Mansart in the construction of the Château de Clagny for 'Mes-' seigneurs les Enfants naturels du Roi' marked him out for the post of architect of the new works. The great-nephew of François Mansart, he was according to Saint-Simon sprung from the very dregs of the people; but what he lacked in breeding was more than compensated for by genius. Although still under thirty years of age, he was a master not merely of his art, but in his knowledge of men. He soon gauged the character of the King and played upon his vanity. The unfinished plans which he brought for the royal approval were so contrived that the King by making an obvious suggestion should have the credit of completing them, and when the bait was taken Mansart would pretend to marvel at such sagacity and declare that in comparison he was but a mere apprentice in his art. The King drew immense satisfaction from such subtle flattery. On these terms he was always ready to be consulted, and the private apartments, usually so difficult of access, were open to Mansart at every hour of the day. The third or Mansart period of the building commenced in 1678 with the great south wing which was destined for the Princes of the Blood. The same year saw the beginning of the Grande Galerie or Galerie des Glaces on the site of the terrace of Le Vau. Upon this gallery, which was

two hundred and thirty-six feet in length by forty-two in breadth, Le Brun lavished all the resources of his art. Beautiful as it is to-day divested of much of its ancient splendour, its effect in the days of its glory must have been overwhelming. Facing the seventeen windows were seventeen mirrors, each composed of eighteen pieces of glass. The panelling of the walls was of marble, adorned with metal trophies, which Coysevox himself had modelled. Marble pilasters, whose bases and capitals were of gilded bronze, occupied the spaces between the windows and mirrors. Savonnerie carpets covered the floor, and the curtains were of white damask with the King's monogram embroidered in gold. Benches, stools, guéridons, candelabras adorned with cupids and satyrs, chandeliers representing the Months, the Seasons, and the Labours of Hercules were all of solid silver or silver gilt, which had been cast and chased at the Gobelins factory from the designs of Le Brun. The ceiling on which Le Brun had depicted the triumphs of Louis XIV. was a direct challenge to the nations, and the irritation which it caused had, according to Saint-Simon, no small share in leaguing Europe against the King. Even in 1870 it was frequently said in Germany that the war was made on Louis XIV., and it was only on January 18, 1871, when the German Empire was proclaimed within this very gallery and beneath these very paintings which had celebrated the humiliation of Germany, that the last trace of irritation was removed. In the Grande Galerie a few months before his death, Louis XIV. received the Persian Envoy, Mehemet Riza Beg. The recent reverses of France had rendered it imperative that the ceremony should take place with more than ordinary splendour. The throne had been brought from its usual place in the Salon d'Apollon and erected on a high dais at the south end of the gallery near the Salon de la Paix. In three long tiers facing the windows were ranged the Princesses and ladies of the Court wearing all their jewels in their hair. Ushered into the midst of this brilliant scene and received by the greatest King in Europe, who even in old age had lost little of the grace and dignity of his youth, the Ambassador of the Grand Sophy was perhaps not less amazed than the rest of the world which had discovered

> ' Rome dans un palais, dans Paris un empire,
> Et tous les Césars dans un roi.'

On May 6, 1682, when Versailles was declared the seat of the Government, the gallery was still unfinished notwithstanding the industry of Mansart and the employment of an army of

workmen. Even in 1684, when the north wing was commenced, 22,000 men were still employed on the buildings, and in the following years the numbers had risen to 36,000. From the first the mortality was terrible and accidents were of frequent occurrence.

'Le Roi veut aller samedi à Versailles,' wrote Mme. de Sévigné in 1678, 'mais il semble que Dieu ne le veuille pas, par l'impossibilité que les bâtiments soient en état de le recevoir et par la mortalité prodigieuse des ouvriers, dont on remporte toutes les nuits, comme de l'Hôtel-Dieu, des charrettes pleines de morts. On cache cette triste marche pour ne pas effrayer les ateliers et pour ne pas décrier l'air de ce favori sans mérite.'

The works, however, proceeded without interruption. The two pavilions constructed by Le Vau on either side of the forecourt were linked together and converted into rectangular buildings which were assigned as quarters to the Ministers and Secretaries of State. The forecourt itself was closed by a grille, which coaches were permitted to pass, but no one who did not enjoy the honours of the Louvre could enter the middle court or Cour Royale except on foot or in a *chaise bleue*. The new kitchens and offices, known as the Grand Commun, were built between 1682 and 1685, and brought the population of the château and its dependencies up to about 10,000. Beyond the outer grille was the Place d'Armes, from which radiated the three great avenues leading to St. Cloud, Paris, and Sceaux; and the spaces between the avenues facing the ch teau were occupied by the Grandes Ecuries and the Petites Ecuries.

But Mansart's activity did not end here. He was called upon to co-operate with Le Nôtre in the gardens, which had originally been laid out for Louis XIII. by Jacques Boyceau. Soon after Le Nôtre had been summoned to Versailles we hear of as many as four hundred men being regularly employed in transplanting trees from Compiègne and Vaux. It was not, however, until 1665 that the new plan was ready. The design was simple. A huge area about one thousand yards square was divided into a number of rectangular plots by alleys running from north to south and from east to west. Between the compartments on the north and those on the south a vista extended far in the direction of Saint-Cyr, embracing the Fer-à-Cheval with the Bassin de Latone, the Allée Royale or Tapis Vert, the Bassin d'Apollon and the Canal. The main features were straight lines and masses of foliage. The *bosquets* were simply the apartments of a vast open-air palace, whose walls were clipped hedges of hornbeam and yew, and whose carpets

were of grass. But although Le Nôtre countenanced and even encouraged the clipping of trees he did not favour the fantastic shapes which were the fashion in Italy. There were no 'beaux 'ifs taillés en dragons, en pagodas, en marmouzets, en toutes 'sortes de monstres' in the garden of Le Nôtre. Nor did he approve of any extensive use of masonry. The beautiful colonnade which Mansart constructed in one of the bosquets he considered as out of place. 'D'un maçon vous avez fait un 'jardinier : il vous a donné un plat de son métier,' was his reply to the King, when asked for his opinion. Another of Mansart's works, and perhaps the most splendid of all the architectural achievements at Versailles, was the orangery, which housed in winter as many as two thousand trees. Among these was the famous Grand Bourbon, which is said to have been planted in 1421, and presented seventy years later to Anne of Brittany by the Queen of Navarre.

Changes in the disposition and the designation of the bosquets were incessant. 'To change and commence all over again is the 'characteristic of all who love building. It is so with the King. 'There is not a spot at Versailles which has not been altered at 'least a dozen times,' wrote the Duchess of Orleans; and nowhere was the truth of her remark more evident than in the gardens. The Pavillon d'Eau becomes the Bosquet de l'Arc de Triomphe, and the Berceau d'Eau the Bosquet des Trois-Fontaines. The Marais of 1676 is the Bains d'Apollon of 1704; the Fontaine de la Renommée of 1676 is the Bosquet des Dômes of 1686. Examples could be multiplied indefinitely. The alterations amused the King and satisfied his vanity. He loved to subjugate nature. It was the source of his greatest pride that he had caused fourteen hundred fountains to play in a land where there was no running water. The Muscovite Ambassador, who asked if all the waters of the sea were at Versailles, could hardly have paid him a greater compliment. As in the palace so in the gardens he was glorified under the figure of Apollo. In the great basin in the Fer-à-Cheval rose the group of Latona, the mother of Apollo, at the base of which the Lycian peasants have been converted, some totally, others partly, into frogs. At the far extremity of the Tapis Vert, Apollo is seen rising from the waves. In the Grotto of Thetis, one of the marvels of Versailles, which occupied the site of the vestibule of the chapel, the central niche was filled by Girardon and Regnaudin's group, in which Apollo is represented at the end of his daily course attended by the nymphs. And though there were 'more statues 'at Versailles than there are inhabitants in a town' they all had their appointed places in relation to the sun.

With all their beauties the gardens were not appreciated by everyone, as we know from Saint-Simon :

'You can only buy the freshness of the shade,' he says, 'by crossing a vast torrid zone at the end of which you have either to mount or descend ; the broken stone upon the paths burns the feet, but without it you would sink either into sand or horrible mud. The water for the fountains which is collected in huge reservoirs from all the neighbourhood is green, thick and muddy, and gives off a vapour which is most unhealthy and a smell which is even worse. The effect of the fountains, which can only be used sparingly, is certainly incomparable ; but the result of it all is that one admires and runs away.'

The great difficulty in connexion with the fountains was to obtain a sufficient supply of water. At first the sole source of supply was the pond of Clagny, from which the water was raised to the necessary height by means of pumps. But this was found to be insufficient to meet the demands of the increasing number of fountains and the growing needs of the town. Even for Paris, where the levels were more favourable, the difficulty of obtaining an efficient supply had not been satisfactorily solved. A proposal to bring the waters of the Loire to Versailles by means of a canal was found to be impracticable. In 1675, encouraged by Colbert, the Abbé Picard, who had invented a level far in advance of the instruments previously in use, ascertained that the plateaux of Trappes and Bois d'Arcy were higher than the surface of the reservoirs at Versailles, and it occurred to him that by means of a network of trenches the rainfall of this area might be collected in artificial ponds. These ponds, which eventually covered over three thousand acres and drained an area more than ten times as great, had a storage capacity of three hundred million cubic feet ; but they were not completed until 1688. Meanwhile a proposal had been received from a young man of Liège named Arnold de Ville, who had made a study of hydraulic works in Flanders. To him and to his assistant, Rennequin Sualem, are due the conception and construction of that famous machine of Marly, the noise of which even more than the novelty of its appearance struck the imagination of all contemporaries. This astounding apparatus, which no traveller to Paris ever failed to see, was erected in the Seine, about six miles north of Versailles, and was composed of fourteen enormous water-wheels working in all 221 pumps. By means of these the water was forced by successive stages to the summit of a tower five hundred feet above the river, whence it flowed along an aqueduct to the

distributing reservoir. To enable the water to be driven up from one stage to another, power had to be transmitted by means of a complicated arrangement of levers and chains, the clanking of which could be heard for miles around. Whether Arnold de Ville or Rennequin Sualem was the real inventor is no longer a question of any moment, for the machine was not, correctly speaking, an invention at all. It merely applied on a gigantic scale principles which had been known in the sixteenth century, and had been put in operation in the neighbourhood of Liège. On the completion of the machine it was found that even its average daily supply of 113,000 cubic feet of water was insufficient. It was then that Vauban and Lahire submitted their gigantic scheme for bringing to Versailles the waters of the Eure. Thirty thousand troops were employed on the works. A canal of twenty-five miles and an aqueduct of nearly a mile in length were constructed, and it was only after immense sums of money had been squandered and the lives of thousands of workmen sacrificed that this ruinous enterprise was abandoned on the outbreak of the war of 1688. The remains of the aqueduct are still to be seen at Maintenon.

These works had added greatly to the total cost of this palace 'si immense et si immensément cher.' The stories which were prevalent at the time of the Revolution are still to some extent current. The loss for many years of a detailed schedule of expenses, which Mansart had had prepared, gave rise to the legend that Louis XIV. had thrown the accounts into the fire in order to prevent the full extent of his extravagance becoming known. Voltaire called Versailles 'un abîme de dépenses,' which he declared had exceeded five hundred million livres. As time wore on the figures increased. Mirabeau put the cost at twelve hundred millions, and the climax was reached by Volney, who estimated it at fourteen hundred millions. Such figures will not bear a moment's scrutiny. The Comptes des Bâtiments, which include even such small items as the nails and rivets for the barrows used in constructing the Pièce d'Eau des Suisses conclusively show that the total expenditure in connexion with the creation and maintenance of Versailles, Trianon, Clagny, and other dependencies between the years 1664 and 1715, during which time all the great operations were carried on, did not exceed one hundred million livres. If another fourteen million livres be added to represent the cost of the machine of Marly and the ill-fated attempt to bring the water from the Eure, the total outlay in purchasing power at the present day would be equivalent, roughly, to sixteen million pounds sterling.

Yet with all the money which was lavished on this temple

of the monarchy, Versailles possesses less interest as a work of art than as the abode of Louis XIV. and of all those wonderful 'people whom Saint-Simon and the memoirs of the eighteenth 'century have made real to us as no other characters in history 'are real.' It is not the Galerie des Glaces, but the Chambre à Coucher which constitutes the paramount attraction of Versailles; for it was round this room that the whole life of the Court revolved. 'The most interesting thing in the whole 'palace,' wrote Macaulay in 1839, 'is Louis XIV.'s bedroom. 'I thought of all Saint-Simon's anecdotes about that room and 'bed.' There the day began and ended with those strange ceremonies of the *lever* and *coucher* which seemed so peculiarly appropriate to a monarch who had taken the sun as his device. And yet the ritual observed under Louis XIV. was precisely in accordance with the rules drawn up under Henri III. At the present day it is difficult to understand the importance attached to many of the details, which to us seem little short of ridiculous. Whatever significance they may have had has long been forgotten. The King was usually called at 8 A.M. by the chief *valet de chambre*, who had slept in his room. The first to enter were the royal family or *entrée familière*. They were followed by the Lord Chamberlain, who had the right of drawing the bed curtains, of pouring the spirits of wine on the King's hands, and of offering the holy water. With the Lord Chamberlain entered the other great officials who had the *grande entrée*. Saint-Simon, who acquired this privilege under the regency, lays immense stress upon its importance. It gave the right to enter the private apartments whenever the Lord Chamberlain or first gentleman of the chamber entered, and to speak to the King without asking his permission. After the *grande entrée* the King got out of bed. The honour of taking off the royal nightcap was claimed by one official, of handing the dressing-gown and combing the hair by others. The moment had now arrived for the *première entrée*, and while the King was putting on his shoes and stockings, which we are told he always did with grace and address, those who enjoyed the *entrée de la chambre* were permitted to appear. By this time the room was full, and the ante-chamber, known as the Œil-de-Bœuf, and the gallery were crowded with excited courtiers, for the great event of the day, the presentation of the shirt, was about to take place. The shirt, itself wrapped in a silk covering, was brought by a valet of the wardrobe and given to the Lord Chamberlain, whose duty it was to hand it to the personage of the highest rank present. The master of the wardrobe then took the nightgown by the right sleeve, the first

valet de chambre took it by the left. During the act of presentation two valets held up the dressing-gown in front, and as soon as the shirt was over the King's shoulders the valet of the wardrobe drew up the nightgown from within 'so that of the naked 'skin you saw little or nothing.' The ceremony was ended. But if it happened that a Prince of the Blood entered just as the shirt was being presented by one of lower rank the matter became complicated. The right of presentation, or, as we might say, the advowson, belonged to the prince as the highest in rank, and the ceremony had momentarily to be suspended. And if the Prince of the Blood were followed at intervals by the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Burgundy and the Dauphin, further delays would occur. After the *lever* the King passed into his Cabinet du Conseil, and the courtiers waited in the gallery until it was time for Mass. The original chapel had been on the south side of the Cour de Marbre, but in 1682 a new building was completed on the site of the present Salon d'Hercule. In this chapel Bourdaloue was often the preacher, and Soanen delivered those sermons which the King called 'the trumpet of 'heaven.' The great orator of the end of the reign was Massillon. 'When I have heard other preachers I have been well 'pleased with their sermons,' the King once said to him, 'but 'when I hear you I am ill pleased with myself.' The existing chapel, which was built from the plans of Mansart, was not ready until 1710. The King had always been assiduous in attending chapel, and he is said to have missed Mass only once in his life. But he never read the Bible, and it was due to the influence of Mme. de Maintenon that in his old age he believed himself devout. 'Now that he has fallen in love with a woman 'who talks of nothing but penitence,' wrote the Duchess of Orleans, 'he believes so implicitly everything she says that the confessor 'and the lady often fall out, for he believes the lady rather 'than the confessor.' Devotion, however, was no characteristic of the Court, and it was practised only as a means of royal favour. The man who affected religion at Versailles was often an atheist in Paris; and the ladies were little better. 'At Mass,' wrote La Bruyère, 'the people appeared to adore the prince, 'and the prince to adore God.' On returning from Mass the King asked for his council. On Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays there were Councils of State, on Tuesdays and Saturdays Councils of Finance. When the work was over the King dined always *au petit couvert*. His rule of dining alone admitted of no exception. Even a Prince of the Blood was not allowed to sit at the same table. The *dîner* in fact, was attended with as much ceremony as the *lever*; and the napkin was invested

with the same sanctity as the shirt. And just as even the princesses had to make their reverences to the King's bed, whether he were in the room or not, so had they to bow down before the *nef* containing the napkin, salt-cellar, and carvers, which, attended by a host of officials and musketeers, made its daily passage through the palace. The afternoon was spent in the gardens, in hunting, or in excursions to Marly or Trianon. Three evenings every week in winter were set apart for receptions known as *appartements*, to which 'un jeu de reversi 'donne la forme et fixe tout.' The suppers *au grand couvert*, at which no one dared to speak above a whisper, were even more dismal affairs. On one occasion recorded by Saint-Simon a serious disturbance took place. The gold fringe of the furniture in the State apartments had recently been stolen. The affair was most mysterious, and every effort to discover the thief was unavailing. Suddenly, when the King was at supper, a parcel as big round as a priest's hat was flung from nobody knew where, and landed on the table with a tremendous clatter. The King, quite unconcerned, half turned his head and remarked: 'I think that must be my fringe.' And the fringe it proved to be; but how it was stolen and by whom it was returned was a mystery which remained for ever unsolved. There were no police in the château. The King's military household consisted of the Blues, the four red companies of Life Guards, including the musketeers, and the French and Swiss foot-guards. On duty within the palace were the Gentlemen-at-Arms, the Body Guard, the Gardes de la Porte and de la Prévôté, and the Cent Suisses. The liberty which everyone enjoyed of wandering where he pleased soon came to be abused. Thefts became of frequent occurrence. At the top of the staircase of the princes and on the landings the stalls which were established for the sale of stationery and scents became a positive nuisance. Even worse were the beggars who infested the corridors of the palace; and towards the end of the reign the state of things had become so intolerable that restrictive measures had to be introduced.

After Louis XIV.'s death Versailles was abandoned by the Regent for Vincennes, and for a time it seemed that the abandonment would be final. But after an absence of seven years the Court returned. The first works in the new reign were in the grand style of Louis XIV. The Salon d'Hercule, named after Cardinal Fleury, was a magnificent and almost necessary addition connecting the grand apartments with the vestibule of the chapel. Not less splendid was the Bassin de Neptune, which, completed in 1741 from plans of an earlier date, put the finishing touch to the gardens. Henceforth the change which was taking

place in the life of the Court began also to show itself in the style of decoration. Louis XIV. had been a kind of god whose divinity had been hedged about with marble chambers and an implacable etiquette. His successor was of commoner clay, and desired nothing beyond his own comfort and convenience. It is to his determination to find a refuge from the wearisome formalities by which he was encompassed that we owe those private apartments in the north wing of the Marble Court, which, while lacking the massive grandeur of the works of his predecessor, nevertheless captivate us by their delicacy and grace. It was not, however, the personality of the King which pervaded those pleasant places. The predominant partner was the enchantress who, ushered into the world as Jeanne Antoinette Poisson, was as Marquise de Pompadour, during a rule of nearly twenty years, to lure the monarchy towards ruin. Whether as the fair huntress of the Forest of Sénart, or the masked beauty of the Hôtel de Ville, or the haughty favourite receiving a Minister of State, she cast a spell which none, not even those most predisposed against her, could resist; and to-day as she looks down from those famous canvases of Nattier and Boucher stern republicans are apt to forget her frailty and the havoc she wrought in France, and to see in her rather the patron of art, the friend of Voltaire, the portioner of the poor. Under her influence the King forgot his duties to the State, and became a slave to indolence and vice. Although the force of etiquette still compelled him daily to go through the form of getting up in the morning and going to bed at night in the bedroom of State, he actually slept in the warmer and more convenient room on the other side of the Cabinet du Conseil. As the years passed his boredom increased, and as formerly he had forsaken the State apartments for the private apartments, so now in his endeavours to emancipate himself from ceremonial and the curiosity of courtiers he passed from the private apartments to 'le véritable particulier des petits cabinets.' In the place of duties diversions were invented for him: night excursions on the roof, concerts, ballets, theatrical performances, in which Madame de Pompadour played the leading parts, and all the infamies of the Parc-aux-Cerfs. When other amusements failed he sought relief in what M. Bertrand has called 'le jeu 'des appartements, changeant leur affectation, remaniant leurs 'intérieurs, démolissant ici, reconstruisant là, dépensant toujours.' In 1752 the splendours of the Escalier des Ambassadeurs were sacrificed to enlarge the apartment of Madame Adelaide. In the following year the opera house was commenced. Twenty years later part of Le Vau's work in the north wing of the Cour

Royale was destroyed and rebuilt in imitation of a Greek temple after Gabriel's design. But the most attractive of Louis XV.'s buildings was the Little Trianon which was finished a few years before his death and occupied by Madame Dubarry.

Under Louis XVI. the two Trianons were handed over to Marie Antoinette. In offering them the King is reported to have said: 'Ces beaux lieux ont toujours été le séjour des 'favorites des Rois, conséquemment ce doit être le vôtre.' The writings of Rousseau had then reached their greatest vogue. Everyone wished to return to what he was pleased to call Nature. And as 'la nature ne plante rien au cordeau' the formal garden was doomed. The craving was for the 'allées tortueuses et 'irrégulières bordées de bocages fleuris' of the gardens of Clarens, which were soon to find a parallel in the English garden at Trianon. Rousseau had imagined the havoc which the architect 'highly paid to spoil nature' would have created in such a spot:

'Les beaux alignements qu'il prendrait! les belles allées qu'il ferait percer! . . . les belles charmilles bien dessinées, bien équarries, bien contournées! . . . les beaux vases de bronze, les beaux fruits de pierre dont il ornera son jardin! Quand tout cela sera exécuté, il aura fait un très beau lieu, dans lequel on n'ira guère et dont on sortira toujours avec empressement pour aller chercher la campagne.'

The opportunity had now come for the Capability Browns and all who were highly paid to spoil art to do their worst. The Labyrinth was the first of the bosquets to suffer. With all its beautiful fountains removed it became, under the name of the Bosquet de la Reine, a sufficiently dreary wilderness to be the paradise of nature's devotees. And if no one quite knew what nature was, they were soon enlightened when in the midst of the Bosquet des Bains d'Apollon the earth, under the direction of Hubert Robert, belched forth pinchbeck rocks with convenient niches for the groups of the god and his nymphs. The new ideas conformed with the inclinations of Marie Antoinette, who hated the restrictions of her position. After the catastrophe of the diamond necklace to which her imprudent abandonment of etiquette had indirectly contributed, she withdrew more and more into the *petits cabinets* which lay hidden behind the apartments of State, and were destined to play a part in the terrible drama which was to end only on the Place de la Révolution. On October 1, 1789, the unfortunate banquet of the Guards had been held in the opera house of the palace. On the evening of the 5th the Paris mob, furious that Versailles

should feast while Paris starved, arrived and bivouacked in the streets. At about six o'clock on the morning of the 6th Marie Antoinette was disturbed by a loud noise beneath her windows, which she learnt proceeded from the women on the terrace. A few minutes later the noise increased, but this time it came from within the palace itself. The mob had found an unguarded gateway, and the two life-guards at the foot of the Escalier de la Reine had been killed. The cry 'Save the Queen!' from the devoted Miomandre, who held the mob at bay in the Salle des Gardes, came not a moment too soon. Hardly had the Queen fled from the room before the door was forced. When half an hour later Lafayette, on an errand of life or death, burst into the King's apartments, the punctilious chamberlain, horrified at such a violation of formality, had a sudden inspiration. 'Monsieur,' he said, 'le Roi vous accorde les grandes entrées.' It was the last gasp of the dying etiquette. On the afternoon of the same day the Royal Family left Versailles never to return.

It is not easy to follow all the vicissitudes which befell Versailles in the years which followed the fall of the monarchy. A suggestion that the too monarchical name of Versailles should be changed to Berceau de la Liberté was rejected on the ground that 'le mot de Versailles présente une idée de versement qui rappelle le renversement du trône,' and that the Convention by a solemn decree having declared that 'Versailles' had 'bien mérité de la Patrie,' the name must be retained in order that posterity might know to which commune that glorious title belonged. In 1793 the Committee of Public Safety, on the motion of Barrère, decreed the establishment in the palace of a central school for the department, a public library, and a museum of French art. Towards the museum the Louvre contributed all its pictures of the French school, receiving in exchange 'La Joconde' and the masterpieces of Titian, which had decorated the King's apartments. The more valuable pieces of furniture had been taken to the Tuileries immediately after October 6. Others were sold in 1796, but the greater portion was disposed of in seventeen thousand lots at the colossal sale, which commenced in August 1793 and continued for a whole year. In 1800, much to the alarm of the Versaillais, part of the palace was occupied as a branch of the Invalides. No harm appears to have been done, but everything was falling into a terrible state of dilapidation. A new era, however, commenced with the Empire. Napoleon regretted that the Revolution, which had destroyed so much, had not demolished Versailles and so relieved him from the necessity of maintaining a 'tort de Louis XIV.' At one time he seems to

have had an idea of rebuilding; at another he had a dream of driving away all the nymphs from the beautiful bosquets and replacing them by 'panoramas in masonry' of all the battles which had made the French arms illustrious, and of all the capitals which had been entered. Happily these terrible projects came to nought, and Napoleon contented himself with spending considerable sums on the much-needed repairs. The canal, which had become a swamp, was filled with water. The reservoirs were replenished and the fountains again began to play. If Napoleon's work at Versailles was, on the whole, beneficent, the same cannot be said of the Restoration, under which a certain number of *émigrés* were allotted apartments in the palace. After the manner of nomads many of them travelled with their flocks and herds, which they installed in the garrets and on the roofs; and an unpleasant propensity for drying their linen at the windows had eventually to be suppressed. The enormous annual expense of maintaining the buildings was certainly not justified by such base uses, and the destiny of Versailles remained for long uncertain. It was only after more than forty years of precarious existence that its future was assured under the Monarchy of July. The commission appointed to settle the question of the new Civil List advocated the establishment of a museum, an idea which it has been seen originated with Barrère. But the credit of carrying the idea into effect and preserving the palace from further degradation and possibly destruction is due to Louis Philippe. His wish was that Versailles should be 'la réunion des souvenirs de son 'histoire et que les monuments de toutes nos gloires nationales 'y fussent déposés et environnés ainsi de la magnificence de 'Louis XIV.' To achieve his purpose he devoted for many years all his leisure and nearly all the resources of his Civil List. He discussed and drew the plans of all the rooms and all the galleries. He fixed the place which was to be assigned to each epoch and personage; and, believing that everything which was honourable ought to be honoured, he did his work with a magnanimity and impartiality which cannot be too highly praised. Unhappily in his zeal for the museum Louis Philippe showed too little consideration for the palace. Much of the exquisite decoration of the Queen's state bedroom was sacrificed to make room for historical paintings. The apartments of Madame de Maintenon as well as those of Madame de Pompadour were mutilated beyond all recognition. The internal reconstruction of the two wings involved the loss of all the fine panelling and carving which had adorned the apartments of the Princes of the Blood; but, as the upper floors were little better

than a labyrinth of minute cells, the change was necessary to fit the palace for its new *rôle*. The colossal statues which had disfigured the Pont de la Concorde in Paris were brought to Versailles to disfigure the Cour d'Honneur; and to make good a deficiency in numbers others, originally ordered by Napoleon to commemorate four generals who had fallen on the field of battle, were decapitated and transformed into Marshals Mortier, Lannes, Masséna, and Jourdan. But, though the changes were for the most part deplorable, the palace was preserved, and after years of labour and an outlay of over twenty million francs the museum was opened on June 10, 1837.

While the honour of establishing the museum dedicated to all the glories of France belongs to the Monarchy of July, it has been reserved for the Third Republic to undertake the work of thoroughly restoring the palace and gardens. Apart from the outlay on maintenance upwards of six million francs have been spent on additional works during the last thirty years. Slowly but surely the ravages of time and Louis Philippe are being made good, and perhaps at no distant date the removal of the statues in the forecourt will open up the vista of diminishing courts as they appeared in the 'great days of Versailles.' Architecture has been described as petrified music; but Versailles, where every stone evokes a souvenir of the past, is rather petrified history. There is hardly a corner which has not its glorious memory or touching association; and amid the groves and alleys, which once echoed with the merriment of the Court, is to be found that 'silence fertile en belles rêveries' which André Chénier a few short weeks before his arrest and execution celebrated in imperishable verse:

O Versaille, ô bois, ô portiques,
Marbres vivants, berceaux antiques,
Par les dieux et les rois Elysée embelli,
A ton aspect, dans ma pensée,
Comme sur l'herbe aride une fraîche rosée,
Coule un peu de calme et d'oubli.

. . . . . .

Les chars, les royales merveilles,
Des gardes les nocturnes veilles,
Tout a fui; des grandeurs tu n'es plus le séjour;
Mais le sommeil, la solitude,
Dieux jadis inconnus, et les arts et l'étude,
Composent aujourd'hui ta cour.

Art. VII.—HEINRICH HEINE: EMOTION AND IRONY.

1. *Dichtungen.* Heinrich Heine. Ed. Karpeles. Vols. I. and II. of 'Gesammelte Werke.' Berlin, 1893.
2. *Henri Heine, Poète.* Par Jules Legras. Paris, 1897.
3. *Henri Heine, Penseur.* Par Henri Lichtenberger. Paris, 1905.

Critics and commentators of all nations have gathered in formidable array round the figure of Heinrich Heine, critic, journalist, thinker, revolutionary and satirist, but above all and through all poet, ironist and emotionalist. It has not often fallen to the lot of an æsthetic writer to become in his own day and amongst his contemporaries the theme of criticism so varied, of praise so enthusiastically appreciative and of dispraise so vindictively hostile. Nor do opinions clash less rudely to-day. Born at the close of the eighteenth century, fifty years have gone by since on the cold, grey February morning of 1856 his coffin was lowered to the grave in the Montmartre cemetery. But though personal rancours might be supposed to have died and personal resentments to have been long forgotten in that half-century of years, his memory would still seem to have the power of resuscitating old hatreds, and as M. Lichtenberger states, 'sa gloire est aujourd'hui encore 'vivement discutée et âprement contestée par des ennemis qui 'n'ont pas désarmé.' Seldom certainly has any man, apart from literary censure and applause, possessed a more emphatic talent for the making of enemies, nor a greater gift, in the instances—somewhat rare—when it pleased him to exercise it, for attaching to himself the affection of his fellows. And the love he inspired, and the hate no less, with the inveterate tendency of both to misestimate the importance of biographical detail, have overlaid the immense mass of Heine literature with matter superfluous to the understanding of his poetic genius.

From the æsthetic outlook exhaustive discussions of Heine's political, social, philosophical or religious tendencies are of small moment. Moreover for foreigners it will be well to relegate to critics of German nationality the discussion of his place as a German poet amongst German poets at an epoch in the developement of German literature when romance was showing symptoms of decline, when Byron was a disease, sentiment endemic, and irony a fashion. Heine himself accepted his sobriquet of a 'romantique défroqué.' 'After

'striking mortal blows at the enthusiasm for romantic poetry 'an infinite yearning for the blue flower slid unawares into my 'soul and I seized the magic lute and sang a lay wherein I aban- 'doned myself to every fond exaggeration: moonlight ecstasy, 'nightingale frenzy of the dear old fashion.' He sang, he adds, the last free woodland song of romanticism, 'I am its last poet, 'with me closed the old lyrical school, with me began, also, 'the new.' *

From the æsthetic outlook likewise foreigners may set aside consideration of the share taken by Heine in political and revolutionary movements. So far as the poet's name is associated with the cause of liberty—for him always an international ideal rather than a geographical or political principle—he may have played his part well or ill in the partisan strifes, the patriotic aspirations, the race animosities, of the first decades of the nineteenth century. He may have struck fair blows or unfair, indulged sordid resentments or generous indignations, each quality has often its converse interpretation; he may have wielded the sword of heroic insurgency or shot with secret and poisoned arrows. The battlefields of public ideals leave stains other than stains of blood upon the hands of many a combatant. He may have given vent to unjustifiable utterances, or kept, no less unjustifiably, silence. And such things are of primary account in the book kept by the recording angel of political, religious and social contests. But where literary criticism is concerned, Heine's paradoxical and variable opinions, his proclivities to Hegelianism or Saint-Simonianism, his theoretic socialistic convictions and his instinctively anti-democratic tastes; his devotion to the cause of freedom, his recoil from the 'grey livery of equality,' are of little interest except when they affect the drift and germination of his æsthetic productions. Moreover the bulk of his satirical poems—with their wit, their grossness and their continual allusions to contemporary persons and events, to current political and literary controversies—will rarely attract the attention of general readers belonging to alien nationalities. For us Heine will always remain not the author of 'Atta Troll,' 'Deutschland' or the shorter satirical poems, but the poet of the inimitable and untranslatable love-lyrics, the ironic-sentimentalist of the 'Intermezzo,' the 'Heimkehr,' and the 'Nordsee' cycles, the ballad-writer of the 'Romanzen' and the tragic mocker, lover, and mourner of 'Lazarus' and of the 'Letzte Gedichte,' written during the protracted agony of his long years of dying.

* Translated by J. Snodgrass.

Nor is it necessary to attach a very much larger measure of importance to the circumstances of his private life which have given occasion both to bitter moral disparagements and to eager apologies. Critics and biographers have ascended the seat of judgement to sum up the evidence for an adverse verdict, or have arrogated to themselves the sacerdotal prerogative to absolve his many offences. We, of to-day, may perhaps take another standpoint. It is not possible—let it be at once conceded—to ignore the bias given to his art by the moral obliquities, the moral weaknesses, the egoisms, the self-indulgences, of a temperament at once sensual and spiritual, extravagantly emotional and lucidly intellectual, of a nature swayed alternately by the visionary illusions of a creative ideality and by the clearest possible mental perception of the total lack of correspondence, the discrepancy and the ludicrous incongruity accentuated in his poems, existing between his visions and realities. Allowing this, we may nevertheless leave to biographers the task of sifting the old scandals, possibly false, the old truths also, which—according to the wont of truths dislocated from circumstance and surroundings—are often more libellous than scandal itself. That Heine did much amiss in most spheres of action, private and public, few would be at pains to deny. Certainly not Heine, who advertised his misdoings to an extent that induces doubt in the genuineness of his revelations. In his human relationships of man with man—and woman—he was guilty of innumerable blameworthy deeds. He committed not a few of the sins of poverty and dependence, ignoble sins of insincerity and flattery; he took as a right gifts he extorted from unwilling or inimical donors, and his acceptance of such obligations apologists may extenuate but cannot dignify. In becoming the recipient of a French pension he deliberately laid himself open to charges of political apostasy. Not less did he sin against his own affections. He set up poor human effigies of clay to become the implacable iconoclast of idols who had never aspired to the divinity ascribed to them. No lover refused ever took vengeance on his loves *d'antan* with keener thrusts of vengeance; not even Musset in his 'Nuits' struck the woman he had adored with a more ruthless hand. And the iconoclast, fulfilling the nemesis of the disillusioned idealist, became in turn the sceptic, asseverating his new creed of infidelity as in earlier days he had bewailed the treasons of broken faiths. His confessions of ephemeral passions are the confessions of an impenitent made without attempt at self-justification. Their records are scattered throughout his works and loudly proclaimed in 'le petit recueil 'libertin "Verschiedene,"' interpreted by M. Legras as 'une

'réaction nécessaire chez le poète qui avait pris si tragiquement 'au sérieux ses "jeunes souffrances" d'amour.' 'Il a cherché 'l'amour sensuel et sentimental partout, en tout lieu toute 'sa vie durant,' is the uncompromising statement made by M. Lichtenberger. The statement may be supplemented. Acute suffering, mental and physical, aggravated probably by imaginary grievances, had been his lot from his youth upwards; the condition of his hyper-sensitive nervous system culminated in the mortal malady of a ten years' martyrdom. Remembering this, it is permissible to rank him amongst those whose indulgence in emotional dissipation may be less the unrestrained gratification of base passions than the vain pursuit of an anodyne to the despairs of a soul fretted by disappointments and a body fretted by the continuous pains, depressions and discomforts of nervous ill health. To the same cause may be ascribed in part the virulence of his personal attacks and animosities. For as in love so in other relationships of affection, in comradeship, in friendship, no ties of gratitude, no remembrances of old kindness between friend and friend, fellow and fellow, availed to bridle the scathing satires of his tongue and pen. His licence of invective has never, in justice or in injustice, been outdone. The revenge of ridicule, of merciless parody, he took on all who offended him have made his name a byword of unscrupulous vindictiveness. Let those judge him who are equipped with the weapon of a wit which scorched and seared as a knife heated white in the fire. 'Ich habe manchen gekratzt, manchen 'gebissen, und war kein Lamm. Aber glaubt mir, jene 'gepriesenen Lämmer der Sanftmut würden sich minder frömmig 'gebärden, besässen sie die Zähne und die Tatzen des Tigers.' * So runs his apology, which like others proffered by him—to whom the use of the sword was more familiar than the use of the shield—is rather an attack upon the failings of others than a defence of his own.

Thus the roll-call of his offences repeats itself in studies, memoirs and biographies. Side by side with it runs another record of a different nature. As a poet Heine bequeathed to the world—the world of Jew and Gentile—the treasure of his genius; the best he had to give he gave. From generation to generation his songs have touched countless hearts, have brought to the simple and to the wise, to the sad as to the happy, to youth with its onlooking eyes of eagerness and hope, to age with its backward gaze and spring-green memories, the greatest gifts art can bring: the sense of quickened emotion, the sense

* Nachwort zum Romancero.

of a keener recognition of the pulses of tenderness and passion that beat under the gross material semblances of men's prosaic life-days. His words have given a poet's voice to many and many of those 'sorrows of youth,' which, trivial as they are, play a not unimportant part in the lives of the mute herd of commonplace men. They have relumed with imaginative fires many a smouldering wick and sent some warm breath of vital sweetness into hearts grown numb with years and sadnesses. He has raised—to their infinite gain—the sentiments and feelings we discard too lightly, from the level lands to set them in a sun-coloured atmosphere where dust itself is transfigured and glorified. He has strewn the sandy and parched thoroughfares of desert places with the 'rot' und blaue Blumen' which the reaper casts away as useless, but with which the little country girl—the winder of garlands—wreathes her head as she hurries to dance with her lover where the music sounds.* And the beauty of art he attained, seeking perfection with infinite and patient toil of brain, is to myriads of men and women a living fount of delight, a well-spring of ever renewed emotional pleasure. All this and more also he has done; he had utterly ignoble, he had also noble passions; he had great unfaiths, he had also great beliefs. For those beliefs he strove vehemently, nor was it an idle boast when he wrote as refrain to the 'Hymnus,' in the 'Letzte Gedichte'—'Ich bin das Schwert, ich bin die 'Flamme.' He did amiss—all we as sheep (he rather in the guise of some less innocuous animal) have gone astray. Yet for some at least of his sins he atoned. If he strayed into more miry places than others among his fellows, above them he suffered; and he bore his suffering with a fortitude never outrivalled. Crippled, paralysed, tortured with pain, he showed to the end the 'besoin de s'oublier lui-même pour faire plaisir 'aux autres.'† He eliminated every phrase that could betray his condition from his letters to his mother, lest the knowledge should sadden her old age. The lack of common kindliness, the callous indifference of the Paris grisette, with whom in solicitude for her welfare he had legalised his connexion, never lessened his anxiety for her future. 'Quoi qu'on ait dit, il n'a 'pas été égoïste avec personne'—the bold statement of Mme. de Krinitz is partly corroborated by these and other kindred facts.‡ Moreover his courage, the heroic triumph of spirit,

* No. 11, Epilog. Nordsee, Cyclus II.

† 'Les Derniers Jours de Henri Heine.' Camille Selden. Paris, 1884.

‡ See also p. 112 of 'Portraits et Souvenirs Littéraires.' Théophile Gautier. Paris, 1875.

intellect and sympathy over the martyrdom of nerve and sense, may go far to expiate the misliving of earlier days. It gives in truth to the famous exclamation of the dying mocker—the jester whose jests were uttered on the rack—'Dieu me pardonnera—c'est son métier' a significance superficial criticism has missed. It was the challenge of the gladiator, 'un vaincu de la vie,' fallen in the arena, to the divine Caesar who ordains the games.

Æsthetically Heine's poems remain a typical example of the literary expression of emotionalism—an emotionalism of sense, imagination and sentiment, to which an acute intellectuality gave the edge of a knife. Few writers have impregnated their work more deeply with the idiosyncrasies of personality, and whether narrative, descriptive, pictorial, reflective or purely lyrical, the profoundly mournful pessimism of the poet's outlook is stamped on every page. From first to last his verse-writings are one long confession of defeat, a reiterated assertion that

> . . . . 'Das ist das los,
> Das Menschenlos :—was gut und gross
> Und schön, das nimmt ein schlechtes Ende.' *

His songs are one long cry of distress, broken with anger, vibrating with mockery; they are threaded with a hopelessness that takes refuge in levity and a passion, which, as if ashamed of its barren impotence, puts on the ribald cap and bells of the professed wit and licensed humorist.

Despite, however, certain uniformities of temper and standpoint, Heine's art underwent many changes, veering from an art dictated almost solely by the excited fantasies of imagination to an art coloured, if not moulded, by a keen apprehension of reality born of intimate contact with men and women. In his youth life exterior, practical, actual and material, might be said to exist for him merely as a running commentary on life imaginative, illusory, and visionary. His youth had been a youth of restless and broken aims. At war with his surroundings, in constant antagonism to the purposes and sentiments of the commercial and shopkeeping classes, to which he belonged by birth and extraction, scarcely less out of harmony with the tone and atmosphere of the many provincial universities where in turn he pursued uncongenial studies, he took

* Letzte Gedichte, No. 42, 'Such is the lot, the lot of man. That which is great, good and beautiful comes to an ill ending.'

spiritual sanctuary in the dreamlands of fancy.* 'Son of Folly, 'dream ever thy dream when the pulse of the heart is full. 'But never in life seek the similitude of that which thou hast 'dreamt.'

For every artist 'there are ideal events which run parallel with the real ones,' † and the tissue of life is necessarily woven with a double thread. And each artist according to his nature, perhaps even more according to his age, starts his æsthetic work from one or the other plane. He transposes the ideal into the real, or, contrariwise, translates the real into the ideal. For the grown man the real, an actual occurrence, an episode of sensation or experience, is more often than not the source whence the idealising faculty draws its material. In youth the process is not seldom reversed. The æsthetic imagination, untrammelled by any misgivings concerning the verisimilitude of its counterfeits, forestalls realities, forestalls experience and experiment, forestalls, one can scarcely say in what it does not forestall, the slow march of time. Actual events of the 'out-world,' actual events of the 'in-world,' the passions called into existence by objective causes, the feelings evoked by the catastrophes life brings, come as tardy embodiments of pre-existing formulas present to the imagination. Present, moreover, in more than their life-vigour. The consciousness of imaginative presentments is indubitably more vivid and less distracted by the inconsistencies of outward objects than any consciousness of actualities. Youth, under the spell of its fantasies, discovers continents long before its ship reaches their distant shores. For youth the echo—so to say—anticipates the voice, and the substance can but tardily fill in the pattern already outlined.

With Heine, in his earlier days, the episodes of the passing hour seem to have touched him only in so far as they coincided with the trend of visionary conceptions. His imagination constructed the drama of his heart, of his passions, on the plane of the ideal; he induced realities, with some pressure applied to malleable facts, to perform the play upon the theatre stage of life. Yet—from this the irony of the poet derived its sting—he was fully aware of the imperfections of the performance. His clear judgement of 'things as they are' was unperturbed, he could stand by, could observe each default and survey the process

* 'Sohn der Thorheit! träume immer,
Wenn dir's Herz im Busen schwillt;
Doch im Leben suche nimmer
Deines Traumes Ebenbild.'
Deutschland: Ein Traum (Junge Leiden).

† Novalis.

where life parodied the dream. In his own multiple personality he was at once playwright, actor, audience, and critic.

I.

The 'Traumbilder,' * with the song-cycle immediately following them, indicate, in an art still uncertain of its resources, the scale and key of Heine's powers of emotional expression. A romantic, he is wending his way towards the school of reason, and seeking in irony the saving grace of sentiment. During the period whose emotional record is preserved in the earlier sections of the 'Buch 'der Lieder,' the pre-eminence of the ideal, the subordination of the critical, faculties are manifest. Yet, even here, in 'Traumbilder' and 'Lieder,' if 'Dein ganzes Leben war nur ein Traum,' † all his dreams were, for him, life. They were visions haunted by the echoes of derisive laughter. There is no sweetness from which he does not distil some venom as he passes on from the days of faith to the years of disbelief, from the days of insecure hopes to the years of undiluted pessimism and despair. Under our eyes he becomes the prey of disillusion, the victim of disenchantment, until he has reached that farthest bound of scepticism where his heart cannot believe in what his reason tells him is true. He dreams to the end, but he is of that ill-starred race of dreamers who—to their sorrow—know that they are dreaming, whose inexorable sense of fact never abandons its handhold for an hour, dissipating at the birth every trance of hope, anticipating in joy's first rapture every satiety of possession, every inevitable treason of change.

> 'Die holden Wünsche blühen,
> Und welken wieder ab,
> Und blühen und welken wieder—
> So geht es bis ans Grab.' ‡

The literary developements follow, as shadow to substance, the emotional and spiritual developements of Heine's complex nature, and these followed their predestined course. His commentators have dwelt much upon the part played by his mother in determining the bent of his mind. But it is easy to exaggerate the weight of external influences—intellectual or sentimental—that go to the making of a poet. Mme. Heine,

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* Buch der Lieder.

† Traum und Leben, No. 22, Romanzen (Buch der Lieder).

‡ Neuer Frühling, No. 40 (Neue Gedichte). 'All fair desires blossom and fade, blossom again and again wither. So life passes even to the grave.'

learned, cultured and a sane philosopher of reason, 'a 'severe deist with a distaste for sentiment, scientific theories 'of education and practical ambitions,' * did what she could to stimulate her son's intellect at the expense of his imagination, and he may have owed in part to her training the mental lucidity and acute critical judgement of later years. In the 'Buch der 'Lieder' however his first poems (the 'Traumbilder') drew their inspiration solely from the spirit of morbid romanticism, with its extravagance of fantasy and melodramatic pictorialism; its abuse of imagery and its sensational supernaturalism. His poems of the second group, his first 'Lieder' cycle, are merely an early essay in the *genre* he afterwards perfected of sentimental autobiography.

And Heine is, from first to last, the theme of his lyrical art. Others, poets of his time,† Müller, Eichendorff, were wont, as also Goethe, Uhland and others, 'Lieder aus bestimmten Rollen heraus zu dichten.' Müller speaks in the person of a miller-lad, others assumed the mask of shepherds, fishermen, musicians, and confessed their loves, joys, and sorrows under the thin disguise of these fictitious personalities. Heine had no mind—nor perhaps modesty—for such expedients: 'nie dichtete 'er aus fremden Rollen heraus—jedes Gesicht das er macht hat 'er in dem Spiegel probirt.' He wore his own face as a mask. It was, as truth often proves, the most effectual disguise; no man ever penetrated beneath it.

The 'Traumbilder' reflect the sentimental experiences of his first youth. He has told the story of his attachment to 'das 'rote Sefchen' in his memoirs, written some forty years after. He has painted the picture of the girl's strange white beauty, of the blood-red hair and the small throat knotted in its coils, of the small hands that grasped the fatal sword of her ancestry of public headsmen, and of the lips that sang the wild old spell-song of death.‡ Heine as a sixteen-year-old dreamer had, no doubt, demanded a first love less suggestive of the common light of day than the *bourgeois* loves of German student life, and stamping here as elsewhere the nightmares of his *maladif* fantasy upon the world around, he had wrought red Sefchen into the likeness of these mental images. It comes to us with no surprise to learn that Josepha's voice strangely resembled his. 'When she spoke, I sometimes—with a shock—believed that

* Memoiren (translated by T. W. Evans).

† 'Geschichte der Deutschen Litteratur' von Wilhelm Scherer. Berlin, 1887.

‡ Memoiren.

'it was myself I heard speaking, and when she sang I remem-'bered the dreams, where dreaming in the same fashion I heard 'myself sing.' * And the Sefchen episode, in his memoirs, possibly bore as much or as little relation to fact as the account he gives elsewhere of the incident transfigured in the Kevlaar ballad. † 'The material of this poem is not entirely mine. . . .' When he was a small boy at school, he relates, he had a schoolmate who often told him how his mother had offered a waxen foot to Our Lady of Kevlaar and how thereby his lameness was healed. He tells how he had again talked with the lad, grown into a student, and how the student had said, somewhat earnestly, that it was a waxen heart which should now be offered on his behalf. And some time later, as the Kevlaar pilgrims passed by, Heine saw in very truth the heart-sick student, pale and sad, following in the long procession.‡ Both anecdotes read as creative inventions of the poet's brain. Nevertheless, to the vague terror inspired by the child of that sinister lineage, to an attachment which 'threw its blood-crimson shadows 'over my young life and thoughts,' he is pleased to attribute the grim and sombre colouring of those vivid pictorial dreams whose strength lies in the realistic quality of their wildest fantasies.

But whether the real Sefchen evoked the 'Traumbilder,' or whether the visionary atmosphere which enfolded the poet cast its transfiguring glamour upon Sefchen—boyhood for Heine was over; 'le mal amour' was henceforth to abide with him as a lifelong, and an incurable, malady. Untamed, untaught, a child of fear and solitude, Sefchen heads the list of passions, tragic or frivolous, chronicled in his songs, heads the list ending with the name of 'la Mouche' (Mme. de Krinitz), whose sympathy, intelligence and gaiety, whose charm of youth and grace, brought the last ray of sunlight into the poet's deathroom, and to whom, with all his old sweetness and with a tenderness from which the old mockery was well-nigh eliminated, Sefchen's sometime lover, with failing hand and evergreen genius, addressed his last stanzas—again a 'Traumbild'—of love and death and leave-taking.

Nevertheless Sefchen, so far as his 'Traumbilder' can be interpreted, has little place in them. They belong to a numerous series of conceptions suggesting the vague horrors of opium or fever sleep, and recalling the *macabre* sensationalism of the finest work of Edgar Allan Poe. Heine had wound a

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* Memoiren. † Die Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar (Buch der Lieder).
‡ Note to the edition of 1822.

romance of death round the figure of the executioner's daughter, round her blood-drunken sword, animated by a thirst which, like the craving of human hearts, could only be assuaged in the grave. This atmosphere of spiritual sensationalism, none the less haunting for occasional lapses into harsh mockery, tints all the 'Dreams.' In them, too, the angered despair of love betrayed—soon to become the master-theme of his lyrics—is the dominant note of phantasmal ballads, where life and death, dreams and waking, hallucination and sight, are mingled in grim pantomime, where the Death-Maiden washes the shroud, hammers the coffin, delves the grave; or the dead dancers, with laughter and shouting, sing each their love-stories while the spectral fiddler fiddles his mad tunes seated on the graveyard headstone; or when, again, in the well-known 'Nacht lag auf meinen Augen,'* the dead lover, asleep in his earth-bed, dreams his dream of the resurrection dawn. Here the workmanship belongs to the finished period of Heine's art. It is a masterpiece of condensed dramatic narrative, the incoherence appropriate to dream-impressions is absent, it has neither symbolism, imagery or rhetoric, its force lies in the directness and precision of statement and the completeness of structural form. The stanzas are mainly (the device is common to many of Heine's ballad poems) in terse dialogue. Heinrich (Heine uses no pseudonym) lies in his grave, lead on his lips, night on his eyes. His love knocks without. Comes her question, 'Wilt thou not rise? 'the Resurrection Day dawns.' Three times he proffers excuse. His eyes are blind—he has wept away sight. His heart bleeds—her thorn-word pierced it. Also he shot himself through the head—when she was stolen from him. Three times she answers his several pleas. She will kiss light back to his blindness; her hand on his heart shall stanch its wound and her hair shall bind his bleeding brows. The dialogue ends—he will arise and go to her. But as he rises the fierce blood-streams break forth anew and—the dream is over. Thus Heine formulates with exceeding bitterness his creed of the grave from which there is no resurrection: the grave of the dead heart.

So phantom follows phantom, *revenant revenant:*

> 'Da hab' ich viel' blasse Leichen
> Beschworen mit Wortesmacht.
> Sie wollen nun nicht mehr weichen
> Zurück in die alte Nacht.' †

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* Traumbilder, No. 10.

† *Ibid.* No. 12. 'I conjured up many pallid ghosts—now are they resolved never more to return into the old night.'

His preoccupation with death is incessant. It is so persistent that the picture presents itself to the mind of a world of the dead where—by virtue of a constant craving for communion with the grave's pale inmates—Heine moves as an apparition, a ghost of the living who has incontinently and prematurely overstepped the barriers of mortality. It possessed him, almost as if it were a premonition of that death in life which awaited him. 'Je n'ai jamais vraiment aimé que des statues 'ou des mortes,' he once said, and in the famous Walpurgisnacht procession of the 'Wild Hunt' * where the jeering burlesque of the satire rings with terror, he elects for love of loves 'die 'töte Judin,' she who bears for ever the Baptist's head in her soft hands. Heart-shaped are her lips—the lips that laugh while men bleed—he knows her laughter! It was, maybe, ill done, that beheading of her beloved—yet the poet loves her above all women. Night by night he will ride with Herodias, and, when night is over, day by day he will sit weeping by her grave in the city of Jerusalem, where she rests from kissing and laughter and madness, and from her ghastly ball-play. And they, the aged men who pass by, shall say of him, 'Lo! he weeps because the 'Temple is overthrown and the city also: the city of Jerusalem.'

Heine and life were at variance. Sickness, with all the thought-tendencies of a sick man, tainted his soul. Even as a singer of love and youth he gave expression not to a vital impulse but to what soon became an inveterate obsession of passion present or remembered. He never sought so much as to diversify either his subject or his treatment of his subject. In the first youthful sequence of Love-Lieder † he fixed in some sort the structure, and indicated, also tentatively, the emotional area of the lyrical ideal perfected in the 'Intermezzo' and 'Heimkehr.' Choosing the simplest of conventional metres, he asserted triumphantly the complex individuality of his genius. The simplest of human passions, strung on a thread of commonplace narrative, 'Es ist eine alte 'Geschichte,' sufficed as material for a lyric art whose originality discarded all forced eccentricities of feelings and all chaotic incoherences of form. The 'Lieder' of 1817–21, the 'Intermezzo' poems, the less cohesive sequences of the 'Heimkehr,' are one and all of the nature of a diary of emotional moods and episodes. Things great or small, intellectual, imaginative or moral, outside, above or around the sphere of his feelings, do not exist for the poet of the 'Buch der Lieder.' With Heine every poem is intimately and inseverably personal. Every sentiment, passion,

* Atta Troll. Cap. xviii. † Buch der Lieder.

emotion, is a fraction, howsoever trivial and ephemeral, of his personal vitality. Every song has been *vécu*, each is an experience. What has not been lived he has left unwritten. They are bounded strictly by the compass of his temperament; his imagination forms no image save of its own clay, creates only what it possesses. Beyond the area of what has touched his sensitive nerves, kindled love or hate, moved to tears or laughter, evoked a sensation or stimulated an instinct, nothing counts in his life's reckoning. Nature itself—except in the 'Nordsee' cycles—rarely appears in his work otherwise than as a scene set for the enacting of his heart-dramas. May is the *décor de théâtre* for the birth of love and hope; autumn a frame for joys that fade; snowfall is the winding-sheet of passions passed. And as an incarnation of æsthetic egoism, all the cycles are dyed deep with the intense mournfulness of his constitutional melancholy. Yet if he strikes but one note it is a note to which human nature responds with echoes infinite in variety as the hearts of men.

This constitutional melancholy was, one may conjecture, the true source of all those love despairs and love sorrows he chronicles. He was born without capacity for happiness.

> 'Verwundet dich nicht fremde Hand
> So musst du selber dich verletzen.' *

He entered the arena with dejection, grief, hopelessness, at his heart, and life provided—it is her wont—a sad soul with occasions for sadness. She fitted her shafts to his self-wrought wounds; he held the burning glass in his hand to catch and concentrate the rays that scorch and shrivel and consume joy.

In this unity of atmosphere and personality each lyric bears its varying stamp of a memory stirred, or a sentiment awakened. The sweetness of new-born desire, the freshness of hope, the light extravanganza of a *randonnée*; tenderness of worship, ecstasy of soul, rapture of sense; exaggeration caricaturing itself in gay mockery; passion laying its finger on the lips that profane; each varying mood finds in turn expression. Then grief enters. The great lily has sounded its sanctus†—the sanctus of love's mysteries—it has sounded too, unheard, love's passing bell. Anger supplants longing, despair displaces reverence. The venom of the asp, the bitterness of the aloe, the resentment of hope betrayed, filter their poison into every song, and his tears are the tears that stain.

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* Ruhelechzend (Letzte Gedichte, 1853–56). 'If a stranger's hand wounds not, so must thine own hand wound thee.'

† Lyrisches Intermezzo. No. 7.

Yet anger is as unstable as joy, the gauze of sleep and dreams brings to the senses new languors of love possessed, new anodynes of drowsy illusion to love betrayed. And each song, be it always remembered, lends values to the songs that precede or follow it, and each imparts to all some atmosphere of sentiment, some accent of colour, without which the æsthetic beauty of the whole sequence loses a large measure of its significance.

While in the 'Intermezzo' the unity of theme is unbroken, the 'Heimkehr' lyrics reflect the moods not of a single love but of many passenger-loves. For among the poems of remembrance, lyrics clearly referring to the first, and in some curious sense the permanent, passion of Heine's life, there are others interspersed which, as clearly, relate to episodes of wandering affections as well as to his second serious attachment to the younger sister of his first love. Moreover, the 'Heimkehr,' with its many songs of regret and sadness, has many a song of forgetting. The assurance, 'Neuer Frühling giebt zurück, Was 'der Winter dir genommen,'* was no empty figure of speech. Days and moods of despair may and do return, but a heart once reset will reset again, and Heine's ship—howsoever wrecked—will reach the shore. 'Das alles, meine Süsse, Ist mir schon einmal geschehn.'† And a further spiritual transformation has been effected in the diary of his sentimental experiments. He has entered the emotional phase of 'le scepticisme senti-'mentale.' He would persuade us that his despairs are those of the comedian; he would induce his audience to believe that his misery was the misery of an actor who spends his days in counterfeit agonies. There was no doubt an element of truth in the assertions; he was, maybe, an actor throughout, but the part he played was his own.

> 'Ach Gott! im Scherz und unbewusst
> Sprach ich, was ich gefühlet;
> Ich hab' mit dem Tod in der eignen Brust
> Den sterbenden Fechter gespielet.'‡

And as the 'Lieder' draw to their close the exhaustion and satiety of passion, the emptiness of wit, resolve themselves into the home-sickness for rest and death; sleep and dreams come back to the poet as the only and ultimate good.

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* Heimkehr. No. 49. 'A new spring restores what winter stole from thee.'

† *Ibid.* No. 58. 'All this, sweetheart mine, has befallen me before!'

‡ *Ibid.* No. 47. 'Ah God! in jest and unawares I spoke the truth of the heart. With death in my breast I played the dying gladiator.'

'Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht,
Das Leben ist der schwüle Tag.
Es dunkelt schon, mich schläfert,
Der Tag hat mich müd gemacht.' *

The sequence ends with the song the player sings to himself when the curtain has fallen, the audience is gone, and the lights are out.

II.

The change from convention of form, rhythm and rhyme, to the irregular unrhymed stanzas of the 'Nordsee' cycles is complete. Equally, in their emotional aspect they represent a different mood of mind, if not, as M. Legras indicates, a radical change in the temperament and outlook of the poet. The formula of the art is new and the subjectivity of the former work modified. Hitherto Heine and his heart have filled the canvas to the total exclusion of any other subject-matter, whether of thought or perception. Here, in a manner wholly his own, he extends his theme as, with transference of homage, he dedicates to a new cult the laughter that stings, the tears that jest, the folly of his fantasy and the small surplus of reason left to him by *ci-devant* sovereigns.

'Überreiche ich dir
Das bischen Verstand,
Das mir aus Mitleid noch gelassen hat
Deine Vorgängerin im Reich.' †

For a while the eyes of those two old yoke-fellows, 'my heart and I,' whose fortunes he has so amply retailed, are open to the Without as well as to the Within. Wandering on the shores of the North Sea, the poet views the long straight horizon line of water and sky, the ceaseless motion of wave and ripple, the drift of foam and spray. With eyes fixed on the measureless expanse, he focusses his imagination on the powers of elemental forces, and the conception of illimitable space. Hour by hour that solitary sea-watcher, 'le grand inquiet,' translates into his art the vision of the wide waters in their perpetual unity and their eternal instability. By sunlight and moonlight and starlight, in darkness and twilight, in storm and calm, he sits on the strand, paces the wet sands, lies in the prow

* Heimkehr, No. 99. 'Death is the cool Night; Life is the sultry Day. The dusk gathers; I am drowsy; day has outwearied me.'
† Nordsee, No. 1, Krönung.

of a boat, stands on the deck of a vessel. The sea is always before, around, beneath, the grey desolate sea of northern coasts, sullen and angry with the green lights and black gulfs of great surges, its shifting semblances and monotonous unrest. His sense-impressions of sight and sound are cut with the precision of diamond points on flint, in the carefully rhythmed lyrics. Each has its mental, imaginative or emotional, correlative; each impression is more than an impression—it is an evocation; each scene calls forth a thought, a memory, touches some secret spring of feeling, of irony—without irony Heine cannot be a poet—of fancy, of passion, venomed or mournful. His heart makes response to the sea as the sea makes answer to the exigence of his heart. Picture follows picture, every picture linked with a special phase of the painter's personality. And the cycles, where the opening lines of the lyrics form a descriptive sequence of nature's aspects, are, not less than the 'Traumbilder,' the early 'Lieder,' the 'Intermezzo' and 'Heimkehr' songs, a soul's diary.

Heine had sought health and healing in the sea-world, and it may have brought him, to some extent, as M. Legras affirms, an interval of comparative sanity of nerve, of heart and body. But happy with the light-hearted gaiety of a heart making holiday, it was not in Heine's power to be. If the old obsession of pain seems here and there to be held in suspense it is only intermittently dormant, and again and again it wails in its sleep. And here as ever the great artist's perception is acutely awake to the æsthetic value of the note of personal suffering. There are few pages where some phrase, ironic or other, does not testify to the continuity of the sentiment of loss. Whether that sentiment were vital and active, or whether it were merely the sting of pain remembered, it was an abiding inmate of Heine's house of life, nor was its voice ever silenced. Following the current of these lyrics, the fluctuations, the crescendos and climaxes of that emotion, in which his temperamental sadness was contracted and concentrated to a single point, become apparent. Equally apparent, one might believe, becomes the fact that with whatever wine of oblivion Heine filled the cup he drank from, the inscription graven within the empty bowl was ineffaceable.

The two sequences have both the unity of atmosphere and personality and the irrelevances of a journal kept at unnoted intervals by a vagrant imagination. In the first stanzas of the second song * he has more or less exemplified the æsthetic

* Abenddämmerung, No. 2.

method pursued throughout. A descriptive impression is condensed into ten lines. In these he sketches the outward scene: the pallid dusk of the beach as the sun sinks; the red shafts streaking the waters; the far-off foam-flecked waves, 'die weissen, weiten Wellen' (his use of alliteration, usually restrained, is unerringly effective), as the incoming tide drives them shoreward. In fewer sentences he enumerates the accompanying sound-impressions—the murmur as of myriad voices, the mingling as of laughter and sighing, and the undersong of slumber. Then from contemplation of that vague elemental immensity there is a swift transition. The sinking sun, the wide sea, vanish. Memory and her visions blot out reality. A child sits on a home-door step; grown maidens are within; the windows are set with flower-pots. And the boy listens as the neighbour's children tell old tales at sunset. The stanza, perfect in its bare simplicity, is nothing but the slightest monograph of domesticity—yet the transition has been made without a jar. For the listening child, with the eyes of Eve, and the grown man 'gedankenbekümmert und einsam,' whose eyes are marked with the stain of tears, are one and the same. Both stand at the door where a white hand beckons to the wonderland of love and youth, both gaze within—the child from the doorway of entrance, the man from the doorway of exit.

The sea, Heine, a memory, an episode or a fantasy, these are the constituent elements of most of the 'Nordsee' poems. In 'Sonnenuntergang'* the three structural divisions are more definitely indicated. The sun sinks red into a silver-grey sea. The sad-faced moon, through broken clouds, ascends with its dim 'nebelweit' star-train. Abruptly from the vision of the real, the poet passes into the myth-world of fantasy. Sun and moon, heart-sundered, wander eternally desolate, trailing radiant misery through the heavens of endless ages. Then the fabulist of the world celestial drops, in one brief concluding sentence, his thoughts to their centre: himself. He, the son of man, is happier, to him belongs the benediction of death:

> 'Ich aber, der Mensch,
> Der Niedriggepflanzte, der Todbeglückte,
> Ich klage nicht länger.'

Yet never for long does Heine lose touch with the episodes of actuality. Back from gods and fablelands and the land of long memories—the little narrative incident of 'Die Nacht am Strande'† follows, with its intentional accent of disillusionment.

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* No. 3. † No. 4.

Nightfall, cold and starless, the north wind is telling its mad legends and strange runes to the tossing white sea-children. In the window of the fisher-hut is a light. Homely and graceful the scene opens of the night idyl in the lonely firelit room where the girl waits her lover by the hearth with its crackling brushwood. It is once more the 'schönes Fischermädchen' of the 'Heimkehr' series—but with a difference. The gay and gentle tenderness of the earlier songs is gone. Here the vagrant guest is scarcely at pains to make pretence at sentiment. He brings with him, he says, 'die alte Zeit,' the golden age of gods who loved and were loved. But the word is a word of derision. God as he—the lover—is, coming as the Prince to Rapunzel, as Cophetua to his beggar, the gods take cold like other men—'Staune, mein Kind, 'nicht länger Ob meiner Göttlichkeit. . . . Koche mir Thee mit 'Rum—'* Alas, poor Heine, never again will 'die alte Zeit' come in his company. He has played the same tune so often that the strings of the lute are outworn. 'Die alte Zeit' is as dead for him as are the gods themselves; moreover, he knows it. And the derision, also, is it not part of the pretence?

'Qui plaisante avec l'amour trouve à qui parler!' We have but to turn the page to find him casting aside the cloak of indifference and jest, a prey once again to the old fever, the old pain. The broken stanzas of 'Nachts in der Kajüte' † are a repetition of the old songs of longing, closing with the ever recurrent death-dream, the dream that haunts his art.

> 'Es träumte mir von einer weiten Heide,
> Weit überdeckt von stillem, weissem Schnee,
> Und unterm weissen Schnee lag ich begraben
> Und schlief den einsam kalten Todeschlaf.' ‡

From henceforward in these cycles the personal note regains ascendancy. Soon we are face to face with the familiar street-way, the very house—the 'Liebchens Haus'—which he has watched by day and night, in mist and rain, where he and his Doppelgänger § have encountered each the other in the midnight solitude of terror and silence. The ship has borne him through storm and tempest where the sea-gulls spread white wings over black abysses of water, but the storm is past, the sky is blue and the waves glass-still. He leans over the edge

* 'Wonder no longer over my divinity. Make tea, with rum in it.'

† No. 7.

‡ 'I dreamt of a wide moorland. The snow, white and still, covered it. And under the snow I lay buried, sleeping the cold and lonely sleep of death.'

§ Heimkehr, No. 23.

of the ship and he sees far below the sea-mirage of city and street; church towers and steeples, the market-place, the hall of council where men, black-cloaked, ascend the steps; a throng of young men and maidens loiter under the limes, aged women with rosary and psalm-book hasten towards the great Dom; the bells chime and the organ notes sound. And seeing and hearing, red drops from his half-healed wound drip down and down through the green water to the well-known dwelling in whose forsaken solitude a maiden sits by the window, 'Ich kenne dich, 'armes, vergessenes Kind . . . ich komme hinab zu dir' . . . The mirage is shattered, with an angry laugh the sea-captain lays hold of the gazer, 'Doktor, sind Sie des Teufels?'

After 'Seegespenst,' follow 'Reinigung' * and 'Frieden.' † Let the old dream be banished back to the ocean-deep whence it arose. The soul, which was sick, will cast down to the sea floor the old madness and folly and sin and pain. Christ, bearing for His Sacred Heart the Sun, walks as of old the water and the land, and peace descends upon the city of men. Is this also a mirage? Heine's own jarring laughter breaks the spell in the scoffing epilogue.

Ever and ever, the thoughts darken. Beginning with the triumphant 'Thalatta,' ‡ the hymn to the well-beloved, all-redeeming sea, in the second cycle the personal note, the subjectivity, of the earlier lyrics reasserts entire supremacy. The wail of the sea-gulls becomes a refrain to the dirge of hope and love. Grey are the mists above, drawing up with weary hands the ocean water to return it again to the sea whence it came. Useless as his life is their labour. All is over—'I lie with fevered lips 'pressed to the wet sand—shipwrecked—alone.' § Song after song closes with an antiphon of despair. The 'Gesang der Okeaniden' dies in the night; he sits in the darkness and weeps. Will the sea solve life's besetting riddle? The waves murmur, the winds blow, the clouds scud, the stars shine, chill, indifferent. And a fool waits for an answer! || Vain is hope, vain is longing—sleep is best.

The sequence ends characteristically with the poor banter of 'Seekrankheit' ¶ and the boisterous hilarity (from the poet amongst whose sins intemperance had no place) of a drunkard's night in the haven. It is a poem often cited as exemplifying Heine's realism; it also may be cited to prove that Heine is never more aggressively artificial than in his use of reality.

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* No. 11. † No. 12.
‡ Cyclus II. Meergruss, No. 1. § Der Schiffbrüchige.
|| Der Gesang der Okeaniden, No. 5. ¶ Fragen, No. 7.

III.

The 'Traumbilder' dealt with unequivocal idealisms—idealisms of love, sorrow and despair. In the scene and setting of his love-sequences Heine had resolved nature into its most conventional formulas; May is his epitome of all spring brings—its freshness, its quickening, its green fire of life; a handful of flowers—rose, lily, and violet—represent all earth's blossomings: the nightingale's song the song of all singing birds. Incidentally in the 'Heimkehr,' intentionally in the 'Nordsee' cycles, while the idealisation of past passion survives, a new tendency to something approaching actuality is evinced. The 'Neue Gedichte' evince a yet more radical change. The setting, it is true, reverts to the old conventions and formalisms; the realism is transferred to the sentiment. The former lyrics had reached the zenith of an emotional expression of passions which if not genuine at least held him a dupe of their reality. In the later Love-Lieder—including the various group-sections of the ill-reputed 'Verschiedene' (where lax morality is often balanced by æsthetic nullity)—the note of 'sentimental 'scepticism,' making its poor boast of unbelief, licence, levity and egoism, arrogantly advertising the vulgar instabilities of passion, is dominant. The tragic lover, ironist, sentimentalist, with a turn of the wheel of time—announces himself loudly as the tragic libertine.

In youth Heine may have recorded, as in 'Erinnerung,' * experiences similar to those chronicled in 'Verschiedene,' But here all the sadness of ineffectual remorse rings through the verses that tell the brief story. 'Wo irrst du jetzt, in welcher kalten 'Wildnis? Dem Elend und dem Gram gab ich dich hin,' is the cry of a conscience not ashamed to regret, of a pity that clothed itself in no panoply of world-custom. In his new part he is eager to discredit with jeers his old love—the love which, dead as he thinks it, is of those dead whose ghosts haunt every street-turning; he is eager to proclaim his new creed—the creed of the scoffer. 'Shadow kisses, shadow love, shadow life—and you, 'Fool—will you believe that all remains for ever true?' Not so; hearts forget, eyes sleep. . . .† Why sigh at sunsetting? Be gay—it plays an old game, it goes down to come up again.‡ Faith is not, trust is not . . . 'Du wirst mich reichlich Beglücken mit 'Gefühl und Küssen, Und dann verraten—wie gebräuchlich.' §

* Buch der Lieder. Romanzen, No. 26.
† Verschiedene. Seraphine, No. 10. ‡ *Ibid.* No. 11.
§ Katharina, No. 8.

Yet has any man ever enacted the part of the evil-doer with less pretence of enjoyment than does Heine? His vices are those of a soul lost in the night. The cup is empty, the strings are dumb, the lamps burnt out. Ash Wednesday, with its cross of ashes, succeeds Carnival. 'Woman, remember thou art 'dust.'* Gross sometimes, witty, insolent, conscienceless and impenitent, defying the censorship of men whose sole homage to virtue is condemnation of vice, the uncomely confessions of 'Verschiedene' are threaded with lines of a profounder mournfulness than even the poems of his death agony. The irrevocable past, that which was and is not, returns no more; the black-sailed ship, the fatal sail of the Theseus as of the Tristan legend, carries him across dark seas; † the waves rage, but, 'Was 'hilft uns das?' ‡ Many fair loves have been his, many good comrades, 'Wo sind sie hin? Es pfeift der Wind, Es schäumen 'und wandern die Wellen.' § And if here and there a woman's laugh rings through the dreary jesting of the verses, it is stifled in a sob, drowned by angry words, variants on the Salomo text 'das Weib ist bitter,' || hushed by muted memories which enter the barred door and locked gate, or is silenced for ever in death. 'Kitty stirbt! und kalt gebettet Liegt sie bald 'in Kirchhofsgrunde. . . .' 'Das gelbe Laub erzittert Es fallen 'die Blätter herab, Ach, alles, was hold und lieblich, Verwelkt 'und sinkt ins Grab.' ¶ There is, indeed, always dust on the lips of his women, his ears are always listening to a passing bell, and the last lyric of the section containing the greater number of his songs of ill-fame ** is the gentle death-song 'Wo':

'Wo wird einst des Wandermüden
Letzte Ruhestätte sein?
Unter Palmen in dem Süden?
Unter Linden an dem Rhein? . . .

Immerhin! Mich wird umgeben
Gotteshimmel, dort wie hier,
Und als Totenlampen schweben
Nachts die Sterne über mir.' ††

* Angelique, No. 13.
† Seraphine, No. 12.
‡ Ibid. No. 14.
§ Ibid. No. 15.
|| Hortense, No. 5.
¶ Katharina, Nos. 10 and 11.
** In the Lachmann edition (Leipzig, 1887) Karpeles has transferred it to a place amongst the 'Letzte Gedichte.'
†† 'Where will the wanderer's weariness find its last rest-house? Under Palm-trees in the South? Under Lindens by the Rhine? What matter? There, as here, God's heaven is above, and for death tapers the stars shine over me.'

So Heine's emotional life passed onwards to the last years. 'Good Fortune is a light woman, she stays not willingly in one 'place. She smooths back the hair from the brow, kisses in 'haste and is gone. Contrariwise Misery clasps thee close to her 'breast. No haste is hers; beside thy bed she sits her down 'and knits.' * In her companionship a whole decade of Heine's life—if life it could be called which so nearly resembled death—was spent. 'Existiere ich wirklich noch? Mein Leib ist so 'sehr in die Krümpe gegangen, dass schier nichts übrig geblieben 'als die Stimme. . . . Ein Grab ohne Ruhe, der Tod ohne die 'Privilegien des Verstorbenen.' † . . . 'Ich bin jetzt nur ein 'armer todkranker Jude, ein abgezehrtes Bild des Jammers. . . .'

Stretched on that rack of torture, poet, jester, lover, the pen was never blunted in the moribund hand. 'Ich habe ein Recht 'müde zu sein,' he wrote, but it was a privilege he never availed himself of. The whole vitality of heart and brain burnt with clear flame in that walled prison, and the great artist registered every impression in words that had lost no fraction of grace, wit, sweetness or precision, and only gained some unused depth, some intensity of emotion, as the shadow of death fell on the bare nerves of the spirit. 'Never, so far as 'we know,' writes Brandes (who is not wont to over-estimate the heroisms of his fellows), 'has a great productive mind 'borne superhuman sufferings with more undaunted courage. 'To bear such agonies in close-lipped silence would have been 'admirable, but to create, to bubble over with jest and mockery, 'to let his spirit wander round the world in charming and pro-'found reverie while he himself lay crippled, almost lifeless, 'on his mattress, was great.' ‡ Lost for ever for him the green framework of his Love-Lieder, the nightingale song, the fresh breath of woodland and hill, the cool, salt strength of the sea winds and the spray-drift of blown foam, the long reaches of sky and shore, the cry of white-winged sea-birds and the immense calm of nature's silences. Four walls of a sick room, a noisy street, not a waving bough at the window, scarcely a glimpse of sky and cloud. Out of view sunrise and sunsetting. Far away the moon shines on the tree-tops, but never again will the sleepless poet know the dusk beauty of night under the free star-pointed blueness of heaven. Mme. de Krinitz (Camille Selden), whom the gods in a moment of relenting sent

* Buch 2, Lamentationen.

† Nachwort zum Romancero.

‡ G. Brandes, 'Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature' ('Young Germany').

to bring one last shaft of joy into the mortuary chamber, has left us her vivid memories of the dreary, comfortless room, bare, squalid, ugly, with its paper screen, the mattress bed, the scanty furniture, of the Avenue Matignon, and of its occupant. 'Il 'paraissait encore jeune—il avait dû être beau. Imaginez le 'sourire de Mephistopheles sur la figure du Christ. . . . On va 'vite en amitié,' adds the woman whose swift gift of true and tender affection brought a new solace and a new pang to the dying man, 'dans le voisinage de la mort.' Heine, in his own phrase, 'held to life by her hand'—'un mort ayant soif de toutes les 'jouissances les plus ardentes que la vie peut offrir.' For, with the aching that dulls all pleasure, the faintness of intolerable pain, the loss of power even to lift the lids of the half-blind eyes, 'le plus fou des fous' as he signs himself in one of the brief notes addressed to her, is Heine still.*

Many of the poems contained in the 'Letzte Gedichte,' and written during the earlier years of his sufferings, belong to the great group of his narrative poems. In the 'Buch der Lieder,' the 'Romanzen' served as an interlude between the first and second series of Love-Lieder. In not a few of these, however, the legend told—as in his treatment of the Lorelei †—is but a variant of the autobiographical theme. Heine is the pale neophyte in the chapel who finds his un-aureoled Madonna; ‡ Heine the mournful boy at whose coming the wood-bird's song is mute; § Heine the knight, to whose death-longings the mountain echoes make answer. As 'Arme Peter' || he had clad himself in the garb of the forlorn villager, and in 'Don Ramiro' ¶ he wears the Byronic mantle of the ghostly lover; in 'Lorelei' ** he is, in truth, the lover undone.

In the second group of 'Romanzen' (1839–41), in many of the legends, ballads, visions, of later years, Heine asserts his sympathetic affinity with the 'disinherited' amongst men. What M. Legras has said admirably of the 'Historien' may be said of almost all Heine's narrative poems—the satires excepted. They form 'une sorte de livre d'or des 'vaincus,' in whose confraternity he, the 'poor Jew,' finds his human kin. It was a *livre d'or* written with sword and fire. Whatever may have been the paradoxes of his political and social opinions, his sympathies never halted between two masters. Contradictions existed, and they could not have

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* 'Memoirs,' Camille Selden. Paris, 1884.
† Romanzen, Die Weihe.
‡ Romanzen, No. 2, Der Traurige.
§ *Ibid.* No. 3, Bergstimme.
|| *Ibid.* No. 5, Der Arme Peter.
¶ *Ibid.* No. 10, Don Ramiro.
** Heimkehr.

been more marked, between his principles and his taste, his creed of freedom and his instinctive recoil from the inevitable results of popular dictation and democratic rule, but he never swerved at heart from the cause he had espoused. He had fought a good fight with a whole-hearted allegiance. His stanzas 'Enfant perdu' were no empty boast.

> 'Ein Posten ist vakant!—Die Wunden klaffen—
> Der Eine fällt, die Andern rücken nach—
> Doch fall' ich unbesiegt, und meine Waffen
> Sind nicht gebrochen—nur mein Herze brach.' *

His art was his weapon, and no bitterer arraignment of things that be is conceivable than the irony in the ballad of the outcast lovers, frozen and starved in their garret (Jammerthal); † nor does Mrs. Beecher Stowe's anti-slavery novel contain a fiercer protest than the 'Sklavenschiff' ballad.‡

Nevertheless, it is in the verses which are the direct and unveiled expression of Heine's personality that his genius found its highest emotional expression. 'Heine, ton nom est misère,' he wrote in the last years of life, and from that distress of body and soul the ironist wrought a new art of suffering, jesting with his physical agonies as he had mocked his despairs of passion. The pages are blotted with grossness which can plead no excuse unless it be that strangest of all Heine himself advanced when, having offended in some manner of speech, he acknowledged his guilt to his *douce amie*, 'Pardon, mais cela va bientôt finir . . . vois-tu, 'c'est la faute de la mort qui arrive.' But mood follows mood, fantasy fantasy in the brain of the stricken man, life recedes further and further from his grasp, and there are passages that efface with a searing-iron the memory of his past offending. The spirit of the artist casts aside its earth-cloak, dusty and bemired, and stands in armour of shining steel. As in earlier days in the wonderful apostrophe to Christ (occurring in his coarsest of satires), beginning,§ 'Mit Wehmut erfüllt mich jedesmal Dein 'Anblick, mein armer Vetter, Der du die Welt erlösen gewollt, 'Du Narr, du Menschheitsretter!' when the irony is a passion of pity for that dreamer slain by the world's deicides, old and new. As too in the stern austerity of the famous stanzas where,

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* Zweites Buch. Lamentationen, No. 23, Enfant Perdu. 'One post stands vacant. My wounds are wide. One soldier falls—his fellows close the ranks. Yet I fall unconquered, unbroken my weapons—it was my heart that broke.'

† Letzte Gedichte.

‡ *Ibid.* Das Sklavenschiff.

§ Deutschland, Kaput xiii. v. 5 (1844)

shadowed by a cloaked Doppelgänger, the poet sees in the spectre, the executioner with hidden axe, who waits to carry Thought into Deed.

'Du bist der Richter, der Büttel bin ich,
Und mit dem Gehorsam des Knechtes
Vollstreck' ich das Urteil, das du gefällt,
Und sei es ein ungerechtes.

. . . . . .

Ich bin dein Liktor, und ich geh'
Beständig mit dem blanken
Richtbeile hinter dir—ich bin
Die That von deinem Gedanken.' *

Above all it is in these last poems that the oppositions of a soul divided against itself left an indelible mark on his art. The bitterness and sweetness of his nature; the unscrupulous thirst for vengeance, the profound compassion for the halt and maimed of life's thoroughfares; the power of idealisation, with the jeering appreciation of the shortcomings of humanity; every jarring and dissonant quality of heart and intellect found voice in these last lyrics. No man ever had, one might think, less cause to desire that his days should be prolonged. 'Gut ist der Schlaf, 'der Tod ist besser—freilich Das Beste wäre nie geboren sein,' † he repeats the phrase in different forms more than once. But that too is a mood that passes, and here and there the love of life—the love that vibrates in his older verses, 'An die Jungen,' ‡ with their bugle-call to scale the heights and conquer the world—alternates with the forlorn acquiescence of despair as the sands of the hour-glass run out.

'O Gott! wie hässlich bitter ist das Sterben!
O Gott! wie süss und traulich lässt sich leben
In diesem traulich süssen Erdenneste.' §

And being Heine, he is still a lover. Never before did passion ring with a truer sound than when he wrote his song of leave-taking ('Es kommt der Tod') || to the pitying young

* Deutschl, and Kaput vi. 'Thou art the judge, I am the executioner. Obedient as a servant I execute the sentence thou dost pronounce—be it just or unjust. Thy lictor am I, always I march behind thee with an axe, ready to strike. I am the *Deed* of thy *Thought*.'

† Romancero, Morphine.

‡ Zweites Buch. Lamentationen. 'An die Jungen.'

§ Zum Lazarus, No. 20. 'Oh God! how hateful and bitter is death. Oh God! how sweet and homely a thing is life, in this sweet and homely nest of earth.'

|| *Ibid.* No. 42.

new-comer (Mme. de Krinitz) who had entered the open door of the sick man's room hand in hand with death. She had come too late for love, too late for joy, yet in the last great visionary poem written 'Für die Mouche,' the strength, the spell, of his art are illuminated by that final—perhaps the only true and deep—love of spiritual communion that ever rooted itself in the soul of the greatest of artist-jesters. The stanzas that portray the death-dreamer and the Passion Flower whose lips touch the sleeper's eyes and hand and brows, and whose tears fall like drops of fire through the ice of death, have a beauty like that of a living gem held against a flame.

'Was wir gesprochen, frag es niemals, ach!
Den Glühwurm frag, was er dem Grase glimmert,
Die Welle frage, was sie rauscht im Bach,
Den Westwind frage, was er weht und wimmert.

Frag, was er strahlet, den Karfunkelstein,
Frag, was sie duften, Nachtviol' und Rosen—
Doch frage nie, wovon im Mondenschein
Die Marterblume und ihr Toter kosen!' *

So thoughts, memories, visions, questions, swarm in the dying brain. The group of poems 'Zum "Lazarus"' give utterance to one and all. The Fool who waited by the seashore for an answer waits on, reiterating the question that man after man, who has seen the defeat of good and the triumph of evil, has asked before him until with 'a handful of earth, their mouth is 'stopped, "Aber ist das eine Antwort"?' † Out of his suffering he fabricates his art as he tells how the 'dark woman' has clasped him to her heart and kissed him sick and blind, until his body has become but the sepulchre where the soul is buried. ‡ Then memories, memories of May and Love and unrepented folly—repentance had no place in his conception—flit by, memories too of hates unassuaged—again for the remission of other men's sins Heine had no vocation. 'Gare à qui lira 'ces lignes,' he exclaimed once, interrupting his writing for a moment, 'Heine ne meurt pas comme le premier venu, et les

* Letzte Gedichte, 'Für die Mouche.' 'Ask never what each to the other said. Ask the glow-worm what it glimmers to the grass, ask the ripples what they murmur to the stream, ask the west wind what it breathes and whispers, ask the carbuncle of its flames, ask the night-violet and the rose of their fragrance—but never ask of what in the moonlight the Passion Flower and her dead lover spoke.'

† Zum Lazarus, No. 1. ‡ *Ibid.* No. 2.

'griffes du tigre survivront au tigre lui-même.' Throughout runs the old white-hot wire of mockery, mockery at all men hold sacred. As he jeered in the day so he scoffs in the dark. His prayers are jests. May God shorten his pains; he has no talent for martyrdom. To make a gay poet and then overcast his gaiety with misery, is surely a bad jest, and it is time it were ended, else he will turn Catholic and beset God with clamorous outcries, for 'O Miserere! Verloren geht Der beste der Humoristen.'* So he jests—and yet is it jest? He had passed through many phases. He had proclaimed in his Saint-Simonian days the dying of the old gods, had pronounced that in Christianity 'il 'faut que Dieu achève de mourir.' But the dead rise, and in his very denials he re-created a faith, re-created a God, not of pantheism, or of Christianity, not of protestantism, or catholicism, but of despair. 'Ja, ich bin zurückgekehrt zu Gott'—so runs his confession of faith in the 'Nachwort zum Romancero.' And gaining a God, the immortality of the soul may be thrown in—'wird uns alsdann gleichsam mit in den Kauf gegeben.' And moreover Swedenborg has news to tell of a future existence in accordance with human desires. In that other world . . . 'also the poor Greenlanders can feel at home who once, when 'the missionaries strove to convert them, asked if in heaven there 'were seals? Hearing there were not they were troubled—'the Christian heaven did not suit Greenlanders, who cannot 'exist without seals! . . . But the Scandinavian seer has found 'a more homely afterworld—" und in der anderen Welt werden '" wir auch unsere Seehunde wiederfinden." '

Thus the soul of Heine faced the darkness, with the utterances so strangely miscalled 'ses blasphèmes célèbres' on his lips. A soul in a mask he died, possibly leaving it as a last jest to the critics to divine what were, in truth, his hopes, fears, and faiths.

'Der Vorhang fällt, das Stück ist aus,
Und Herrn und Damen gehn nach Haus.
. . . . . .
Doch horch! ein schollernd schnöder Klang
Ertönt unfern der öden Bühne;—
Vielleicht dass eine Saite sprang
An einer alten Violine . . .
Die letzte Lampe ächzt und zischt
Verzweiflungsvoll und sie erlischt.
Das arme Licht war meine Seele.

In other words—the words of another poet—for Heine 'the 'fever called Living' was over at last.

* Zum 'Lazarus,' No. 24.

Art. VIII.—RELIGION IN LITERATURE.

1. *The Tragedies of Æschylus.* Edited by F. A. Paley. Fourth Edition. (Bibliotheca Classica.) London: Whittaker & Co., 1887.
2. *Sophocles: The Plays and Fragments.* Edited by R. C. Jebb. Third Edition. Cambridge University Press, 1893.
3. *The Tragedy of Dr. Faustus by Christopher Marlowe.* (Old English Plays. Vol. I.) London: John Martyn, 1814.
4. *The Works of Shakespeare.* Edited by W. G. Clark and W. Aldis Wright. (The Cambridge Shakespeare.) London and Cambridge: Macmillans, 1862.
5. *Faust: eine Tragödie, von J. Wolfgang v. Goethe.* 2 Thle. Edited by G. von Löper. (Hempell's Edition of the Works of Goethe. Vols. XII., XIII.) Berlin, 1870.
6. *The Powers of Darkness.* By Count Leo Tolstoi. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. (Printed.)
7. *John Inglesant.* By J. H. Shorthouse. New Edition. London: Macmillan & Co., 1903.
8. *Il Santo.* By Antonio Fogazzaro. Milano: Baldini, 1906.

[And other works.]

If a man were asked for an example of a literature, not of a distinctly devotional cast, nor yet to be numbered among what we understand by sacred writings, wherein religious influence was most conspicuous, whither would he turn? Almost without hesitation to the Greek drama in its prime, the drama of Æschylus and Sophocles. It is true that this seems but a small body of writing to choose for a type. The plays of these two dramatists which have come down to us form but some seven per cent. of their entire achievement. Yet are the character and standpoint of the authors so clearly revealed to us by their extant work, that it is impossible to believe that if we had the remaining ninety-three per cent. our estimate would be substantially different. Our knowledge would be enlarged, but our judgement unaltered. When, however, we come to the younger dramatist, Euripides, the condition of things has already changed. For as thought advances by centuries in other lands, it advances by decades in Greece.

In marked contrast to the best of Greek drama stands in this particular the only theatre which compares with it in merit, compares with or even surpasses it, our own Elizabethan stage.

There is nothing irreligious in Shakespeare, who for most readers represents Elizabethan drama. But it would be difficult to maintain that there was any decided religious element in Shakespeare. That which best displays its absence is that the author is never embarrassed, in such appeals as his characters make to the heavenly powers, by the question whether they live in Christian or heathen times. It may be urged that Shakespeare never considered historic setting. But on some occasions—in the classical plays, for instance—he could not ignore the difference between the Pagan and the Christian creeds. As a fact, a general appeal to 'heaven' does duty in one kind of play almost as well as another. Now and then the action on the drama of the supernal powers may be recognised in such vague terms as Edgar uses in 'Lear':

> 'The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to plague us.'

But—and it would be an affectation not to recognise it—the plot would in almost every instance work out just as well were there heavenly powers or were there none. It is with the Shakespearean plays as it is with the average novel. In one play by a lesser Elizabethan (of which we shall speak in its due place) we come to something which more nearly reminds us of the attitude of the Greek dramatists: and that is enough to show that the contrast between the two theatres is not wholly explained by differences in origin and tradition. In a large number of Shakespeare's contemporaries a more distinctly negative attitude is to be detected than in Shakespeare—something intentionally irreligious or non-religious: atheistic is too strong a word.

The external reasons for the difference which we find in the matter of religion between, say, Sophocles and Shakespeare are obvious enough; and they have often been dwelt on: the distinctly religious character of Greek drama and especially of its tragedy, whereas modern drama descends much rather from the ancient comic stage than the tragic. Such questions of cause and of tradition lie outside our purpose, which is not to inquire why or how such and such literatures are permeated by religious influences, why others are not (such questions would involve matters of polemic), but only to examine the traits and characteristics of the religious element in literature when it presents itself.

One difficulty, however, meets us at the outset. To a Greek, to an Athenian who watched the performances in the theatre of Dionysus, neither Æschylus nor Sophocles would have been

counted as an especially 'religious' writer. *That* would have appeared much more Homer and Hesiod; for their writings formed a sort of sacred books. This difference of view belongs to the difference between those who look upon a creed in some measure from outside, and those who look on it wholly from within; for to these last tradition, ceremonies, and what we may call 'the sense of the supernatural' appear all one. Homer and Hesiod tell the history of the gods, their relations to one another and to man, as it might be matter for instruction. Now for our purposes we shall not take the essential of religion in literature to lie in the repetition of any sacred history, so much as in 'the sense of the supernatural' which is kept alive in the minds of the writer and of his audience. Controversy or concentration on immediate surroundings has engendered some rather fantastic definitions of the word 'religion,' which has been named now 'a sense of the unknowable,' now 'morality 'touched by emotion.' But surely the *idea* of supernal powers is easy to grasp—of powers greater than human, greater in mere physical might or in moral gifts or in a combination of both; it seems, too, pretty obvious that a sense of the existence of such powers is to be traced in literature as elsewhere; and that nothing better than such a 'sense' deserves and corresponds to the term 'religion.'

In a recent paper on the religion of the Romans contributed to the 'Hibbert Journal,' * Mr. Warde Fowler has drawn attention to the difference in meaning between the Latin *religio* and the Latin *sacrum* (*sacer*). *Religio*, the writer says, always signifies a feeling—the sense of a supernatural or, say, at the lowest, a non-human power. The awe or fear which seized upon the early Roman settlers in Latium when they penetrated the dark and woody regions of that yet unknown land, a land under the protection of strange gods, and carved for themselves clearings out of the waste—this was essentially *religio*.† But when these gods had been placated and had been taken into the community and made a kind of citizens themselves, everything which touched their worship touched likewise the dignity of the State. That was *sacrum*, no longer chiefly a matter of feeling

* 'Religion and Citizenship in Early Rome.' 'Hibbert Journal.' July 1907.

† The picture which Mr. Fowler draws of these first Latin immigrants into Italy, and of the country which they found, recalls Tacitus's famous description of our German forefathers, of their dark and swampy country and of their religious awe before their groves, the 'secret presence' (*secretum illud*) they felt there, discerned by the eye of faith alone—*quod solâ reverentiâ vident.*

but of law. The teachings of Homer and Hesiod belong much rather to the second point of view. For when Æschylus and Sophocles wrote, Homer and Hesiod were already antique and sacred books; and their 'religio' is not absolutely that of the fifth century; though there is in the first plenty of 'religio' likewise, an abundant sense of divine presence and divine providence, expressed in passages which would not disgrace the beliefs of any people or any age. Such is Glaucus's prayer to Apollo: 'Hear me, O King who art somewhere in the rich 'plains of Lycia or of Troy, for everywhere canst thou hear a 'man in sorrow such as my sorrow is.' *

Yet there is about the action of the gods in Homer too little mystery to satisfy the religious sense of an Athenian at the date of our dramatists. All seems too natural and aboveboard. The gods are in character so like to men, that changes of fortune for mortals come rather from the limited powers of the divinities, or from their disputes among themselves. Zeus overrules; but not often by an act of individual will; he holds the scales of destiny to see whose fortune will kick the beam. The Greek drama therefore has in it more of religion than Homer in this sense, that it has more of the immanence and imminence of the supernatural.

The ceremonial origin of Greek tragedy is not a supremely important factor in its religiousness. First because that 'cere-'monial origin' means rather a satyric dance with chorus and chorus-leader than what we know as tragedy.† And secondly because, though the theatre at Athens was likewise a temple of Dionysus, it is only in a very few of the Greek tragedies that Dionysus or Dionysus's legend plays any part, whereas the cultus of Apollo is almost always conspicuous. The tragedy we know is in fact no longer distinctively ceremonial; it is 'literary' in the truest sense of the word, meant indeed to move 'through pity and terror,' in Aristotle's famous phrase; but meant too to interest, and in the same sort of way that fiction and drama interest us—as in truth were the miracle plays of the middle ages and certainly the moralities—by the plot, by the suspension of the *dénoûment*, the counter-action of men's characters; by, in a word, all the well-accredited tricks of the trade which must be understood and acted on in their fashion by the writers of detective stories or of melodrama, if they are to reach their public, as by the masters of fiction. Only because

* *Iliad*, xvi. 514–6.

† The etymology of tragedy (from τράγος, a goat) is a sufficient reminder of the fact.

their religiosity is mingled with their 'literature' do these plays come within our purview here.

The religiosity of the Greek drama lies much more in the whole atmosphere surrounding it than in the intention of any particular writer. It is in this wise conspicuously different from, say, the religious novel of modern days, from (to take an example which is in most men's minds) 'Il Santo' of Fogazzaro. Some of the plays are plays with a purpose—Æschylus's trilogy the 'Oresteia' has generally been recognised as such; but the purpose is to give a divine sanction to some disputable thing, never to preach abstractedly the idea of religion. The gods, in fact, are always assumed first of all. It would be far harder to prove that the dramas were always written to exalt the gods. Æschylus was accused of impiety; it was indeed rather impiety against the 'sacrum' than against 'religio,' because he had introduced the 'unnamed ones,' the Erinyes, upon the boards. He would from our point of view have deserved the charge much more for his 'Prometheus.' For here Zeus appears not so much the king as the tyrant of heaven; nay, as a tyrant whose rule is not eternal. And all our sympathies are with the 'friend of 'man' Prometheus, who is tortured for his humanity. It is true, we know but one-third of the whole; had we the rest of the trilogy, the Olympians might show in a more amiable light; for Zeus did at last (according to one version of the myth) send his son to unbind the fire-bringer. Sophocles again is generally reckoned eminently 'pious.' Yet what are we to make of that play (the 'Trachiniæ') which tells of the last agonies of the son of Zeus, Heracles, son of a god, forsaken, as it would seem, of his father; and of the words which almost close the scene, the words of Hyllus, Heracles' son, when he cries out that things, that the ways of the world, are indeed wretched for mortals but for the gods a disgrace?—

οἰκτρὰ μὲν ἡμῖν
αἰσχρὰ δ' ἐκείνοις.

In the 'Ajax' our author seems to be as much on the side of the martyr, and so by inference against the higher powers, as is Æschylus in the 'Prometheus.' But for good or evil Athene prevails. 'Seest thou how great is the strength of the gods?'

We must take in again the literary influence as a disturbing one. Nothing to a modern mind makes more difficult the task of determining what like was the Greek Providence, than the hugely important part which the Delphic oracle plays in most of these dramas; because it never seems clear whether the oracle is registering the inexorable decree of fate, or whether it issues

commands which may be obeyed or disobeyed. Apollo does himself say in one play (the 'Eumenides') that every word of his oracle is but the command of Zeus. But there are other pieces—all those of Sophocles, for instance, which concern 'Thebes' line'—where misfortunes are indeed prophesied by Apollo, but they rain down alike on the just and unjust. Some of these effects we are justified in laying to the score of literature. Nothing could lend itself more excellently to a 'plot,' especially the kind of plot which the Greeks liked, than the history of the gradual fulfilment of one of these oracles, in defiance of all the seeming contrary action of the characters. We know from Aristotle how highly this conflict—the irony of the situation—was appreciated by an Athenian public. The supreme example of it—the supreme example of art in drama—was reckoned the 'Œdipus Rex' of Sophocles, which opens with the second plague that has come upon Thebes (the Sphinx being the first) and the message received from Delphi that it will not be stayed till the death of Laïus the former king has been avenged. What the audience knows and Œdipus knows not is that he is himself the son of this Laïus; that he had as a child been exposed and brought up elsewhere, had killed Laïus (not knowing who he was nor yet meaning to slay) in a chance encounter; how, soon after coming to Thebes as a stranger, he had freed the city from its first terror by guessing the riddle of the Sphinx, had been elected to the vacant throne, and, all unconscious, had married Iocaste, the late king's widow, his own mother. All this the audience knows; one part of this the hero and victim of the plot dreams not of; that part has by slow steps to be revealed to him, first by Teiresias, the blind seer-king, whom Œdipus had sent for; he speaks unwillingly and in ambiguous words; and Œdipus detects only some plot between him and Creon. Anon a messenger comes from Corinth to say that Œdipus's putative father, the king of Corinth, is dead, and as it would seem to relieve him of the weight of terror that hung over him always. For another oracle had foretold to Œdipus long ago that he would do precisely what he did, namely, would kill his father and marry his mother. At last by a strange chain of circumstance, by the meeting of this messenger from Corinth, the very man who received Œdipus as a child, with the very shepherd who had been commissioned to expose him, all is made plain; the most heart-rending of tragedies is completed, when Iocaste goes into the palace and hangs herself, and Œdipus puts out his own eyes, praying men to banish him from the city.

Here is indeed a tale of horrors. Here is enough of fear and pity to furnish forth a legion of tragedies: here, too—to descend

to earth—is just the kind of suspense of interest which a Gaboriau knows how to handle, or any skilled writer of sensational novels. In fact the dialogue between the Corinthian messenger and the Theban shepherd has its close parallels in the cross-examinations of the 'trial scene' without which no sensational novel is complete. Now in an early state of society all audiences have in them a spice of cruelty. Though the Roman amphitheatre was a horror to the Greeks, one need not doubt that the public at a Greek theatre got a pleasure which was by no means 'purifica-'tion,' in watching how Fate or the gods played with mortals as a cat plays with a mouse.

'But what room is there for "religion" here?' it might be asked. Not much, no doubt, if we judge only by the thoughts of our time. Because beneficence not less than power is for us an attribute of the divine. But it would be absurd to suppose that the primary idea of a supernal being was the idea of beneficence. It was first of all the idea of power; and in the idea of power neither of the plays which we have cited, 'Prometheus' or 'Œdipus Rex,' is deficient; in neither is the supreme might of the gods called in question. Nor are the gods themselves ever left out of mind. In how many Greek dramas do we begin with an invocation or a religious rite! In this one, 'Œdipus 'Rex,' in the 'Choephori' of Æschylus, and in the 'Eumenides' too.

There are other plays which show the gods in a much more human, more amiable light. It would be impossible to examine the plots of all. Let us take two in which religion and patriotism are ingeniously interwoven, two plays by different authors, the 'Eumenides' of Æschylus, the 'Œdipus Coloneus' of Sophocles, plays not at first sight connected, and yet connected in a curious and interesting way.

Everyone knows generally the plot of that sequence of plays by Æschylus whereof the 'Agamemnon' is the first; that the first of the trilogy tells of the home-coming of the king of men from Troy, the fears of those guilty lovers, Clytemnestra and Ægisthus; of how the king is entrapped and slain (in his bath) by the queen. Then how in the 'Choephori,' the second of the series, the hero is Orestes, the son, who after long years has been sent by Apollo to avenge Agamemnon's death, not on Ægisthus alone, but on Orestes' own mother, Clytemnestra. Orestes slays them both. Then opens the third of the trilogy, the 'Eumenides,' in the temple of Apollo at Delphi, where Orestes has taken refuge, having been pursued thither by the avengers, the daughters of Night, the Erinyes. The Erinyes pursue Orestes to Athens; and he seeks safety once more at the shrine

of Athene. Athene herself will not judge the case. But she appoints the court of the Areopagus, the august 'upper house' of Athens, to be judges. Apollo pleads for the prisoner, the Erinyes plead for vengeance on the matricide; the court is divided; but Athene gives the casting vote for Orestes. And then she sets herself to the task of soothing the anger of the Furies, who henceforth become the Eumenides, the well-disposed, the tutelary goddesses of Athenian ground.

It is to their grove that in 'Œdipus Coloneus' the blind Œdipus comes, led by his daughter, Antigone. Œdipus, like Lear, has been maddened by his sufferings; now he is resigned. The chorus chant to him the most beautiful (perhaps) of all Greek chorus-chants in praise of the land to which he had come and of the grove sacred to those very beings who had expressed all the fury of vengeance and despair—

'a binding of souls, a lyreless chant, a dread to mortals.'

Such had they been, who are now the kind and tutelary though still awful goddesses of the place. And in the same spirit Œdipus's despair has softened down into the hope of finding a grave in Attica—no more. When Theseus, king of Athens, comes and protects Œdipus against those who would hale him back to Thebes, Œdipus invokes the blessing of Zeus on his protector; and against his son Polynices, who had driven him into exile, he appeals to the 'ancient goddess Justice, whose 'seat is by the throne of Zeus'; while the chorus, and as it were with confidence, call on Zeus and Athene and Artemis to sustain the just cause of Athens against the Thebans. Therefore is it clear that not all Œdipus's troubles nor the knowledge of them has shaken the belief in Providence of the king or of the chorus of old Athenian men. The last scene of the play is the most impressive possible. None but Theseus—not even Œdipus's daughters—is to know where the wanderer's body has its last home. So Œdipus and Theseus go apart. A messenger reports the end:

'After we had gone a little way apart we turned round, and we saw that the other had disappeared; and our king had his hand before his eyes as before something terrible that his sight could not endure. And anon we saw him bow down and prostrate himself, paying vows to earth and to Olympus the home of the gods.'

What shall we say, then, to these things? Is Œdipus's philosophy the philosophy of the Book of Job—that one of all the Hebrew scriptures which is the most like to a Greek play—wherein the outcome of all disputation seems to be that it is

useless arguing with the powers of heaven, who, after all, are there and are supreme ? A pusillanimous conclusion it would appear to many minds. But the effect of it is certainly not pusillanimous nor mean. Œdipus rises far above Lear in dignity, though not in pity ; just because his troubles come from the decrees of the gods or from fate : and he reconciles himself even to them in the end. So do all the characters—almost all. Even Heracles seems to, when he prays that his funeral fire may be lighted before agony unseal his lips once more ; but Heracles' dignity and resignation are far less great than Antigone's. 'Firmness of purpose,' says Hazlitt, 'and calmness of sentiment are the 'leading characteristics of the heroes and heroines of Greek drama. 'They act and suffer as if they were always in the presence of a 'higher power; or as if human life itself were a religious ceremony 'performed in honour of the gods and of the State.'

And if we look on these religious 'experiences' of Greek drama less subjectively, then we see that in the transformation (for example) of the Erinyes to the Eumenides we have almost precisely the change which Wordsworth describes at the end of his 'Ode to Duty' :

> 'Stern lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
> The Godhead's most benignant grace'

—a truth, no doubt, to the Greek conscience only half revealed and half concealed.

Apollo and Athene appear in Æschylus's play more than in any other the friends of humankind. The Erinyes taunt them as the 'young gods.' So that we have here somewhat of the notion of a New Dispensation, whereby the terrors of the Law are relaxed. But Athene at least speaks with no disrespect of the old. The Furies are 'the ancient wisdom'—*παλαιοφρονία*. Yet if belief thus advanced from its old austerity, and *φόβος* became more of awe and less of simple dread, they did not advance quick enough for the thought of the succeeding age. Thus it is that the religious drama in its purity dies with Sophocles. Humanitarianism drives it out.

For it is but a narrow view of things that will assert that religion and humanity are naturally allied. The contrary rather ; even as the cult of the ideal makes men naturally impatient of the actual ; though there may be a realistic art which is also idealist. It is for this reason and not from mere self-interest (as is supposed) that the aristocratic party in any State is found to be the upholder of religion. Because an aristocracy is necessarily somewhat idealist also. To Euripides it fell to illustrate the natural antagonism 'twixt religion and humanitarianism ;

he himself was by nature a pessimist with a most tender heart. His instincts were those of the democracy. And the clubmen of the type of Aristophanes hated him as bitterly as they hated democracy. They hated Socrates, too, who on his side never attended the theatre save when a play of Euripides took the stage.

All that was said a few pages back of the artistic side of the Greek dramas serves to suggest the distinction which lies between all drama and all fiction on the one hand, both of which presuppose an audience, and an audience which has claims, and such literature as is purely personal. Devotional literature is excluded from our purview. But there remains the literature which may be called didactic, that assumes a quite different attitude of the author towards his public. A good deal of Wordsworth's poetry is of this kind. In the case of the 'Ode 'to Duty,' a critic might hesitate whether to call it devotional or didactic. Very largely didactic too is a body of literature of the highest rank which is also narrative. But the narrative and the didactic elements seem to stand apart never fused; and it is in the didactic parts that religious influence is seen. Such is the greatest *constructed* epic which the world has seen, the 'Æneid'; such in varying degrees are the two epics more directly modelled on the 'Æneid,' the 'Gerusalemme Liberata' and 'Paradise Lost.' Such is a poem—not epic but half narrative—which stands apart from all these three—superior to all three—the 'Divina Commedia.' The difference between the religious element in Homer and the same in Virgil is very noticeable. Where the direct action of the gods occurs in the 'Æneid' we recognise it as mere imitation and are quite unconvinced. But all through the 'Æneid' we are conscious of a purpose behind the mere narrative, a didactic purpose which is also intensely religious. It permeates our minds almost unconsciously, and only when we have come to the end of the poem we realise how earnest has been our author, while recalling those later Romans of his time to the greatness and to all the countless troubles of their origin—'per tot discrimina rerum'—to ground the patriotism which he evokes on the basis of religion. As M. Boissier notes, the 'Æneid' is not so much the history of the planting of the Roman people in Italy (with which, in fact, Æneas had nought to do) as of the transplanting thither of their ancient gods.* Æneas is the ideal of the religious man, not

* 'Le dessein [de *l'Enéide*] n'a pas toujours été bien compris : il est pourtant facile à le saisir. Il suffit de réfléchir un moment pour reconnaître que le sujet de *l'Énéide* ne pouvait pas être l'arrivée

less ' pious ' in his relation to heaven than to his own kin, ready at once to sacrifice his love and ease when the word comes from Jove. In neither Tasso's nor Milton's poem is the same result so effectively achieved ; though it is sought in both (for it is no common arms but the ' religious arms ' of the Crusaders that the former sings), and in ' Paradise Lost ' it is much more evidently proposed. Of Dante's work it is needless to speak. It stands quite alone, the most religious of all works of literature and the most literary of all works of religion.

And as, passing rather outside the limits of our scheme, we have come down to Milton, it may be well to glance for a moment at those almost contemporaries of his, that band of religious lyrists who sang such individual strains in the days of Charles I. Of their poetry that which is strictly religious is devotional also ; and therefore would be excluded from our study. But they wrote much which was amorous likewise, and sometimes in their devotional poetry they mixed up a strain so like that of earthly love that their production has a character apart. They are indeed a race of belated troubadours. This is their general character. But they are by no means alike in their production. We may place Donne at the head of that fraternity. He, though in his secular verse one of the most sensuous, is in his religious numbers one of the most devotional, and the simplest and finest in his devotion. But Crashaw, with a chaster muse, is much more fantastical. Even the saintly Herbert runs to fantasy. Herrick keeps a high artistry in both kinds ; but is certainly less inspired in his religious verse. It skills not to dwell at length upon all the types of literature at which we have been glancing in this section ; but, in order to keep our inquiry within some bounds, to undertake a more fruitful comparison between the Greek drama and our great drama of the Elizabethan age.

It is a very obvious, though not impertinent, reflection that our modern drama or fiction, so far as descent goes, draws its marrow much more from Greek comedy than Greek tragedy. Modern fiction does so very evidently. For all our novels of character and manners are more or less derived from one great archetype—' Don Quixote.' And the foundation of ' Don ' Quixote '—howsoever noble and varied the structure which Cervantes raised thereon, the foundation is certainly what may be called Pantagruelism, that admixture of satire and horseplay which Rabelais derived from the Roman scene, as it from the

en Italie et le triomphe d'une race étrangère, mais seulement l'introduction de quelques dieux nouveaux.'—G. Boissier, ' La Religion Romaine d'Auguste aux Antonins,' vol. i. p. 234.

Greek. At either end of the chain stand two men of high genius and wide-reaching influence, Aristophanes and Cervantes; and lesser men form the links between them. In that the Elizabethan drama was very obviously meant essentially to interest and amuse, it is first cousin to this fiction, and in all this far remote from Greek drama. We realise this best when after looking at the motley display of intellectual wares preserved in Henslowe's 'Diary'—comedy, tragedy, farce elbowing one another and all at the choice of this ignorant manager who spells Caesar 'Seaser'—we let our minds go back to the ceremonies which attended the performance of a Greek tragedy, the sacrifices which preceded it, the oath which the archon administered to the judges who were to award the prize. Yet literature itself is greater than any tradition, and unbound by the trappings of circumstance. Elizabethan tragedy at its best is so immense, so apt to stand side by side with the Greek in other particulars, that the difference between the two sorts in one particular, the comparative absence from our drama of the religious element, must needs impress the studious. No example of the difference could be better chosen than 'Lear.' There is a good deal alike in the presentment of Shakespeare's dethroned king upon the one hand, and Sophocles' Œdipus upon the other. Lear is much the more affecting figure, the more pitiable. His wrongs are more poignant, because they come not from fate but from his own children. His sufferings are more terrible. But he could never have been presented on a Greek stage, because to their eyes it would have seemed, and to our eyes must partly seem, that in the picture human nature is degraded. By this comparison and contrast we realise again the truth of what Hazlitt says, that throughout all his sufferings the Greek hero acts as if he were in the presence of the gods; and we see here too some sort of a refutation of the charge of pusillanimity brought against the religious attitude of the early Greek drama, though *prima facie* it might seem grounded. It is not so, we have already said, in its effects. Just because Œdipus feels himself struck by powers above human, does he preserve the reason and the dignity which Lear lacks. After all, then, the *φόβος* of Aristotle is not mere fear; *such* a man might feel before the 'out, vile jelly' of Cornwall, or the fiendish malice of Iago, not before the shrine at Delphi.

So much for the general aspect of the two dramas; but there is more behind. It will be urged naturally enough that one reason why the religious element is left out of Shakespeare's plays and his contemporaries' lies in this—that secular things and religious had been now much more separated than they were

in the ancient world ; there was a division of labour. Undoubtedly this is a *vera causa*, a very effective one ; but it reaches further than the argument. The profession of actor was anathema to the early Christians ; it was never reconciled to the Church, not though in the miracle plays monks and priests became themselves actors. Thus the position of the playwright as of the actor was the antithesis of that of a Greek tragedian. He was not alone wholly secular, but was in a sense anti-clerical or anti-religious, as the case might be. None of the Elizabethan dramatists refuse to represent holy men and devout women ; Friar Laurence, in ' Romeo and Juliet,' has his counterpart or parallel in Friar Bonaventura in Ford's ' 'Tis Pity she's a Whore ' ; the martyred Duchess in ' Vittoria Corombona ' is a model of piety and devotion. But, taken for all in all, Shakespeare's attitude towards religion is certainly enigmatical, that of most of the remaining dramatists inclining rather to negation. How strange, for instance, in that most beautiful and most famous speech of Lear :

> ' Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
> That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,' etc.

how strangely sounds the end,

> ' Take physic, pomp ;
> Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
> That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
> And show the heavens more just.'

And if it be said that we have admitted that there are the same kind of enigmas and contradictions to be gleaned from the speeches in the Greek drama, we answer ' Yes ; but in the Greek ' religion there was no theology such as there is in the Christian ' Faith.' Hamlet is the character of Shakespeare whom we at once think of in comparison with Orestes. The comparison has been often drawn. But if their destinies were alike, how strongly does the perpetual scepticism of the former contrast with the only-for-a-moment hesitating faith of Orestes and obedience to Apollo's oracle : though his task, the killing of his mother along with his mother's seducer, was far more terrible than Hamlet's ! And we fall back for evidence on that piece of evidence which was cited at the beginning, that in the cases of appeal to the heavenly powers it matters not whether the scene be placed in heathen or in Christian times ; the pagans invoke ' heaven ' and the Christians now and again invoke ' Jove ' ; and there is as much and the same kind of religiosity in one as in the other. This is of course the crux of the difficulty. There

is no distinct 'historic sense' in Shakespeare; but ever since the revival of learning, pagan mythologies, pagan religions were familiar to cultivated minds; the more earnest and cultivated souls—unconsciously or not—really adopted some of the tenets of paganism, which often became a secondary religion for the literary, as the theology of Christendom was more and more reckoned the concern of a section of society; the 'division of 'labour' having carried things thus far. In Milton himself one sees a curious contest between his classicism and his piety. Now he invoked some goddess of paganism; anon he tells the being he has prayed to that she is an 'empty dream.' And generally this attitude of mind has become so common in the modern world, that even scholars grow into the habit of attributing to the ancients a kind of dilettantism in belief which is the child of their own minds. Shakespeare, who knew all things, knew the differences between paganism and Christianity not less well than he appreciated the difference in his own creed betwixt the Old and the New Dispensation. *That* he has expressed fully in two tremendous lines:

> Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
> Shylock. What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?

That incomparable speech of Portia's on the quality of mercy; the gentle characters of a Friar Laurence, the 'holy Gonzalo, 'honourable man' * (whose last words in the play are 'Be it 'so! Amen!')—a dozen other such prefigure the 'Christian 'graces.' A bishop—Dr. Wordsworth, the Bishop of St. Andrews—has written a book to display Shakespeare's familiarity with the Scriptures. But against these evidences of knowledge and of sympathy we have to set such a speech as that of the Duke of Vienna † to Claudio when he has come to prepare him for death: a most strange speech for a supposed friar; for it contains not one word of the ordinary consolations of religion, and is merely a declamation on the worthlessness of life. That speech contains these lines:

> 'Thou hast nor youth nor age,
> But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
> Dreaming on both——'

which at once lead on our thoughts to a still more famous passage of Shakespeare—perhaps the most famous in all Shakespeare—wherein not Prospero alone but Prospero's creator seems to be

* In 'The Tempest.'

† In 'Measure for Measure.'

taking leave of us. Surely it is only our familiarity with those words or their beauty that hides from us their supreme sadness :

> ' We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on ; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep—— '

And we have been told a line or two before how our world and ' *all which it inherit* shall dissolve, and . . . Leave not a rack ' behind.' *

This negation is all the more remarkable that it is precisely in eschatology that the Christian creed is so much richer than the pagan creeds. And from an artistic point of view the Elizabethans fully appreciated the wealth of material which this eschatology put in their hands. Their indifference or negativeness on what we may call the purely religious side of their belief contrasts with their alertness to its æsthetic side. Though the Duke in ' Measure for Measure,' for all he is in the guise of a Friar, can find for Claudio condemned to death no better consolations than the emptiness of life, not half so good as Lucretius had found for mankind, yet the notion of Purgatory comes in very effectively in Hamlet, with the picture of the elder Hamlet constrained ' to fast in fires ' because Death had surprised him ' unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled.'

In one play of this vast Elizabethan stage, this aspect of religion enters with tremendous effect. Marlowe's ' Dr. ' Faustus ' cannot in any sense be cited as an example of the non-religiousness of the Elizabethan drama ; it must rather be taken as the exception which proves the rule for which we have been contending. It proves at least that a Greek-like drama was not excluded by the peculiar traditions of the more modern theatre. ' Faustus ' is in certain particulars liker to a Greek play than any other original one of later times. And whether we judge it by the magnificent flow of the verse or by the tragic intensity of its ending, we must confess it one of the master-

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* Compare Lucretius.

> Principio maria ac terras caelumque tuere :
> Quorum naturam triplicem, tria corpora (Memmi)
> Tres species tam dissimiles, tria talia texta,
> Una dies dabit exitio, multosque per annos
> Sustentata ruet moles et machina mundi.
> ' De Rerum Natura,' v. 92–5.

Or again,

> Mutat enim mundi naturam totius aetas,
> Ex alioque alius status excipere omnia debet ;
> Nec manet ulla sui similis res. Omnia migrant.
> Omnia commutat Natura et vertere cogit. *Ibid.* v. 825–8.

But here things only change : there is still a rack behind.

pieces of its age. Alas! among Marlowe's work it stands alone. The versification of 'Edward II.' is very good, and the poet has dealt very ingeniously and naturally with his historical material. But it—'Edward II.'—nowhere approaches 'Faustus.' For 'The Jew of Malta' and 'Tamburlaine,' they are hardly to be spoken of at the same time. Beautiful passages abound in 'Faustus.' That about the 'topless towers of Ilium' is in everyone's memory. That in which Mephistopheles explains how, whoso has once tasted the bliss of heaven is everywhere else in hell, is perhaps the most distinctly religious to be met with in any Elizabethan poet. But it is at its very end that 'Faustus' becomes almost unbearably great and terrible. The introduction of the three scholars who are *all-but* ready to watch with their master even to his last agonising encounter with the fiends is a touch of skilful tenderness which heightens the horror of Faustus' final moments. When they are persuaded to leave him, we are reminded of how Œdipus dismissed Antigone and Ismene before his last passion. But Œdipus's end, though awe-inspiring, is not fearsome, gentle rather in its mystery. There was nothing in the Greek mythology of the Underworld which lent itself to such a tragedy as 'Faustus.'

> 'Ah, Faustus,
> Now hast thou but one last hour to live,
> And then must thou be damned perpetually.
> Stand still, you ever moving spheres of heaven,
> That time may cease, and midnight never come.
> Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make
> Perpetual day: or let this hour be but
> A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
> That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
> *O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!*
> . . . . . .
> O it strikes, it strikes.* Now, body, turn to air
> Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.'

And last of all, to soften a little our horror and give the piece the high dignity of classic drama, we have the words with which the chorus closes the scene:

> 'Cut is the branch that might have grown so straight,
> And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,' &c.

If Marlowe had always occupied himself with themes as great as this and treated them as greatly, he would have stood to Shakespeare more nearly in the relationship in which Æschylus stands to Sophocles.

One can hardly imagine these terrors to be mere 'artistry';

* Midnight.

though Marlowe was accused of being himself an atheist. He was without doubt something of a ruffian. He is credited with many vices and the open profession of the most disgraceful ones; to this legend the play 'Edward II.' gives some countenance. Marston was also said to be an atheist; he was a pessimist, but with a pleasant vein of humour and quite legitimate satire. He does not seem to have been either more or less unreligious than the most of his contemporaries and colleagues. With Ben Jonson the religious question does not arise; his tragedies are all classical, and he was so much of an antiquary and a scholar that he never spoke outside 'his book.' The impression which a great number of the lesser dramatists give us is on the whole disagreeable. Lamb and his set (Elia the most whole-heartedly, Hazlitt with much more reserve) set themselves the quite worthy task of resuscitating these lesser dramatists, and in their enthusiasm painted over all their most ugly features. The resuscitation was worth while, for the sake of many purple passages—of which these revivers made the most.* But the charm of all these plays, in which poetic drama shows itself (almost for the last time) a vital thing, cannot hide from us the perversity or even perversion of taste in the authors, in the choice of their plots, in the drawing of their characters. An air of murderous villainy, of horrible vice blows through such works as 'Vittoria Corombona,' 'The Duchess of Malfi,' 'The Maid's 'Tragedy,' ''Tis Pity she's a Whore,' for which it is a poor excuse to say that they were founded on Italian stories. In the midst of all these horrors (which are poles apart from the fine tragedy of the finest Greeks or even from the pessimist sorrows of Euripides) it would perhaps be unnatural to expect a sense of the supernatural or divine. We scarcely get it. There is a little touch of softness and Christian devotion (as has been said) in the Duchess Isabella in 'Vittoria.' On the other hand Antonio the hero in 'The Duchess of Malfi' seems rather atheistically inclined, and no religious gleam softens the inhuman sufferings of the Duchess. From all this band the gentle Heywood stands out as an exception. In him in 'A Woman killed with Kindness' we do at any rate get the softer emotions, lit up by the gleams of a religion natural to the characters and the time.

Taking, then, the Elizabethan drama as a whole, making abstract of that single play 'Faustus,' letting our minds travel through its varied and splendid scenes, its world of characters,

* The much praised 'Cover her face. Mine eyes dazzle. She died young' ('Duchess of Malfi') has always seemed to the present writer much over-praised; and the trial scene of 'Vittoria,' though effective, by no means such a masterpiece as it appeared to Hazlitt.

and then, when we have done that, letting our thoughts rest upon the finest Greek tragedy, the religiosity of this last does certainly stand out by contrast in startling clearness. If we were to use a common misnomer of to-day and employ the word ' pagan ' as a synonym for irreligious or non-religious, then certainly by comparison we should have to call our drama the pagan drama. Nor is this difference (it has been said) adequately accounted for by a mere difference in origin and tradition of the two stages. For tragedy, at least, which summons up all the deeper feelings of the mind and soul, must, if it is of any worth, over-ride such distinctions.

There is another English drama which, if we measure it by its form and as one may say the form of its content, seems to come nearer still to the Greek religious drama, and no one ' will look ' that we should name it,' for inevitably ' Samson Agonistes ' will already have risen to the mind of the reader. Of the splendid poetry which ' Samson Agonistes ' contains there can be no question. It is, too, founded on a religious theme just after the Greek manner : that is to say, an historical or mythic-historical episode in which the action of the deity is evident. All this the drama has, and the end of it is very impressive, almost stupendous. Its fault is that it is too near its prototype. It was written in Milton's old age, and yet it is something like a glorified school essay. This takes away from ' Samson ' a claim to stand very high—very conspicuously—as a type of the religious in literature. Take, for instance, the dialogue between Manoah and the messenger in the last scene—is not that too like the prototype ? Or out of the passage choose that section which lies between the line :

' What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound ? '

and

' O lastly over-strong against thyself ! '

or out of that section take the last quoted line merely. No one who was so set upon making a ' colourable imitation ' could have been possessed by his subject in such style as would make his work a fair example for *our* purpose.

And what is true of ' Samson Agonistes ' is much more true of the classic French drama. This is undoubtedly not sincere : though as a type of art the French classic drama is more of its own nature than that special Miltonic work we are speaking of. In ' Athalie ' we have a subject which, like ' Samson Agonistes,' lends itself to and receives a treatment absolutely in the Greek manner—a story from the Bible which is as heroic as those furnished by the quasi-religious traditions of Greek history. But

it is not possible to look upon this stage as presenting anything else than a highly ingenious imitation of an infinitely greater model. It is in fact pinchbeck; though much care and skill have gone to the manufacture of it; through lapse of time it has gained a certain historic charm, such as perhaps have articles in actual pinchbeck. These last are coming now a good deal into the fashion—a rather characteristic movement of modern taste.

To find, indeed, a play highly original, designed for the boards, and in its religious element more nearly approaching the Greek model than any other which may be named, we shall have to descend very far the stream of time; the example will seem startling to many, yet without hesitation we select Tolstoi's 'Powers of Darkness' as such a play. Its almost accidental origin—for it is said it was written only for some village theatre—takes away nothing from the significance of this work. The importance of 'The Powers of Darkness' lies almost wholly in this—that the supernatural seems once more to brood over the scene. The story is of rude peasant life, and the plot what our reviewers are wont to call sordid. An old peasant, well-to-do, with land and a bit of money put by (Peter the name of him), is married to a much younger, and second, wife, Anicia, and the wife (who is some thirty years) has taken for her lover a handsome young labourer Nikita. Nikita when he worked on the railway had seduced an orphan girl Maria (Marinka) who used to cook for the navvies. And at the opening of the play the one god-fearing person of the story, Akim, Nikita's father, has heard of this, and is come over to make his son marry the girl. Akim is an extraordinary study but absolutely characteristic: a creation not so much typical of Tolstoi, though wholly 'created,' as of all the great modern school of Russian fiction.* He is confused in mind and speech, but completely governed by his sense of right. Matriona, the mother, is the exact opposite: a woman capable of any villainy and fit for any intrigue, quite aware already of that between her son and Anicia, and quite approving, as she means Anicia to get rid of her husband, if he will not die quickly enough, and to marry Nikita. There are besides two daughters in the house, one (Akulina) by Peter's first wife, about sixteen, and another Anicia's daughter, Aniatka (little Anicia), aged ten. A mechanical device aids the impressiveness of the play—the presence of the ikon in one corner of the scene, before which each person on entering crosses himself, the pious Akim and the infamous Matriona alike, to which, in the most impressive

* Dostoievsky's Idiot in the novel 'L'Idiot' is a character made after the same pattern.

moment of Act I., Nikita turns when he swears that he has done Maria no wrong; a thing unmoved, Delphic, imminent. Nikita is left alone. 'It seemed strange taking that oath before the 'ikon; I didn't like it.' And then he tries to bluster it out. One remembers Rip van Winkle among the silent giants of the Catskills, as Jefferson used to present him.

Matriona goes on with her schemes, Anicia with her intrigue. Peter has been plied with powders but he won't die yet; to-day (it is the second act) he will certainly go, and he has never told them where he has hidden his money. Worse, he has sent for his sister Marfa (Martha) as if, secretly aware of his wife's treachery, he were going to hand it over to Martha. Matriona, affectionately busy, has felt the money on him. But Martha may be on the way. Another powder is put in the tea, and the business is done. With great skill Matriona contrives that Nikita shall hide the money, for, as the wife dare not confess how she got it, Nikita is now the master. Crime follows crime. In the third act Anicia has already been displaced; Akulina is mistress—mistress of Nikita, who lets her give herself the airs of proprietorship also, as Peter's eldest child, and she boldly accuses her stepmother of murdering her father. But in Act IV. Akulina's day is evidently over, for the bargain for her engagement has been struck—she is to have a good bit of money. Only Akulina cannot be present at her own betrothal. For—only those of the household know it—she has been brought to bed of a child; she is there in the now unused summer house.* What is more, the child must be got rid of. In a scene too gruesome to be put on any English stage—for aught we know in any Russian theatre †—the women drug and persuade Nikita to the act: the child is buried in the cellar. All these crimes we note are committed off the scene, not in mere imitation of the classic drama, but because the morale of the piece demands such a treatment.

Then comes the *dénoûment*. The ikon, the heavenly powers, have waited, but they have not gone to sleep. Vengeance is at hand; but vengeance fashioned after a Christian not a pagan ideal. The late-awakened conscience, not the snaky-locked Erinyes. At the last moment, while Akulina's wedding-feast is actually going on, Nikita repents and makes confession. He had gone out into the farmyard; he meditates hanging himself;

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* That is, a house used only in summer; for the better kind of peasants have a winter and a summer house. Not therefore to be confounded with our summerhouse.

† For Tolstoi seems to have written later an alternative scene.

his mother and his wife come out to force him to rejoin the company and as Akulina's stepfather give her his blessing. A chance word of the farm-servant shows him what he is to do. He does return indoors, but it is to fall upon his knees and avow his crimes to each and to all, to implore pardon of each in turn—of Marinka, of Akulina—taking on himself the murder of Peter as well as of the child. Punishment of course will follow; he is led out with his arms tied behind him; but the repentance overweighs the terror of punishment. The police officer (*uriadnik*), one of the guests, had tried to stop Nikita's confession till he could take notes. 'A man's soul is repenting,' says Akim, 'and you talk about papers.' This is of a morality far higher than the Greek; but there is a resemblance in every part. Akim is in his fashion a sort of confused prophet of the Lord, a Teiresias or Amphiaraüs in peasant guise; nay, was not the Pythoness confused also? Retrospectively 'The Powers of 'Darkness,' rightly understood, throws an illumination on the Greek drama. It is only with vast difficulty and by a supreme strain on the imagination that we can in any wise put ourselves in the attitude of an audience in the theatre of Dionysus; failing that effort, the Greek play remains not much more than a thing of beauty. But he must be compounded of strange stuff who gains no 'purification,' no *κάθαρσις* from the pity and the terror of 'The Powers of Darkness.'

The German renaissance came two centuries behind ours. We might proudly boast of having played toward it something of the part which Greece played to the literature of Rome. It must be in honesty confessed that it achieved much less than our golden age. No vitality has remained in the Shakespearean tradition in any land. All our greatest poets have tried their hands at the orthodox blank verse play. Not one of them would have lived by his achievement in that kind; not by 'Manfred,' nor 'The 'Cenci,' nor 'Queen Mary,' nor 'Strafford,' nor 'Chastelard'; though the first and the last come as near as may be to the greatness of true inspiration and original work. In Germany, as with us, the tradition continues, and excellent work is the outcome. Only as we write has a play ('Attila') been recently put on the boards of His Majesty's which is well worth the attention of the town. Von Wildenbruch in Germany writes pieces of not inferior merit. But not the greatest in this kind there or here, not 'Tasso' nor 'Wilhelm Tell' nor 'Wallenstein,' is great enough. 'Faust' is the one incomparable production of this German renaissance; but a great mass, too, of lyric poetry of very high value; and that

special production of Germany, the half-fantastic romance, the most direct parent of what we to-day call the symbolic romance or play. And if it was less great than our greatest period, the German renaissance has had no equal since. Alongside of the purely literary movement in the German renaissance come the writings of the philosophers; in this field at least Germany stands supreme. The pure philosophy of the metaphysicians naturally for the general contained and led to a philosophy of religion; or a philosophy of morals closely allied thereto; under the influence of which almost all the literature of that age matured. It hangs over their lightest lyrics, it deeply overshadows Heine, and constitutes the essential difference betwixt our greatest literature and theirs. The German brooding spirit is everywhere; and Goethe's 'Faust,' instead of being, like what Elizabethan play you will, a single piece thrown off (with however much of tears and sweat) at one particular time, is in the two parts of it almost the work of a lifetime. With the first part, despite its unspeakable beauties and essential originality of plot, it is difficult not to feel a grain of irritation, in that it undertakes to rewrite what Marlowe has written so splendidly. To the second part no such reproach belongs; and though it has certainly elements of obscurity, the second part even surpasses the first in lyrical beauty. It is at once the prototype and the finest example of all 'symbolic' writing, as Adam was the goodliest of men since born his sons. In the second part of 'Faust,' as in the second part of 'Wilhelm Meister' (his greatest prose work), Goethe utters his maturest religious convictions: convictions which have gone through the crucible of philosophy and are not vague and one might say amorphous as are the philosophisings of our Elizabethan dramas, even the philosophisings of Hamlet or of Prospero. It is very instructive to compare with the famous 'cloud-capped towers' passage in 'The 'Tempest' (which was doubtless in Goethe's mind) the concluding stanza of the second part of 'Faust:'

'Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichniss;
Das Unzulängliche
Hier wird's Ereigniss.

Das Unbeschreibliche
Hier ist's gethan;
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan.' *

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* 'All things transitory
But as symbols are sent;
Earth's insufficiency
Here grows to Event:

The Indescribable
Here it is done;
The Woman-Soul leadeth us
Upward and on.'

Such is Bayard Taylor's rendering—a rather terrible one.

This same philosophy of religion, crystallised into 'symbolism,' passed over to us, both through direct literary influence and through the influence of the time-spirit. It flamed up in Carlyle, whose writings (generally treated as 'sceptical' in his age) are in fact saturated with a sense of the supernatural. In the more distinctly objective fashion of fiction it produced the philosophical religious poetry of the Lake school. Then, again, through Coleridge, it set the Broad Church movement going, and that movement was fruitful in novels or romances, in most of which the didactic quite over-rode the creative element, so that they are deservedly forgotten. Frederick Denison Maurice wrote a novel, though probably not many people are aware of the fact to-day. The only works of this school which have any claim to immortality are Kingsley's. But as in Kingsley practical qualities (including a certain quite genuine projective imagination) were out of all proportion to the reflective, he, like Thomas Hughes, should only be reckoned an acolyte or lay member of the new creed. The opposition Tractarian Movement—that, too, had its exponents in fiction; Miss Sewell's 'Laneton Parsonage,' once a celebrated book, and the writings of Charlotte M. Yonge, which have their own merits. As examples of religion in literature they are, indeed, almost of no value; Miss Yonge had no touch of that prophetic fire which glows in Carlyle. She was probably incapable of seizing the inwardness of any religious movement. She had a limited imagination of a curious strength and clearness, and she had the courage or the fortune, before her generation, to set herself to the writing of a purely realistic fiction. To the grown man her small-beer chronicles are no doubt wearisome; for like Browning's Clément Marot her experience of life was but narrow; probably in these impatient days Charlotte Yonge would find few readers even among girls. Yet within her range she is, without knowing it, a sort of child of Balzac, a sort of poor cousin of Flaubert.

A much more important book than any of Miss Yonge's is 'John Inglesant.' But it is so far apart from such a work as 'The Powers of Darkness' that one feels some hesitation in including it in our category. For according to the criterion we have adopted religion exists in literature whenever the action of supernatural powers is implied or assumed. But though 'John Inglesant' is an excellent study of a certain type of religious character, it might have been written by a complete sceptic; the religious element is so essentially subjective. We know of course that J. Henry Shorthouse was not a sceptic. Some strange kinship of nature, what one might fancy some emergent

atavism, set vibrating in his mind emotions almost exactly like those of the religious (or, if there were but such a word, like the religiac) poets of the seventeenth century. He therefore chose absolutely rightly for the scene of his great novel. That union of art, of an emotion which was half artistic, with religion that breathes in such lines as these of Crashaw's :

> ' Thawing crystals, snowy hills
> Still spending, never spent. I mean
> Thy sweet eyes, fair Magdalene,'

is precisely the spirit which breathes through Shorthouse's work ; yet the prose is so admirable that it produces somewhat the effect of a long-drawn-out poem. Similar in type but to our judgement inferior in merit, as it is likewise later in date, is Pater's ' Marius the Epicurean.' But here the religion is, if possible, still more completely subjective (so far as the hero is concerned, and for the writer objective), so much a mere study, that it lacks vitality in itself and more distinctly a claim to be reckoned in our list. The same applies to the numerous novels in which Mrs. Humphry Ward has made studies of the effects of religion or of scepticism on this or that man's career (' Robert Elsmere ' and ' Helbeck of Bannisdale ' are the chief novels in this kind) ; besides that the writer's lack of creative imagination, and her attempt to make industry accomplish what can only be achieved by that, deny to her books an important place in literature.

Among recent works of fiction in which religion takes a prominent or a supreme place Fogazzaro's ' Il Santo,' from the interest which it has aroused, the attention it has attracted, demands a special notice. It does not stand alone in this *genre* ; several English novels could be cited more or less the same in kind, some of Dr. Barry's for example, and Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's. Tolstoi, too, has written a kind of fictional tracts very much with the same intention. This whole order of literature (and Fogazzaro taken as the type of it) comes very appropriately at the end of our article. For it makes a supreme contrast to that with which we began. In the earliest examples which we chose, the existence of the supreme powers is merely a primal fact which must be reckoned with in human destiny, an inscrutable fact, making maybe on the whole for righteousness, but acting in ways which cannot be criticised nor understood. In ' Il Santo,' as in most modern religious writings, the righteousness of heaven is never called in question ; but (and this, too, is a common trait) the existence of the supernal powers is made half-dependent, half unconsciously dependent, on the ' faith ' of the individual.

To labour this point would bring us too nearly within the radius of polemics. But we doubt not that whoever reads 'Il Santo' with attention must perceive that we are right. Indeed in common life one may frequently (in sermons and so forth) hear the immortality of the soul made dependent on the belief in the immortality of the soul, an exactly parallel train of ideas. On a close study this kind of theory will certainly be found running throughout 'Il Santo,' the effect of which is to render the book on the whole very unconvincing. Thus the divine mission of the Catholic Church seems to be dependent on the acceptance by the different personages of that mission; and so forth. And it is in somewhat a parallel spirit that Benedetto, the hero of this novel, seems constructed rather to imitate a saint of the Middle Ages than to put sainthood on as to the act born. One does not see why he should spend nights in prayer upon the lonely hill-side, or when banished to Jenne live in a cabin which was a kind of 'cave' (*cavo*)—like a monk of the Thebaïd—nor choose to die in a gardener's cottage rather than in the house of his host, save that medieval saints did these things. We guess (but with submission) that a modern saint, Catholic or Protestant, would rather be found working in the slums of some great town, that his mission would give him little time to think whether he slept in a room or in a cave; that he would die in harness; and that ten to one no one would, till he had gone, suspect the aureole that shone about his head. It must be said, too, that Jeanne has no place in this story, 'Il Santo'; save because 'Il Santo' is one of a trilogy along with 'Piccolo Mondo 'Antico,' and 'Piccolo Mondo Moderno' where Maironi's (the later Benedetto's) history and Jeanne's are naturally interwoven. Here, in 'Il Santo,' Maironi has passed out of all that; the love-passages read as pure artifice. But some of the lesser scenes of 'Il Santo,' the meeting at Selva's house, that other meeting in Guarnacio's house in Rome, where the two entering priests 'smell an odour of Luther,' are of rare excellence.

Art. IX.—THE AGRICULTURAL POSITION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

1. *Census of England and Wales*, 1901. General Report.
2. *Agricultural Statistics*, 1906. Vol. XLI. Parts I., II., and III. [Cd. 3281], [Cd. 3372], and [Cd. 3653].
3. *Statistical Abstracts of the United Kingdom*, from 1885 onwards.

With the commencement of the New Year the Small Holdings Act, 1907, has come into operation. Whatever its immediate results may be, it is at least certain that before a generation has passed vast changes in the condition of agricultural land in the United Kingdom will take place. Afforestation has for many years past been pressed upon successive Governments, and general satisfaction has been expressed with the decision of the present Government to take a step forward in this direction. Some 12,500 acres in Argyllshire, lying along the western side of Loch Awe, have been purchased, and the experiment will be watched with keen interest. Although many years must pass before a profitable return can be expected from the investment, it will at least be seen in a few years' time whether the experiment justifies a further developement of the scheme. Public attention has also of late concentrated itself upon the Canal question, and it is probable that the neglected waterways of the United Kingdom will soon become the means of benefiting both the manufacturing and the agricultural interests. Moreover, it is to be hoped that the example set by Mr. Keeble in West Norfolk may be followed by other wealthy and patriotic landowners. His success in erecting cottages, suitable for his selected tenants, at an average cost of about a hundred guineas, and the experiment of co-operation in the distribution of their agricultural produce, should prove of national benefit as an object-lesson. A more practical system of agricultural education in our rural schools, the institution and developement of land banks and agricultural co-operative societies, and, above all, the recognition by agriculturists and would-be agriculturists of the economic fact—that farming is a business that needs capital, in proportion to the size of the holding farmed, quite as much as any other business undertaking—will undoubtedly prevail widely in the course of the next few years. A survey of the developement of agriculture during the past generation shows that the present condition prevailing in the United Kingdom is full of hope for the future; and it is the purpose of this paper to dissipate some of the vague but loudly expressed alarm at the state of agricultural affairs, as

well as to place on record a condition that—both from the high pitch to which the cultivation of the soil has been carried and from the world-wide supremacy which British and Irish live stock have achieved—reflects credit upon the labours of the past generation, and affords ample encouragement to the rising generation to follow in their footsteps, with increased energy, renewed courage, and, it may be hoped, continued success.

We will first see how we stand as regards the fertility and cultivation of our soil under some of our chief crops.

Wheat, barley, oats and potatoes are largely grown throughout the British Empire. The United Kingdom, as a whole, is holding the lead in each of these crops.

Table showing the acreage, and estimated yield per acre, in 1905, *of wheat, barley, oats, and potatoes, in the United Kingdom, British India, and the Colonies.*

—	Wheat		Barley		Oats		Potatoes	
	Acres. Thousand	Yield per Acre in Bushels	Acres. Thousand	Yield per Acre in Bushels	Acres. Thousand	Yield per Acre in Bushels	Acres. Thousand	Yield per Acre in Tons
England . .	1,704	32·66	1,410	33·53	1,880	39·41	435	6·02
Wales . . .	44	26·59	91	30·88	208	33·87	29	5·57
Scotland . .	49	42·46	212	37·73	963	36·63	144	6·79
Great Britain .	1,797	32·78	1,713	33·91	3,051	38·16	608	6·18
Ireland . .	38	37·77	155	44·58	1,067	46·73	617	5·55
United Kingdom .	1,835	32·88	1,868	34·79	4,118	40·38	1,225	5·86
British India, including Native States	26,226	12·19	—	—	—	—	—	—
New South Wales	1,939	10·83	9·5	11·69	38·5	22·91	26	1·88
Victoria . .	2,071	11·31	41	25·25	312	23·19	45	2·58
South Australia .	1,757	11·47	26	19·27	57	15·26	9·5	2·13
West Australia .	195	11·76	4	13 51	16	18·07	2	2·94
Queensland . .	119	9 55	5	11·88	·5	10·99	7	1·58
Tasmania . .	41	18·93	5	17·44	43	28·05	29	2·26
Total, Commonwealth	6,122	11·23	90·5	20·7	467	22·45	118·5	2·26
New Zealand .	222	30·63	30	34·54	354	35·87	27	4·6
Ontario . .	986	21·82	773	31·42	2,668	39·56	132·5	2·9
New Brunswick .	21	19·29	4	23·59	187	29·32	37	3·97
Manitoba . .	2,644	21·09	432	32·52	1,031	44·11	26	4·93
Alberta . .	108	21·45	65	27·36	243	39·18	—	—
Saskatchewan .	1,130	23·1	33	27·12	450	42·70	—	—

It is satisfactory to see that in 1905 Scotland produced an estimated average yield of nearly 42½ bushels on the 49,000 acres under Wheat, that Ireland stood second in the list with a yield of over 37¾ bushels, that England stood third with 32⅔ bushels, whilst New Zealand came fourth, and alone of all the British Colonies produced over 30 bushels of wheat to the acre in that year. Wales, with an area under wheat of 44,000 acres, produced rather over 26½ bushels to the acre, and the newly formed Canadian province of Saskatchewan came next, with an average yield of just over 23 bushels to the acre. In Ontario the average yield of wheat was nearly 22 bushels; in Alberta it was just under 21½ bushels; and Manitoba—with an acreage of 2,644,000—produced an average yield of just over 21 bushels to the acre. In Tasmania, with an acreage under wheat rather less than that of Wales, the average yield was nearly 19 bushels; but in no other State of the Australian Commonwealth did the average yield quite equal 12 bushels, while in Queensland it was only just over 9½ bushels. The enormous acreage in British India (including the Native States) of 26,226,000 produced an average yield of over 12 bushels to the acre.

From the column headed Barley in the table, we see that Ireland had the highest yield per acre, exceeding 44½ bushels, Scotland came second with 37¾ bushels, New Zealand third with over 34½ bushels, and England fourth with just over 33½ bushels, beating Manitoba (32½) by a bushel an acre. Ontario, with an area under barley more than half the English acreage, was sixth in order, with nearly 31½ bushels, and Wales came next with rather less than 31 bushels to the acre. The two newly formed provinces of the Canadian Dominion, Alberta and Saskatchewan, each produced over 27 bushels to the acre. The Australian State, Victoria, produced nearly 26 bushels to the acre on 41,000 acres, and South Australia rather less than 20 bushels an acre on 26,000 acres. No other Australian State had an acreage of quite ten thousand acres—New South Wales standing highest with 9,500 acres, but yielding less than 11¾ bushels to the acre.

With Oats, also, Ireland headed the list in 1905, producing an average yield of 46¾ bushels on 1,067,000 acres; Manitoba, with an acreage rather less (1,031,000), yielded an average of just over 44 bushels; Saskatchewan, the neighbouring province, produced an average of 42¾ bushels, and Ontario stood fourth with an average yield of over 39½ bushels. England came fifth, with a yield of nearly 39½ bushels an acre on 1,880,000 acres, and was followed by Alberta, with an average yield of well over 39 bushels. Scotland came next with over 36½ bushels

on 963,000 acres, and New Zealand next, with nearly 36 bushels an acre, Wales being ninth on the list with an average yield of nearly 34 bushels.

With Potatoes, Scotland headed the list with an average yield of over 6¾ tons to the acre, England stood second with over 6 tons to the acre, Wales third with over 5½ tons, and Ireland fourth, also with a yield exceeding 5½ tons on an acreage (617,000) exceeding the combined acreage of Great Britain (608,000). Manitoba, with 26,000 acres, and New Zealand, with 27,000 acres, yielded nearly 5 tons and just over 4½ tons respectively.

The following table, in which Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan are grouped together under the heading of 'Prairie Provinces,' shows that the United Kingdom as a whole, compared with New Zealand, the Prairie Provinces of Canada, Ontario, or the Australian Commonwealth, easily holds its supremacy both in regard to total acreage under the four crops and in producing a greater yield per acre :

—	Area, in Thousand Acres, under				Total Acreage under the four Crops	Average Yield per Acre in			
						Bushels			Tons
	Wheat	Barley	Oats	Potatoes		Wheat	Barley	Oats	Potatoes
United Kingdom .	1,835	1,868	4,118	1,225	9,046	32·9	34·8	40·9	5·9
New Zealand . .	222	30	354	27	633	30·6	34·5	35·9	4·6
Prairie Provinces of Canada	3,882	530	1,724	26	6,162	21·7	31·6	32·1	4·9
Ontario . . .	986	773	2,668	132	4,559	21·8	31·4	39·6	2·9
Australian Commonwealth	6,122	91	467	118	6,798	11·2	20·7	22·4	2·3

New Zealand, with the smallest acreage of any of the divisions under comparison, stands second to the United Kingdom in her average yield of wheat and barley, but has to give place to Ontario in the average yield of oats, and to Manitoba (which alone of the Prairie Provinces has made a return of the acreage and yield) in respect of potatoes.

It will be seen that the total acreage under the four crops in the three Prairie Provinces of Canada is rapidly approaching that under these crops in the Australian Commonwealth.

It would have increased the interest of the two preceding tables had it been possible to include figures for the crops grown in the other provinces of Canada, and in the South African Colonies, but the returns are not yet available.

We will now deal with the decline since 1881 in the number

of male persons engaged in agriculture, as the Census Commissioners are unable to quote earlier figures owing to changes in the enumeration of the various orders.

Chief among the twenty-two orders in which the Commissioners classify the population of the United Kingdom stands that embracing those who are engaged in agriculture. Male persons comprised in this class are subdivided as follows: (1) farmers, graziers; (2) farmers' and graziers' sons, or other male relatives assisting in the work of the farm; (3) farm bailiffs, foremen; (4) shepherds; (5) agricultural labourers, farm servants; (6) domestic gardeners, gardeners (not domestic), nurserymen, seedsmen, florists; and (7) others—the whole number engaged in 1901 being 2,109,812, as against 2,249,756 in 1891, and 2,362,331 in 1881. The actual decrease in the number during the twenty years amounts to just over a quarter of a million, viz. 252,519, equal to a decline of 10·68 per cent. It is interesting to consider how this falling-off is apportioned among the various sub-heads.

Table showing the number of male farmers and graziers in the United Kingdom in 1881, 1891, *and* 1901.

Males. Thousands	1881	1891	1901	Decrease	
650				Total	Per cent.
600					
550					
Number	633,787	597,878	577,177	56,610	8·93

The male farmers and graziers have declined in number from 633,787 in 1881 to 577,177 in 1901, showing a total decrease of 56,610, or 8·93 per cent. The number of female farmers and graziers has risen from 87,267 in 1881 to 99,904 in 1901, a total increase of 12,637, or 14·48 per cent.

Table showing the number of farmers' and graziers' sons, and other male relatives 'assisting in the work of the farm.'

Thousand	1881	1891	1901	Increase	
300				Total	Per cent.
250					
Number	280,964	297,099	320,976	40,012	14·24

The sons and male relatives 'assisting on the farm' have risen from 280,964 in 1881 to 320,976 in 1901, an increase of 40,012, or 14·24 per cent. This increase of 40,012, added to the increase of 12,637 in the number of female farmers and graziers, makes a total of 52,649 more persons engaged in those two classes in 1901 than in 1881, and is nearly equal to the decrease of 56,610 in the number of male farmers and graziers.

Table showing the number of bailiffs and foremen engaged in agriculture in the United Kingdom in 1881, 1891, *and* 1901.

Thousand	1881	1891	1901	Increase	
30					
25				Total	Per cent.
20					
Number	23,001	23,577	29,165	6,164	26·79

Bailiffs and foremen have increased in number from 23,001 in 1881 to 29,165 in 1901, mainly in the latter decade, a total increase of 6,164, or 26·79 per cent. This, added to the increases in the numbers of female farmers and graziers and of farmers' sons and relatives working on their farms, more than equalises the fall in the number of male farmers and graziers.

Table showing the number of agricultural labourers and farm servants in the United Kingdom in 1881, 1891, *and* 1901.

Hundred Thousand	1881	1891	1901	Decrease	
12					
10				Total	Per cent.
8					
Number	1,192,725	1,072,059	869,728	322,997	27·08

Agricultural labourers and farm servants were fewer in 1901 by 322,997 than in 1881, a decrease of 27·08 per cent., or more than a fourth. But they have not left the farms to swell the ranks of the unemployed. They have gone to the towns to get better terms for their labour, and are largely enrolled in the ranks of carmen, carters, etc., who figure in Order VI. of the Census —more numerous by 533,000 than in 1881—and whose services are used in the 'conveyance of men, goods, and messages.'

Table showing the number of shepherds employed in the United Kingdom in 1881, 1891, *and* 1901.

Thousand	1881	1891	1901	Increase	
40				Total	Per cent.
35					
Number	39,893	38,010	40,470	577	1·44

From 39,893 in 1881 the shepherds have risen in number to 40,470 in 1901, an increase of only 577, or 1·44 per cent., but significant as it has occurred in the latter decade and followed upon a sharp fall in the period between 1881 and 1891.

Table showing the number of gardeners (domestic and not domestic), nurserymen, seedsmen, and florists in 1881, 1891, *and* 1901.

Thousand	1881	1891	1901	Increase	
250				Total	Per cent.
200					
150					
Number	168,846	199,014	239,689	70,843	41·95

The increase (70,843) in the number of gardeners is noticeable, being almost equal to a fourth of the total decline in the number of agricultural labourers and farm servants.

The remaining sub-head under 'Agriculture,' viz. 'Others,' comprises the (1) proprietors and attendants of agricultural machines (whose use has so largely caused the decline in the number of agricultural labourers), (2) woodmen, (3) thatchers, and others engaged in or connected with agriculture, but not given a separate 'heading' by the Census Commissioners.

Table showing the number of other males engaged in agriculture, and not enumerated in the previous tables.

Thousand	1881	1891	1901	Increase	
30				Total	Per cent.
25					
20					
Number	23,115	22,119	32,607	9,492	41·06

The percentage increase shown in the above table is considerable, viz. 41·06. The number of proprietors and attendants of agricultural machines increased in England and Wales from 4,675 in 1891 to 6,545 in 1901, or 40 per cent., and woodmen in England and Wales increased from 1891 to 1901 by 27·4 per cent.

Table comparing the increases and decreases in the seven sub-orders of males engaged in agriculture in the United Kingdom, enumerated at the Censuses of 1881 *and* 1901.

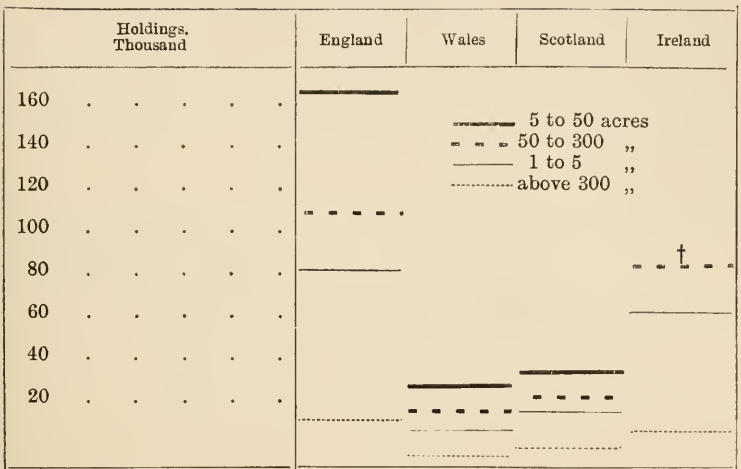
—	Total Increase	Per cent.	Total Decrease	Per cent.
1. Farmers, graziers . . .			56,610	8·93
2. Farmers' and graziers' sons, and other male relatives .	40,012	14·24		
3. Bailiffs, foremen . . .	6,164	26·79		
4. Agricultural labourers, and farm servants . . .			322,997	27·08
5. Shepherds	577	1·44		
6. Gardeners, nurserymen, seedsmen, florists . .	70,843	41·95		
7. Others engaged . . .	9,492	41·06		
Totals	127,088		379,607	

From the above table we see at a glance that the total increase of 127,088 males, employed in five of the sub-orders enumerated under 'agriculture' in 1901 over the number enumerated in 1881, was less than the total decrease in the other two sub-orders (379,607) by 252,519. We have pointed out that there was an increase of 12,637 in the number of female farmers and graziers during the twenty years. There was also an increase of 2,090 in number of females enumerated under sub-order 6, viz. from 3,704 in 1881 to 5,794 in 1901. But there was a decrease of 74,636 in the number of females enumerated under sub-order 4, viz. from 120,442 in 1881 to 45,806 in 1901. Probably the larger part of this decrease is due to the lessened employment of women in the fields, and must be regarded as an advantage to the State.

As the Small Holdings Act gets into working order, and, under its provisions, men gradually prosper and develope into small farmers, the class that has declined in twenty years by more than 56,000 will be recruited, and it is only reasonable to hope that in another twenty years' time there may be a substantial increase shown in place of the existing decrease.

Intensive cultivation will rapidly add to the numbers of Class 6, and as afforestation makes headway the numbers of skilled woodmen and foresters will form an appreciable body in the agricultural community.

Chart showing the number of holdings in England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, in* 1906, *ranging from* 1 *to* 5 *acres,* 5 *to* 50 *acres,* 50 *to* 300 *acres, and over* 300 *acres in extent, and the total number of holdings in each country.*



	England	Wales	Scotland	Ireland
Holdings above 300 Acres .	14,711	411	2,706	9,572*
50 to 300	109,736	18,022	23,123	80,564*†
5 to 50	166,017	31,713	34,645	363,541*
1 to 5	80,917	10,279	18,553	62,126*
Total Number of Holdings .	371,381	60,425	79,027	515,803*

* The figures for Ireland are for the year 1905. Space will not allow of the line being shown to indicate the number of holdings (363,541) in Ireland ranging from 5 to 50 acres. The line would appear at more than twice the height of the line showing the same size holdings in England.

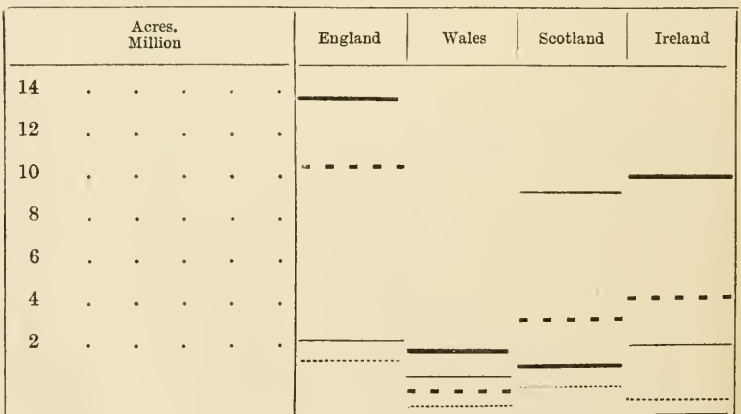
† Holdings from 50 to 200 acres in Ireland.

The total number of holdings in England in 1906 was 371,381, of which 166,017, or 44·7 per cent., were between 5 and 50 acres in size. Of holdings between 50 and 300 acres in extent there were 109,736, or 29·5 per cent. of the total number. Small holdings between 1 and 5 acres numbered 80,917, or 21·8 per cent.; and holdings of above 300 acres numbered 14,711, or 4 per cent. of the total number.

In each of the other divisions of the United Kingdom the number of holdings from 5 to 50 acres in size stood highest, and in Wales and Scotland the holdings from 50 to 300 acres stood second. In each country the very small holdings of from one to five acres came third.

The number of holdings in Ireland between 5 and 50 acres (363,541) almost equals the total number of holdings in England (371,381) exceeding one acre. Ireland is essentially the country of small holdings, having 62,126 holdings between 1 and 5 acres, and 78,000 under one acre. We have seen that Ireland stands first in order of productiveness per acre of barley and of oats, second in respect of wheat, and fourth in respect of potatoes. This result speaks well in favour of small holdings, and shows that Ireland is not in all respects the poor, distressful country that she is so often represented to be.

Chart showing the acreage in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland of the land used as (1) *pasture* (*solid thick line*), (2) *arable* (*broken thick line*), (3) *mountain and heath grazing land* (*solid thin line*), *and* (4) *woods and plantations* (*broken thin line*) *in* 1906.



	England	Wales	Scotland	Ireland
Total land area	32·382	4·749	19·070	20·711
Pasture	13·817	1·988	1·440	10·174
Arable	10·783	·806	3·433	4·630
Mountain and heath grazing	2·371	1·288	9·089	2·245
Woods and plantations *	1·716	·184	·868	·307

* Figures for 1905. See p. 6 and p. 70 of Cd. 3281.

The total land area of England is 32,382,000 acres. Nearly fourteen million acres are under pasture, more than ten and three-quarter million acres are arable, more than two and a quarter million acres of mountain and heath land are used for grazing, and nearly one and three-quarter million acres are covered with woods and plantations.

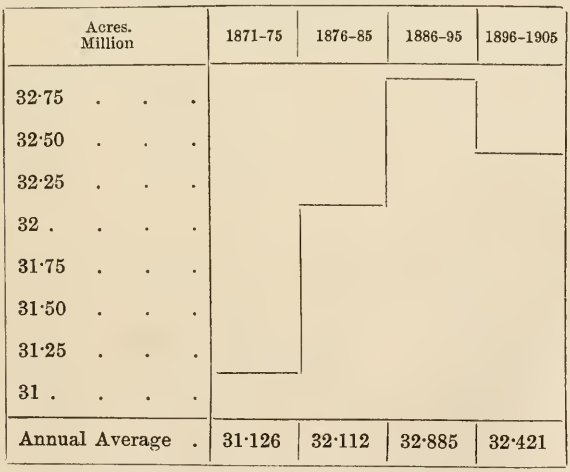
In England, Wales, and Ireland, pasture has the largest acreage. In Scotland, mountain and heath grazing land stands highest, pasture standing third in acreage.

In England, Scotland, and Ireland, arable stands second highest, but is third in the case of Wales.

At present woods and plantations stand fourth in each of the divisions of the United Kingdom.

The maximum acreage (32,913,514) under crops and grass in Great Britain was reached in 1891, when the total arable land was returned at 16,484,664 acres. That year was the last in which the acreage under crops exceeded the acreage of permanent grass.

Chart showing the annual average acreage of the cultivated area of Great Britain during the period 1871–1875 *compared with that of each of the three succeeding decades.*

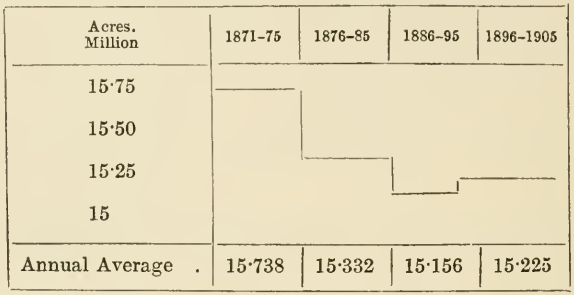


The annual average from 1876 to 1885 rose by nearly a million acres above that from 1871 to 1875; in the second decade by more than an additional three-quarters of a million; but in the third decade fell by 464,000 acres, yet still remained more than 300,000 acres higher than the annual average from 1876 to 1885, and nearly 1,300,000 acres higher than that from 1871 to

1875, although probably at least 700,000 acres that were formerly cultivated have been built over during the past thirty years.

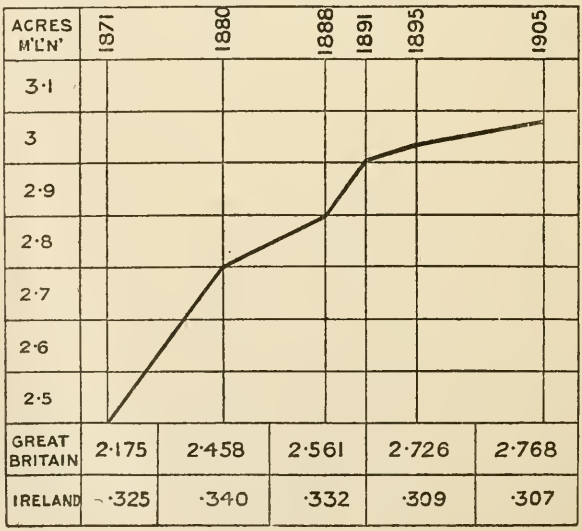
Since 1871, therefore, it appears that at least two million fresh acres have been brought under cultivation in Great Britain.

Chart showing the annual average acreage of the cultivated area of Ireland during 1871–1875 *compared with that of each of the three succeeding decades.*



The cultivated area of Ireland, which was rather more than half that of Great Britain between 1871 and 1875, was during the decade 1896–1905 only about five-elevenths, having fallen by rather more than half a million acres.

Chart showing the increase in the acreage under woods, coppices, and plantations in the United Kingdom from 1871 *to* 1905.



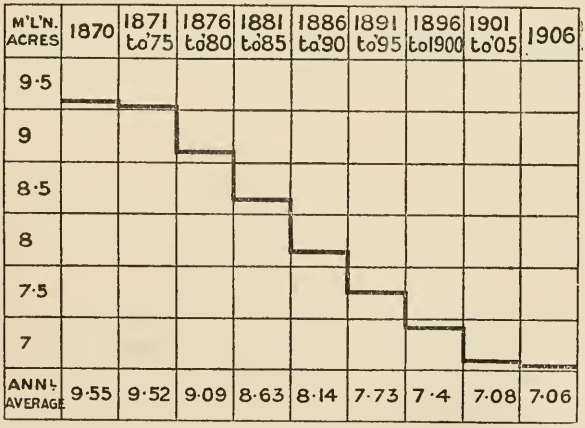
The term coppice means 'woods that are cut over periodically' and reproduce themselves naturally by stool shoots,' and plantations comprehend land planted or replanted within the last ten years.

The chart has been constructed from the figures furnished in the Statistical Abstracts of the United Kingdom, and the years instanced are those in which fresh returns were given.

From an acreage of two and a half millions in 1871 the area had risen to 3,075,000 acres in 1905, the increase occurring entirely in Great Britain, the acreage in Ireland having fallen from 325,000 in 1871 to 307,000 in 1905.

The Leeds Corporation employed a body of workless men last winter in planting some 300 acres in the Washburn Valley with nearly a million trees. The experiment is one that deserves to be followed in other suitable areas. A Committee of the House of Commons has reported that at least one-half of the waste land in Great Britain is suitable for forestry, and systematic afforestation would prove a national boon.

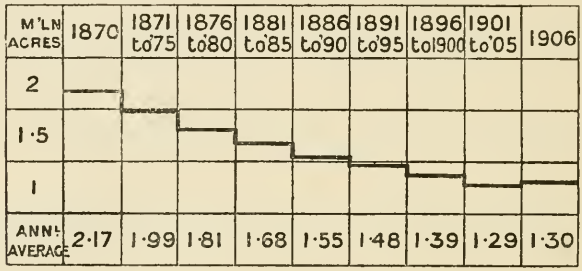
Chart showing the decrease in the acreage under corn crops in Great Britain, during periods of five years, from 1870 *to* 1906



Under the head of corn crops come wheat, barley, oats, rye, beans, and pease. The decrease in the total acreage under these crops is seen from the chart to have been continuous, from just over nine and a half million acres in 1870 to a little above seven million acres in 1906, an actual decrease of 2,490,000 acres, or rather over 26 per cent. Year by year the decrease continued until 1904, when the minimum acreage (6,953,034) was reached.

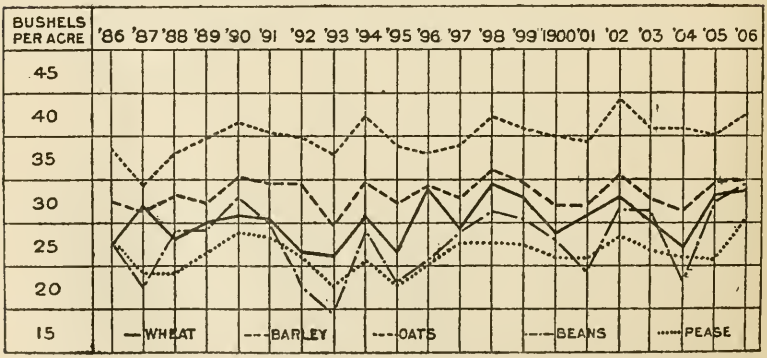
In 1905, however, a considerable increase in the wheat acreage was recorded—from 1,373,284 acres in 1904 to 1,796,995 acres—and the total acreage under corn crops rose to 7,054,232. In 1906 a fall of over 41,000 acres under wheat was more than compensated for by an increase of over 71,000 acres under barley and beans, and the total acreage rose to 7,058,000, but still fell short of the annual average of the lowest quinquennial period, viz. from 1901 to 1905.

Chart showing the decrease in the acreage under corn crops in Ireland, during periods of five years, from 1870 *to* 1906.



The acreage in Ireland decreased continuously from 2,173,000 in 1870 to 1,271,000 in 1905, but rose to 1,309,000 acres in 1906. The fall in the thirty-six years amounted to 864,000 acres, or 39·76 per cent.

Chart showing the average estimated yield in bushels per acre in the United Kingdom of wheat, barley, oats, beans, and pease, in each year from 1886 *to* 1906 *inclusive.*



In view of the decreased acreage under corn crops in the United Kingdom, it is well to notice from the above chart that the productivity of the crops, as seen by the yield per acre, has not decreased. As a matter of fact the average yield from beans and from pease was higher in 1906 than in any of the preceding twenty years, and the highest yield from oats was recorded in 1902, but we have to go back to the year 1898 for the maximum yields per acre of both wheat and barley.

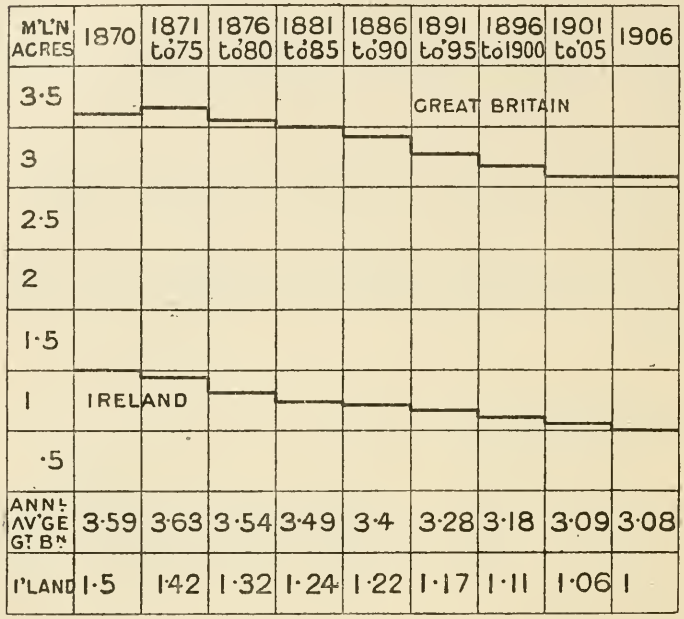
Taking the two periods of ten years each, from 1886 to 1895, and from 1896 to 1905, and comparing the average yield of each decennial period together, and also with the average yield of the year 1906, we find a very satisfactory result set forth in the following table, which shows that in every case the average yield in 1906 was higher than that of the period 1896 to 1905, which in turn was higher than that of the period 1886 to 1895.*

Average Estimated Yield per Acre of Corn Crops in the United Kingdom	Wheat	Barley	Oats	Beans	Pease
	Bushels	Bushels	Bushels	Bushels	Bushels
In period from 1886 to 1895	28·83	32·97	39·14	26·38	25·59
,, ,, ,, 1896 to 1905	31·42	33·55	40·53	28·63	26·62
In year 1906	33·69	35	42·45	34·83	30·21

The acreage in the United Kingdom under green crops, comprising potatoes, turnips and swedes, mangold, cabbage, kohl rabi, rape, vetches, lucerne, etc., is seen from the next chart to have decreased in both islands. In Great Britain the decrease has been from 3,587,000 acres in 1870 to 3,082,000 in 1906, an actual decrease of 505,000 acres, or rather over 14 per cent. In Ireland the decrease has been from 1,499,000 in 1870 to 1,009,000 in 1906, an actual decrease of 490,000 acres, or 32·68 per cent. In Great Britain, however, the minimum acreage of the period was reached in 1904, when it was 3,036,000. It rose by 41,000 in 1905, and by a further 5,000 in 1906. But in Ireland the acreage recorded in 1906 was the lowest of the whole period.

* The figures for the period 1896 to 1905 and for the year 1906 will be found on page 118 of the 'Agricultural Statistics,' 1906, Part II. [Cd. 3372]. The figures for 1886 to 1895 have been digested from the Statistical Abstracts for the United Kingdom.

Chart showing the decrease in the acreage under green crops in Great Britain and in Ireland, during periods of five years, from 1870 *to* 1906.



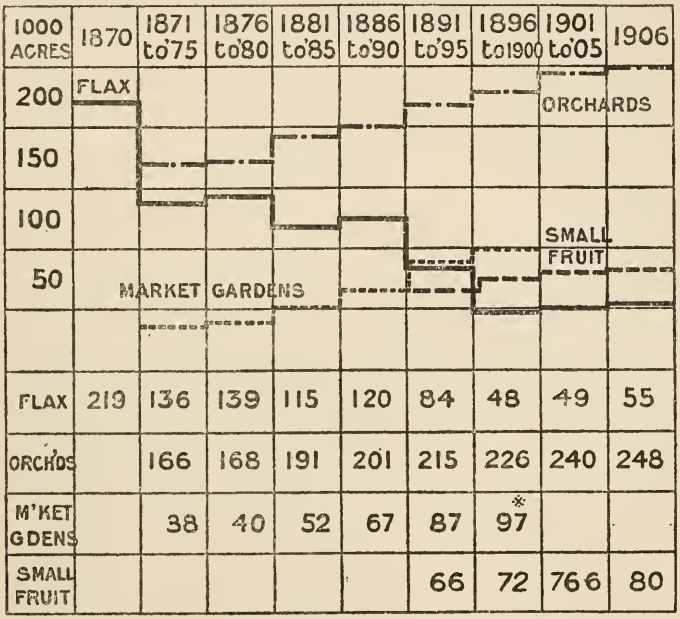
The area under flax in Great Britain in 1870 was returned at 23,957 acres, and in Ireland at 194,893 acres.* In 1871 it fell to 17,000 acres in Great Britain, and to 157,000 acres in Ireland. It rose to 158,000 acres in Ireland in 1880, having been as low as 101,000 in 1875, but fell to 89,000 acres in 1884, and fell almost continuously from that date, reaching its minimum acreage (34,000) in 1898. It rose to 55,000 acres in 1901, was only 44,000 acres in 1904, but has since risen to 46,000 in 1905, to 55,000 in 1906, and to 59,655 acres in June of the present year. In Great Britain, the area under flax was returned in 1906 at 263 acres, not having reached a thousand acres since 1898.

The average annual acreage, in the five years from 1871 to 1875, of flax was 136,000, and that under orchards was 166,000, making in all an acreage of 302,000. In 1906 the combined acreage of flax and orchards amounted to 303,000 : so that the acreage that has been lost under flax has been recovered by the

* See pp. 110, 111 of the 'Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom,' 1871 [C. 395].

growth under orchards. We have seen that the acreage under flax is practically entirely to be found in Ireland. The orchards enumerated are in Great Britain, as returns for the area under fruit (10,602 acres) in Ireland were first given in 1906.

Chart showing the decrease in the acreage under flax in the United Kingdom, and the increase in the acreage under (1) *orchards,* (2) *market gardens, and* (3) *small fruit, in Great Britain, during periods of five years from* 1870 *to* 1906.



	1870	1871 to'75	1876 to'80	1881 to'85	1886 to'90	1891 to'95	1896 to1900	1901 to'05	1906
FLAX	219	136	139	115	120	84	48	49	55
ORCHDS		166	168	191	201	215	226	240	248
M'KET GDENS		38	40	52	67	87	* 97		
SMALL FRUIT						66	72	766	80

* In 1896.

From 1871 to 1896 the acreage under market gardens in Great Britain was returned in the Statistical Abstracts of the United Kingdom, and is seen in the chart above to have increased by 59,000 acres, an increase identical with that made by orchards in the same period.

The area under small fruit, first returned for Great Britain in 1891, has risen from 59,000 acres to 80,000 in 1906.

As portions of land less than one acre under cultivation for the above crops are not included in the Returns, it is evident that we have a somewhat imperfect estimate of the total amount of land bearing fruit in Great Britain, but the chart at least

shows that it is increasing at a satisfactory rate. In the Preliminary Statement for 1907 the Board of Agriculture state that in Great Britain the area under Small Fruit had risen by 1,941 acres to a total of 82,167, and that the acreage of orchards had risen by 2,485 to a total of 250,172. These latest figures, however, are liable to correction.

Chart showing the fluctuations in the acreage under hops in Great Britain, during periods of five years, from 1870 *to* 1906.

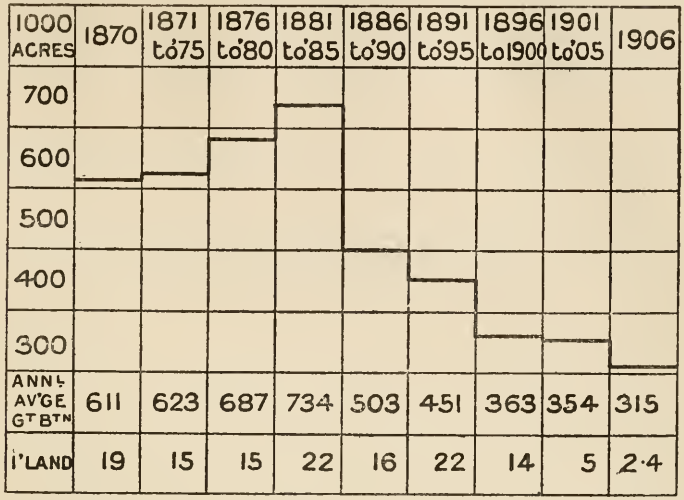
1000 ACRES	1870	1871 to 1875	1876 to 1880	'81 to '85	'86 to '90	'91 to '95	'96 to 1900	1901 to 1905	1906
70									
60									
50									
40									
ANN. AVERAGE	61	64·	69·6	68	61	58	51·6	49	47

In 1870 there were 61,000 acres under hops in Great Britain; in 1906 there were only 47,000 acres, an actual decrease of 14,000 acres, or about 23 per cent. The maximum acreage (72,000) was cultivated in 1878. In 1881 it had fallen to 65,000, and although under the influence of high prices in 1882 and 1883—when the average prices of imported hops were 9*l.* 5*s.* and 8*l.* 8*s.* a cwt.—the acreage rose to 71,000 in 1885, and stood at 70,000 in 1886, it fell to 54,000 acres in 1890, and has never recovered from the effects of the low prices prevailing from 1886 to 1890, when the average annual price of imported hops was 3*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.* a cwt.

The two following charts show the decrease in acreage of bare fallow in Great Britain and Ireland, and the fluctuations in the acreage under clover, grass, etc. In Great Britain the acreage of fallow fell from 611,000 in 1870 to 315,000 in 1906, a decrease of 296,000 acres, or 48·44 per cent. In Ireland the decrease was from 19,000 acres in 1870 to 2,400 in 1906.

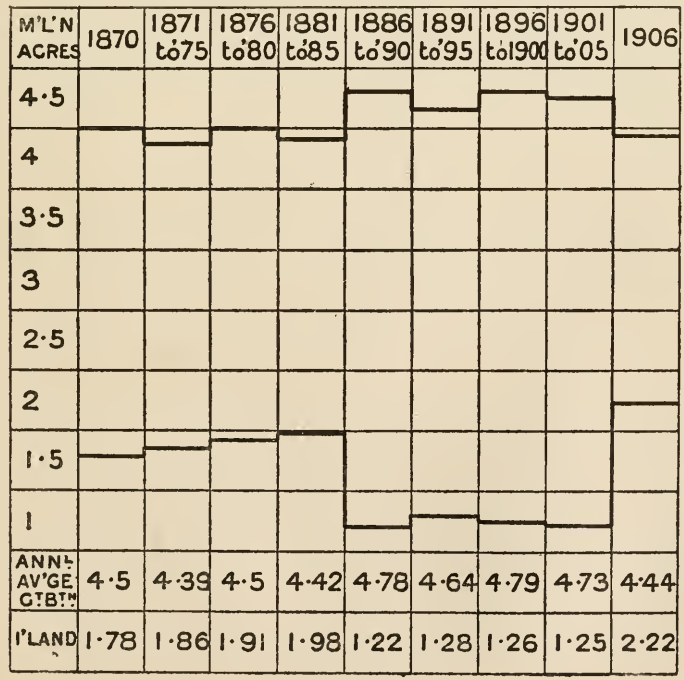
The maximum area under clover and grasses under rotation in Great Britain was recorded in 1898, viz. 4,911,000 acres, having sprung from 4,596,000 in 1896. The annual average acreage during the sixteen years from 1891 to 1906 was considerably higher than the acreage from 1870 to 1885.

Chart showing the decrease in the acreage of bare fallow in the United Kingdom during periods of five years, from 1870 *to* 1906.



1000 ACRES	1870	1871 to 75	1876 to 80	1881 to 85	1886 to 90	1891 to 95	1896 to 1900	1901 to 05	1906
700									
600									
500									
400									
300									
ANN. AV'GE GT BTN	611	623	687	734	503	451	363	354	315
I'LAND	19	15	15	22	16	22	14	5	2·4

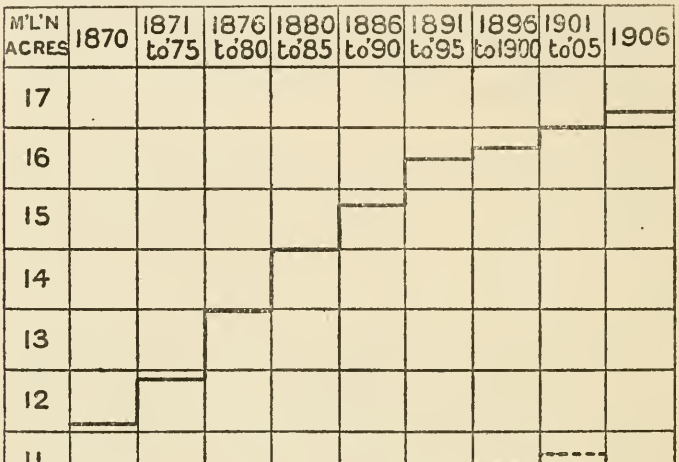
Chart showing the fluctuations in the acreage under clover, sainfoin, and grasses under rotation in Great Britain and in Ireland during periods of five years, from 1870 *to* 1906.



M'L'N ACRES	1870	1871 to 75	1876 to 80	1881 to 85	1886 to 90	1891 to 95	1896 to 1900	1901 to 05	1906
4·5									
4									
3·5									
3									
2·5									
2									
1·5									
1									
ANN. AV'GE GT BTN	4·5	4·39	4·5	4·42	4·78	4·64	4·79	4·73	4·44
I'LAND	1·78	1·86	1·91	1·98	1·22	1·28	1·26	1·25	2·22

In Ireland the great increase in 1906 is 'due to greater care 'in classification, and to the transfer of some grass land from 'one category to another.' * The following chart of permanent grass shows whence the transfer has been effected.

Chart showing the increase in the acreage under permanent grass in Great Britain and in Ireland, during periods of five years, from 1870 *to* 1906.



The increase in the area under permanent grass in Great Britain has been from 12,073,000 acres in 1870 to 17,245,000 in 1906, an increase of 5,172,000 acres, or 42·83 per cent. In Ireland the increase from 9,991,000 acres in 1870 to 11,637,000 in 1905 was 1,646,000 acres, or 16·47 per cent. The acreage in 1905 was the maximum recorded, for in 1906 a large area was transferred to 'Grasses under Rotation' by the enumerators, as more correctly so described.

* See p. 70 of 'Agricultural Statistics,' 1906 [Cd. 3281].

We will close our observations for the present with a brief summary of the condition of the chief British crops in 1907. The heaviest crop of wheat yielded during the past decade was in 1898. In that year the yield per acre in Great Britain was 34¾ bushels. In 1907 the estimated yield was 33·97 bushels,* being higher than in any year since 1890, except 1898. So also in the case of barley. The yield in 1898 was 35¾ bushels; in 1907 it was 35¼, and higher than in any other year since 1890. Oats yielded a record crop of over 43 bushels to the acre, surpassing the previous highest yield (in 1902) by nearly half a bushel. The yield of beans (34½ bushels) was exceeded only in 1906 by less than a quarter of a bushel an acre, and 1906 was the best year for beans and pease for twenty years. Pease, also, in 1907 (29·44 bushels) were only second to the yield in 1906, being exceeded by about ¾ bushels an acre. Hay from clover, sainfoin, etc., yielded 33 cwt. an acre, and was second only to the bumper year, 1898; whilst hay from permanent grass yielded 27·23 cwt., and was third to the crops of 1898 and 1894 in the period since 1890. When we remember that the acreage under oats (3,122,590) in Great Britain in 1907 was within a quarter of a million acres of the combined acreage (3,337,530) under wheat and barley, it must be admitted that the unusually abundant returns on the most widely grown cereal in Great Britain, and the satisfactory reports on wheat and barley, beans, pease, and hay, prove the past year to have been one of the best for arable farmers for a long series of years. On another occasion we hope to be able to give an equally favourable account of our pastoral industry.

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* See *Preliminary Statement* of the Board of Agriculture on the Produce of Crops, 1907, and 'Agricultural Statistics,' vol. xli. part II., pp. 149–159.

Art. X.—THE SECOND HAGUE CONFERENCE.

1. *Conventions Adopted by the Hague Conference of* 1907 ; *Committee Reports and other Papers.*
2. *International Law.* Part II. War. By John Westlake, K.C., LL.D. Cambridge : University Press. 1907.
3. *Problems of International Practice and Diplomacy.* By Sir Thomas Barclay. London : Sweet & Maxwell. 1907.

The second Peace Conference at The Hague, which held its first meeting on June 15 and its last on October 18, had not been long assembled before it became evident that just such another could not be convoked. The situation was increasingly unpleasant and depressing. Positive achievements were certain to be disconcertingly modest. Brief experience of a pseudo-parliamentary procedure, which allowed the least hopeful proposals to be put through an indefinite number of stages without any likelihood of an ultimate decision, showed that not the least of the difficulties of the conference would be to bring itself to a decent end. There was no sign of a leader with the strength and the courage to break the conference up. There was genuine anxiety about the consequences of a real collapse, and genuine desire that the Hague institution should not perish of what were not, perhaps, essential defects. As early as September 21 the conference, upon the recommendation of a meeting of First Delegates—inspired, said the President, M. de Nelidoff, by the ' somewhat slow and at times uncertain progress of their ' labours '—passed judgement upon itself. To its recommendation to the Powers that a third conference should be called after an interval ' analogous ' to that which elapsed between the first and second, it appended a statement that it is a ' necessity ' to prepare the labours of the third conference ' long enough ' beforehand to enable its deliberations to be carried on with ' the indispensable authority and rapidity.' To this end

> ' The conference considers that it would be very desirable that, about two years before the probable date of meeting, a preparatory committee should be commissioned by the Governments to collect the different proposals to be submitted to the conference, to select the subjects susceptible of early international regulation, and to prepare a programme which the Governments would draw up soon enough for it to be seriously studied in each country. This committee would, further, be commissioned to propose a scheme of organisation and procedure for the conference itself.'

Having adopted this resolution the conference relapsed into the network of unrealities which it had condemned. After another month spent in referring backward and forward among committees and sub-committees and special committees subjects upon which there was no hope of agreement, the delegates departed in a cloud of compliments and congratulations upon the work accomplished. Anybody who dips into the enormous mass of documents which testify to the labours of an untiring *secretariat* will wonder why any conference should require so much self-explanation and self-praise, and how the fine phrases of reporters, draughtsmen and orators are to be reconciled with the criticism implied in the resolution which we have quoted. It was, precisely, an assembly whose deliberations lacked 'the 'indispensable authority and rapidity.' Organisation and procedure were wanting. The Governments—with a few exceptions, notably Germany, whose delegation was said to have brought with it a complete code of international law—had not 'seriously 'studied' the programme. The programme was not composed of subjects susceptible of 'early' settlement. Such a conference, though it did something, could not do much, and was interesting chiefly for the light which it threw upon the state of opinion regarding the many extremely important subjects over which its discussions ranged.

In regard to 'the laws of peace' and of land warfare the conference took up the work of its predecessor where it was left in 1899 and endeavoured to amend and extend it, with results which must be traced briefly before we examine in some detail the efforts to break new ground in regard to naval warfare. Some alterations have been made in the arbitration machinery which was set up in 1899. They are not very far reaching. The offer of 'good offices' to States which are at serious difference or actually in conflict is now declared to be 'desirable' as well as expedient, and some changes have been made in the clauses regarding commissions of inquiry—the institution of 1899 which is credited with high value and importance since its successful employment by Great Britain and Russia in the case of the North Sea incident in 1904. The scope of the special convention between the Powers concerned which sets in motion this remedy for 'disputes involving neither honour nor essential 'interests and arising from difference of opinion on points of fact' is made more precise, and rules of procedure are elaborated, although it remains open to the parties to agree upon other rules of their own. The debates showed the cautious temper of the conference. Russia proposed that recourse to commissions of inquiry in the cases contemplated should be not only recom-

mended but ' agreed upon.' This proposal, although the agreement was to be conditioned, as is the recommendation, by the words ' if circumstances permit,' was rejected, as was also the Russian proposal that the commissions should ' establish re- ' sponsibility, if necessary,' as well as examine facts.

By Article XVI. of the 1899 ' Convention for the Peaceful ' Regulation of International Disputes ' the merits of arbitration were ' recognised ' in ' questions of a juridical kind and especially ' in questions of interpretation or application of international ' conventions.' In 1907 the Powers were pressed to go further, and by universal treaty to agree to apply arbitration always and without reservation to disputes about certain *subjects*. The conference did take one step towards making arbitration ' ob- ' ligatory ' in a definite case, by adopting, almost unanimously, the draft of a convention which will bind its signatories ' not to ' resort to armed force ' for the recovery of contractual debts claimed from the Government of one country by the Government of another country as due to its nationals, until and unless the resources of arbitration have been exhausted. But while America easily obtained, in a separate convention, this amount of sanction for the Drago doctrine,* all attempts by amendment of Article XVI. or otherwise to introduce the principle of obligation into a general arbitration treaty failed. All sorts of expedients were tried. The advocates of the experiment were willing to be content with any scheme, however slight and however elastic. What they wanted was a beginning, and the only way to begin was by agreement upon subjects of comparatively slight importance. For the opponents of the proposal important subjects were too important and unimportant subjects were too trumpery. They argued weightily against the obligation to go to arbitration with all comers upon really serious matters, and they ridiculed a ' world-treaty ' which would make a rule of arbitration in disputes about weights and measures and the effects of deceased seamen. They got their way. After months of debating and after countless votes which proved that only a small minority—Germany, Austria-Hungary, Roumania, Belgium and three or four other States—desired to hold back, the conference was induced to do no more than declare its unanimous ' recognition of the principle of obligatory ' arbitration,' and conviction that ' certain differences are

* Several South American States protested to the end against any admission of force, even after arbitration has failed. Only a few minor European Powers refused on principle to accept the obligation to try arbitration before applying force.

'susceptible of submission to obligatory arbitration without any 'restriction.'

This declaration, accompanied by the statement that 'the 'divergences of opinion had not passed the bounds of juridical 'controversy,' reflects nothing but the anxiety of the conference to find an escape out of its difficulties. When it was recommended by the diplomatic experience of Count Tornielli, Mr. Choate protested that it constituted a retreat and imperilled the cause of arbitration. It is, in fact, plain that it was against the 'principle' of obligatory arbitration that the minority fought and triumphed. Their effective arguments were not arguments against immediate application of something of which they approved, but fundamental objections to the treatment of arbitration as a remedy to be offered, in pre-determined cases, by every State to every other State. America, France, Great Britain, Russia, Italy and almost all the minor Powers tried to drive in the thin end of a wedge and failed, and the reporter of the arbitration committee then told them that their 'long 'studies constituted a veritable monument raised to right, 'justice, and the spirit of peace and international concord.'

The failure thus thinly veiled seems to be a considerable blow to the cause of international arbitration. Sir Edward Fry defined the difference between obligatory and non-obligatory arbitration as the difference between consenting (to arbitrate) before and consenting after a dispute arises. Both are sovereign acts and neither involves surrender of independence, but if the anticipatory consent can be obtained in regard to specified subjects from all Powers *vis-à-vis* all other Powers, there is nothing but special policies and special relations to prevent the extension of the system to matters hitherto jealously reserved. It cannot be said that enthusiasm, large though the majority was, ran so high at The Hague that the ground lost is likely to be easily recovered; even France and the United States will not be anxious to repeat their experiences.

With regard to its other ambitious peace venture, the conference did succeed in adopting a skeleton scheme for a 'court 'of arbitral justice,' but it did so only by shelving the main question—the choice of judges and constitution of the court. The so-called 'permanent court' set up in 1899 is only a list of available judges. In 1907—the inspiration was mainly Mr. Roosevelt's—it was proposed to establish a really permanent court of salaried judges who would sit at The Hague at stated times. Here again failure was due to the resolute opposition of a small minority. In view especially of the uncertainty whether a permanent court would have any work to do and of the

improbability that desirable judges would accept appointments upon any such terms as it was proposed to give them,* the attraction which the idea exercised is remarkable. It is, indeed, probable that these and other objections would have been pressed much more vigorously if it had not early been seen that the conference could not agree upon the constitution of the court. It could not agree because there were forty-six States represented at The Hague, and, while nobody proposed a court of forty-six judges, the great Powers would not take the risks of a court composed of representatives of the minor Powers, and the minor Powers, led with remarkable ability by M. Ruy de Barbosa, of Brazil, would take nothing short of equal representation.

There was never much *actualité* about the political skirmishing at The Hague, but the competition for prestige and influence in the peace work—as distinct from the struggle of more or less real interests which was involved in the discussions upon war—was often instructive. It was the first international conference since Algeciras and the first at which South America had been represented, and it is curious that the two small and successful minorities to which we have referred were led respectively by Germany and Brazil. So far as it was possible to accomplish their tasks in a sphere from which the outside world quickly and almost completely diverted its gaze, Baron Marschall gave a very satisfactory demonstration of the solidarity of the Triple Alliance and three or four very clever men a very good account of South America. Whether the Triple Alliance doctrine that nothing can be done without unanimity, and the South American doctrine of the complete equality of sovereign States, will promote or check international co-operation is another matter. The attitude taken by Germany was incoherent. Baron Marschall began with a distinct, though guarded, support of 'obligatory arbitration,' which was so unexpected that it was taken for part of the general policy of bettering relations above all with America and secondarily with Russia and with France. Having encouraged the scheme Baron Marschall slowly killed it, using the help of Austria-Hungary all through and claiming the services of Italy, a steady supporter of the obligatory arbitration proposals, at the last moment. The pressure thus put upon the patience of the conference was as trying as it was apparently purposeless, and it was only with the utmost reluctance that the American delegation allowed the work of many weeks to be thrown away.

* According to the draft scheme 500*l.* a year with travelling expenses and 8*l.* 10*s.* a day when the court is sitting.

Sir Thomas Barclay has put together, with many useful comments, practically all the documents with which the conference was directly or indirectly concerned. Professor Westlake in his new volume completes an able survey also of almost the whole ground; unfortunately, the account which he gives, in a final chapter, of the work of the conference on 'the laws 'of war,' is based upon incomplete materials, and numerous inaccuracies and omissions greatly impair its value. In regard to land war the conference accomplished a good deal of sound, if not very ambitious work. A decision was reached concerning the secular problem of declarations of war, and the unanimous adoption of various amendments of the *règlement* of 1899 concerning the 'laws and customs of land warfare,' as well as of a separate set of articles 'concerning the rights and duties of 'neutral States on land,' constitutes real progress in the codification which was well begun at the first conference. The code, moreover, has now its sanction, in an article which pledges belligerents to pay indemnities for breach of the 'laws and customs' and to accept responsibility for all acts committed by persons belonging to their armed forces.

The new articles about neutrality, which are based upon French proposals, settle several points of importance. Of course without prejudice to more stringent national regulations such as those of Great Britain * and the United States, the question of illegal enlistment is decided by (1) the prohibition of raising of armed bands or opening of recruiting offices on neutral territory, and (2) the provision that neutral States are not responsible for the passage across their frontiers of individual volunteers. In the same spirit it is provided, with regard to telegraphs or other means of communication, (1) that belligerents may not set up their own apparatus or use purely military apparatus already existing upon neutral territory, while (2) neutrals are not bound to forbid or restrict the use by belligerents of the ordinary telegraphic services of the country; they are bound only to apply equally to both belligerents such prohibitive or restrictive measures as they find expedient or necessary. Further it is definitely laid down, in purposely wide terms, that neutral States need not prevent their subjects from supplying belligerents. The following article was adopted unanimously and almost without comment:

'A neutral State is not bound to prevent the exportation or transit, for account of either belligerent, of arms, munitions, or, in general, of anything capable of use by an army or a fleet.'

* Foreign Enlistment Act, 1870.

Since the Franco-German War, when Germany lodged complaints with the British Government for not prohibiting its subjects from supplying arms and ammunition to France,* we do not know that any belligerent Government has demanded the suppression of what are ordinary commercial operations carried on at the traders' own risk. Belligerents apply their own remedies—especially the rules of contraband and blockade. This article serves, however, to dispose of the irresponsible outcry so often raised in the Press of belligerent countries, of loose talk about 'benevolent' neutrality, and of the theory that States are in this matter bound by dictates of some higher 'morality' to prevent the supply of the materials which aid in the continuation of a war.

These rules ought to check dangerous controversies and may be more useful than more ambitious 'humanitarian' projects. The same may be said of the new provisions about the opening of hostilities, also proposed by France. In spite of General Maurice's well-known calculation that out of 118 cases of hostilities since 1700, in only eleven did a declaration of war precede the outbreak of hostilities, there has remained a strong prejudice against armies which are, in the phrase of Frederick the Great, more diligent than embassies, and their 'diligence' has often been called treachery. It is now agreed that 'hostilities 'ought not to begin without previous and unequivocal warning, 'in the shape either of a declaration of war with statement of 'reasons (*une déclaration motivée*) or of an *ultimatum* with con-'ditional declaration of war.' This rule does not seem to be the less useful because most of the Powers will have nothing to do with what is a very different matter, the proposal to fix a period of waiting between the declaration of a war and its commencement. Even a period of twenty-four hours was generally regarded as, for military reasons, quite impossible of acceptance. The proposal was, however, supported by Russia, whose military delegate, Colonel Michelson, made a remarkable appeal to two schools of opinion. He urged upon arbitration enthusiasts that a period of waiting—the period of twenty-four hours being regarded as only a first step—might be employed in the tender by friends and neutrals of 'good offices,' and he connected the proposal with schemes for reduction of expenditure upon armaments, as enabling a broader line to be drawn between peace and war strength.

'By establishing (he said) a certain period of waiting between the breaking off of peace relations and the commencement of hostilities,

* Oppenheim, 'International Law,' ii. 377–8.

we should be giving to any country which wished it the means of realising certain economies during times of peace. These economies would be incontestably beneficial, and would not fail to produce a great relaxation of the state of armed peace—a relaxation which would be the more easily acceptable as it would in no wise affect the right of every nation to regulate its armaments and forces solely according to its own views and needs.'

While the spirit of these debates was excellent, there was a keen look-out for national interests, problematic as well as actual, and proposals to limit methods of warfare on other than directly humanitarian grounds were viewed with little favour by military Powers. There appears, for instance, to be no prospect whatever of a general agreement to forgo the possible services of balloons. In 1899 a 'declaration' was adopted for five years which prohibited the launching of projectiles from balloons, 'or by other analogous novel methods.' In 1907 both the Belgian proposal to renew this declaration for five years and the British proposal to renew it until the conclusion of the next conference were carried by large majorities, but among those who voted against even the five years' restriction were France, Germany, Russia, and Spain. As Japan pointed out, nothing but unanimity is of much use, since it is necessary for Powers which do agree upon restrictions to prepare for the event of war with Powers which do not. The dissenting Powers maintained that the requirements of humanity were fully satisfied by the article (of the Convention of 1899) which forbids the bombardment of undefended places; it was agreed to strengthen its wording so as to forbid bombardment 'by any 'means whatsoever.' Any prospect of agreement upon further restrictions has been lessened by the appearance of a German White-book in which the balloons declaration is said to be the one proposal of the conference which Germany is not disposed to sign.

The conference failed also to obtain unanimous condemnation of the practice of exacting the services of guides. Article XLIV. of the Convention of 1899 reads:

'Any compulsion of the population of occupied territory to take part in military operations against their own country is prohibited.'

As it is not admitted that this is an exemption from compulsory guidance, an Article XLIV.A has been inserted, which reads,

'Any compulsion of the inhabitants of occupied territory to give information about the opposing army or its means of defence is prohibited.'

But this article is not yet accepted by either Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, or Japan. Their attitude is defended upon

the ground that, by another new article (XXII.A), an enemy's nationals are exempted from compulsion to ' take part in operations of war ' against their own country, and that it is impossible to specify the operations. As, however, there is no agreement as to the meaning of ' operations of war,' the position remains extremely unsatisfactory.

Germany made a very interesting attempt to regulate the position of neutral residents in belligerent territory. She propounded the double principle that neutrals must never, even of their own free will, serve in belligerent ranks, and that neutral Governments must prevent their nationals from taking service. As we have seen, the conference emphatically condemned this view of the responsibility of neutral States, but it went some way towards accepting the other half of the thesis. It was only after determined resistance by France, Great Britain, Holland, and Russia, that proposals which would have given highly favoured treatment to the *property* of neutral residents in belligerent territory were defeated, and it was only with considerable difficulty that Great Britain and some other Powers directly interested vindicated the right of national legislatures to claim in special circumstances the services of those who claim all the advantages of national hospitality. Germany rather demonstratively threw over the amended draft, and nothing remains of the scheme but some colourless definitions of neutrality and breaches of neutrality, and an article, proposed by Luxemburg, which secures railway plant belonging to neutrals—a provision of considerable value to all countries of transit.

In view of both the origin and the novelty of these proposals for ' the relief of neutrals,' they must be regarded as warning of an essential danger of international conferences with vague constitutions and vague programmes. Germany laid herself open to the charge of using the Hague Conference for the promotion of her colonial policy. The effect of her proposals would have been to impede—in South America and in North America no less than, for instance, in New Zealand—the absorption of immigrants. To strive against the loss of population may be a legitimate object of policy, but to make more difficult the cohesion of mixed populations in new and undeveloped countries—and in countries whose military activities are devoted solely to the preservation of neutrality—is hardly a good international purpose. The destructive arguments brought against the German proposals are well summarised in Colonel Borel's report :—

' It is inadmissible to create for neutrals a *régime* of special favour which nothing justifies, either *vis-à-vis* the State whose territory they inhabit, or *vis-à-vis* the other belligerent. . . . The State whose

hospitality has been granted to a neutral is so much the less bound to make a distinction in his favour, as the burdens from which it is proposed to exempt him are usually in the character of general imposts upon the whole population. . . . And how could the neutral complain ? For settling in a country, does he not consent in advance to submit to its laws and its burdens, and to share, in this respect, the lot of the nationals among whom he comes to live ? '

If the ' peace ' work of the conference was disappointing, and the land war work modestly respectable, the discussions upon naval questions were entirely unsatisfactory. It would perhaps have been better if, instead of plunging into all manner of special controversies, the conference had stuck to its intention of applying to naval warfare, *mutatis mutandis*, the convention concerning laws and customs of land warfare. That task was bequeathed to the next conference, although debate after debate showed the need of elementary principles such as that ' belli- ' gerents have not an unlimited right as to choice of means of ' doing harm to the enemy,' and that arms must be carried ' openly '—principles applicable, without drawing any dangerous analogies, upon sea as well as upon land. The ' humanitarian ' work accomplished was very slight. Undefended places (which are not in some definite sense military establishments) are exempted from bombardment from sea as well as from land. A beginning has been made, upon British initiative, with rules as to prisoners of war. It is laid down, in principle, that the crews of enemy prizes are not to be made prisoners of war, though pledges not to re-enter the enemy's service can be claimed of all except common seamen who are neutral subjects. Boats employed exclusively in coast fisheries or in local coast navigation, and ships charged with scientific, religious, or philanthropic missions, have been exempted from capture. And Germany has vindicated the declaration made by her Government, when the mail steamer ' Prinz Heinrich ' was stopped by the ' Smolensk ' in July 1904, that ' the confiscation of mail ' bags directly contravenes the provisions of International Law.' The principle of inviolability of postal correspondence, which was adopted by France in 1870, and by the United States in the war with Spain, thus becomes an international rule. That, with the addition of an amended version of the convention for the adaptation to naval warfare of the Geneva Convention, is the sum of the ' humanitarian ' work. It is, unfortunately, impossible to put in that category the proposed *règlement* regarding submarine mines. Every attempt was made, especially by Great Britain, to limit the right of belligerents to imperil peaceful

navigation by the use of engines of war which are not capable of definite control. The rules adopted admittedly fail to apply that principle. The use of unanchored (floating) mines which do not become innocuous in one hour and of anchored mines which do not become innocuous when they break loose is, indeed, prohibited,* but a belligerent can lay (and leave) anchored mines where he will, upon the high seas as well as in his own or the enemy's waters. The only reply to Great Britain's formal protest against the inadequacy of this arrangement was reference (by Baron Marschall) to 'the unwritten law of humanity and 'civilisation.' That avoids the point. The main objection here is not to a particular way of hurting the enemy, but to the use of a weapon which becomes a lasting danger for all the world. A 'written' prohibition is the only safeguard; it is refused in obedience to the supposed interests of certain belligerents.

We come to questions which mainly concern belligerents. Once more the American delegation was commissioned to plead against the right of capture. The conference was less deeply impressed by the fact that the inviolability of private property is the historic doctrine of America 'from Benjamin Franklin to 'President Roosevelt' than by the fact that it is not the doctrine of Captain Mahan, who was American naval delegate in 1899, and is believed to represent still American naval opinion. In a congress of all States great and small, any plausible proposal for the protection of trade will find favour, and America obtained twenty-one out of forty-six votes. But Germany was the only naval Power which gave even nominal support—a support conditional upon satisfactory settlement of the questions of contraband and blockade. That the balance of argument lies, and while wars remain will continue to lie, upon the other side we cannot doubt. The effect of war upon trade is the best check upon irresponsible war-makers, the arrest of trade is the most bloodless of all forms of compulsion, and the existing practice, far from being a mere 'war upon trade,' is an indispensable method—especially, as Professor Westlake points out, for countries open to invasion—of depriving the enemy of important resources, both of ships and of men. Crews of enemy merchantmen are not, as we have seen, in future to be detained as prisoners, but they have to give a pledge not to re-enter the enemy's service.

However rigorously the right of capture may be applied subsequently, it has become the universal practice to grant

* Without, however, any obligation to make the necessary changes in *matériel* within any fixed period.

merchantmen in belligerent ports some period of grace after the outbreak of war. Rules have now been laid down which describe as 'desirable'—but not as obligatory—the grant of 'sufficient' time for these ships to leave and reach their port of destination or another prescribed port. In no case are these ships, or ships met at sea in ignorance of the outbreak of war, to be confiscated; if they are seized, requisitioned, or destroyed, their owners must be indemnified. The provision with regard to ships met at sea is repudiated by Russia and by Germany, on the ground that it is 'unfair' to Powers which have not got an abundant choice of ports and 'must' therefore destroy in cases in which other Powers would only seize. That is a first example of the novel doctrine of necessity or equal opportunity to which we shall have to revert.

Great Britain secured the express exclusion from the benefits of 'days of grace' of 'merchant vessels whose construction 'indicates that they are designed for conversion into ships of 'war.' Rules were also made for the proper behaviour of ships once 'converted.' But no settlement was reached as to place or duration of conversion. Russia and Germany still claim the right to convert merchantmen into ships of war upon the high seas; Germany claims the same right even in neutral ports. The British delegation approached the subject in the only logical way—by attempting an exhaustive definition of ships of war. The delegates at The Hague received with applause the announcement that Spain and Mexico adhered to the Declaration of Paris of 1856, which says that 'privateering is and remains 'abolished.' As nobody shows the slightest desire nowadays to issue letters of marque, that famous provision is apparently by itself of slight value; what is needed to give it reality is a definition of public navies which will prevent the random changes from private to public by which neutral shipping was made to suffer so severely during the last war.

Neutrality comes badly enough out of the discussions upon naval war as between belligerents; the debates upon the proper problems of neutrality degenerated into a competition for votes favourable to past irregularities and future ambitions. It was a welter of *Interessenfragen*, from which little came but evidence that the outbreak of a naval war would find a situation even more uncertain and more dangerous than that which prevailed during the Russo-Japanese war. What was then done under great stress is now presented as doctrine based on right and reason. It is openly maintained, especially by Germany and Russia, that freedom to stretch customary rules must be allowed to redress geographical and territorial inequalities—a contention

not easily separable from that thesis subversive of the whole idea of international agreements, that in the last resort necessity must override law.

The problems of prize law as regards neutrals are in the main problems of blockade and of contraband. International law does not prohibit either contraband-carrying or blockade-running, but justifies belligerents in prohibiting and punishing these methods of interfering with military operations and of assisting the enemy. In both cases the belligerent gives warning—by proclaiming a state of blockade, and by publishing a list of contraband articles. But controversies arise when belligerents make what neutrals regard as extravagant use of their right of prohibition, and if they are not scrupulous to justify their punitive acts—scrupulous, that is, in the treatment of prizes. While nobody proposes to avoid these controversies by liberating neutrals entirely from the operation of belligerent rules—America in her original proposal to make private property 'inviolable' expressly excluded contraband of war and ships attempting to enter a blockaded port—it is eminently desirable to limit and define them.

There is no definition of contraband beyond some such phrase as goods which it is forbidden to carry to the enemy on the ground that they enable the latter to carry on the war with greater vigour (Oppenheim, *op. cit.* ii. 421). Writers have been engaged, from Grotius downwards, with possible distinctions between absolute and relative or conditional contraband, between goods useful only for war and goods useful for both war and peace. But while some Powers have adopted these distinctions, there is nothing to prevent a Government engaged in war from basing its injunctions solely upon the apparent interest of the moment, and declaring contraband all that of which the enemy may probably or even conceivably stand in need. Russia declared in 1884 that coal was not contraband, and in 1904 that it was. And after close upon a century of custom had seemed to establish that provisions are not contraband unless destined for besieged places, or an enemy's armed force, France in 1885, and Russia in 1904, adopted the contrary view. On the other hand, while the doctrine of 'continuous voyage' remains a matter of controversy, there is no certainty that the belligerent will reap the intended results. Upon the whole the weight of custom and of opinion favours the view that a neutral vessel may not carry contraband to a neutral port to be forwarded thence to a hostile destination. But that the critical destination is that of the goods and not that of the ship is not more than 'the reigning 'view,' as Professor Westlake calls it, and we have neither

vindication nor condemnation of such action as our search of the 'Bundesrat' and other German vessels on their way to Delagoa Bay during the South African war.

Great Britain proposed to the conference to get rid of the conception of contraband altogether. Lord Reay criticised the existing practice as anachronistic and ineffective, a disturbance of trade out of all proportion to the legitimate interests of belligerents. Our unexpectedly radical remedy met with great favour, and was in the end opposed by Germany, France, and Russia alone. America at first voted against the proposal, but afterwards supported the abolition of all but 'absolute' contraband. She would not, that is, free munitions of war and the like from the customary disabilities, but she favours immunity for everything else—provisions, coal, cotton, and the bulk of the material of oversea trade.* The opposition of Russia was to be expected in view of her practice. France proposed a rather complicated rule, and Germany a definition of which the main feature was repudiation of the doctrine of continuous voyage, except in the case of open despatch to hostile address. Japan did not vote.

When the attempt to arrive at a settlement in the conference was abandoned, Sir Edward Fry called a private meeting of representatives of the twenty-six Powers which supported Great Britain, in the hope of obtaining an agreement to abolish contraband as between them. Since what is called 'abolition 'of contraband' is merely an undertaking not to issue certain prohibitions, it might be supposed that the self-denying ordinance could be adopted at any time and in any place. But Count Tornielli (Italy) and M. de Mérey (Austria-Hungary) drew so terrible a picture of the results of what the German press—less diplomatically, but with equal inspiration—called 'the 'adjournment of the conference to the British delegation's 'hotel' that nothing was done.

All the discussions in the Committee on 'Maritime Law' were based upon a *questionnaire* drawn up by its president, M. de Martens, the Russian jurist. With regard to blockade he asked whether it was necessary to modify the terms of the Declaration

* The abolition of 'absolute' contraband obviously ought not to be taken to justify neutrals in rendering deliberately 'unneutral' services to a belligerent fleet. In the definition of warships to which we have referred Great Britain desired to include as 'fleet auxiliaries' even *neutral* colliers, transports, etc., really under belligerent control. She withdrew this proposal and so showed that her contraband proposal was made unreservedly. But the need of defining 'hostile aid' remains.

of Paris of 1856, and whether it was desirable to determine 'the universally recognised consequences of a breach 'of effective blockade.' Changed and changing conditions have produced the widest divergences of opinion reflected in a large and controversial literature since it was laid down, half a century ago, in the Declaration of Paris, that 'blockades, 'in order to be binding, must be effective, that is to say, main-'tained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the 'territory of the enemy.' There are controversies as to the character of the necessary notification of an effective blockade, as to the meaning of 'real prevention of access,' and above all as to the area within which blockade-running can be punished. The disputes are keenest with regard to 'commercial blockades,' which, indeed, alone came prominently into view at The Hague. Italy made proposals embracing the extreme continental views—that notification must be given on the spot as well as to neutral Governments, and that a ship can be seized for violation of blockade only at the moment when it is attempting to cross the lines of the blockading force. Great Britain and America maintained their traditional view that any ship may be seized which is either ostensibly or really destined for a blockaded port. Nothing, however, came of the discussion, and Sir Ernest Satow proposed to abandon it. He pleaded not only the profound divergence between the continental system and the Anglo-American system and the lack of time, but said that the subject was not upon the programme of the conference, and that he had no instructions.

In regard to the destruction of neutral prizes the conference came to no better result. The debates were nothing more than affirmation and denial of the right claimed by Russia three years ago to sink prizes which it was inconvenient to bring into port for trial. Russia's point of view was 'shared entirely' by Germany, while Great Britain and America maintained, as they have consistently maintained, that a neutral prize must be released if it cannot, for any reason whatever, be brought in for trial. We are unable to see that, upon the whole, any good case has been made out against that rule. It is essential to resist the assimilation of two entirely different matters, capture of enemy vessels and capture of neutral vessels. Enemy vessels are captured to be appropriated in the exercise of a belligerent's right. Neutral vessels are captured only for the purpose of punishing certain special acts (Oppenheim, *op. cit.* ii. 469). Consequently the admission—which is now general—that enemy prizes may in certain exceptional cases be destroyed before a verdict is obtained against them provides no argument for the

exceptional destruction of neutral prizes. There is a considerable weight of opinion in favour of admitting certain exceptions; Japan, in 1904, allowed destruction in case of unseaworthy condition of the prize, storm at sea, imminent danger of recapture, and impossibility of sparing a prize crew. It was not, however, with the formulation of such exceptions based upon the merits of the case that the Hague Conference had to deal. Russia and Germany, while willing to accept the obligation to 'use 'the right of destruction with the greatest reserve,' base the alleged right upon 'the principle of reciprocity and equal oppor- 'tunity,' and argue that prohibition to destroy would 'place 'Powers having no maritime bases except on their home coasts 'in a position of inferiority.'

The 'principle of equal opportunity,' if it means anything, means making the law fit the needs of particular belligerents. We have met it already in several forms, but it took its most remarkable shape in the long discussions upon the hospitality to be accorded to belligerent ships in neutral ports and waters, which ended in an elaborate draft convention which satisfied nobody. The British delegation refused to vote the separate articles and 'reserved to its Government the right to form an 'opinion' upon the whole document. Six other Powers abstained from voting, and seven Powers entered reservations. The discussion served only to enable certain Powers to repudiate the British rules of 1898 and 1904 concerning the twenty-four hours' stay, repairs, and supplies of food and coal.

'We do not allow a longer stay than twenty-four hours to belligerent vessels visiting our ports and waters, unless they have obtained permission to take innocent supplies or effect repairs, in which case we turn them out as soon as they are ready to depart. Nor do we permit them to take more coal than is necessary to carry them to the nearest port of their own country, "or to some nearer named neutral destination," and no two supplies of coal for the same vessel are to be allowed in British ports at lesser intervals than three months.' *

It is not alleged that these rules are binding 'international 'law,' but they are the last expression of the efforts which we began to make in 1862 really to prevent violations of neutrality, they have obtained a very large amount of recognition from other Powers, and it may reasonably be said, with Professor Westlake, that, in case of conduct by a neutral Power not in conformity with them, they would give great weight to the

* Lawrence, 'War and Neutrality,' p. 124.

complaints of a belligerent. At The Hague, Russia and Germany have made a determined effort to upset them.

We have not space to deal in detail with the extremely interesting report in which M. Renault describes and discusses the debates; it is unfortunate that Professor Westlake has based his remarks upon a reprint of part of an early draft of it, with the result that he comments upon the convention in what was not its final shape, and in one case at least misquotes the text of it. We must confine our attention to the controversial clauses regarding length of stay and right of coaling.

Article XII. reads:

'In default of the adoption by a neutral Power of other special regulations, the ships of war of belligerents are forbidden to remain in its ports, roads or territorial waters for more than twenty-four hours, except in the cases provided for by the present convention.'

The exceptional cases of need of repairs and of perilous weather having been provided for, Article XIX. reads:

'Belligerent ships of war cannot revictual in neutral ports and roads except to complete their normal peace-time supplies.

'Nor can they take in fuel except to reach the nearest port of their own country. They may take in enough to fill their ordinary bunkers, when they are in neutral countries which have adopted that method of determining what coal to supply.

'If by the law of the neutral Power the ships do not receive coal until twenty-four hours after arrival, the legal duration of their stay is prolonged by twenty-four hours.'

It would appear at first sight that we have here a real settlement which, while not entirely satisfying traditional British views, in that it leaves neutrals some option of individual legislation, would have much in its favour. When M. Renault says 'the essential thing is that all should know what to expect, and 'that there shall be no surprise,' Professor Westlake replies that 'this treats as practically unessential the abstention from 'rendering aid to a belligerent.' And when M. Renault says that 'the starting point of a regulation must be the sovereignty 'of a neutral State,' Professor Westlake replies that 'the only 'possible meaning of sovereignty in such a connection is freedom 'of choice not seriously restricted by rules.' This argument seems to us to go much too far. Apart from the introduction of the question what is and what is not 'serious' restriction, it sets up quite a new standard of the scope of international regulation. In a chapter upon this subject written before the conference met, Professor Westlake said (p. 209):

'It must be borne in mind that [the British rule] only limits the stay of a belligerent ship of war, not recognising or conferring

on her a right even to the hospitality so limited, and that an intention cannot be presumed to surrender or fetter the power of the crown to deal with any case as the principles of neutral duty may require.'

The sovereignty of the neutral State *is*, then, the starting point, and we should see no reason to treat as nugatory or as in principle objectionable an all-round agreement to 'fetter' sovereign power to the extent of making application of some rule obligatory, simply because the surrender is not complete, and neutrals retain the right to interpret 'the principles of 'neutral duty' in their own laws, decrees or Government rules, adopting the recommended rules only in the event of their failure to take such action. So much 'freedom' is necessary, in order to prevent the recommended rules from being treated as the *maximum* of neutral duty. Had an international convention of the kind under consideration been in existence at the time of the voyage of the Russian Baltic fleet from Libau to the Korean Straits in 1904–5 (1) it would have been clear in advance what treatment the fleet had to expect respectively in Scandinavian, Spanish, British, and French ports on the assumption that the voyage was regarded as an ordinary voyage, while (2) there would have been nothing to prevent the application of special measures * for the preservation of neutrality such as the proclamation of the Governor of Malta which refused any hospitality to belligerent ships 'proceeding to the 'seat of war' or proceeding to search for contraband. As it was, there was nothing to go upon but the proclamations of neutrality of the individual Powers. The Scandinavian Powers were at one extreme, closing their ports altogether to belligerents; Spain was at the other, issuing no specific instructions—this is the regular practice of several countries, including Germany and Austria-Hungary—and in the sequel granting four or five days' hospitality and abundance of coal; France was, according to her tradition, lenient; Great Britain was extremely severe. Now while the proposed agreement makes it no more certain that France would imitate British than that Spain would imitate Scandinavian practice, it would ensure the application of definite if diverse rules, laid down in advance, and liberate Governments from the chief temptations caused by the possession of 'the 'power to oblige their friends.'

* It is doubtful whether a strict observance of the Anglo-American rules by all Powers would have sufficed to make the voyage of the Baltic Fleet impossible. (Hershey, 'International Law and Diplomacy of the Russo-Japanese War,' p. 202.)

Unfortunately, however, an agreement upon any lines is still very remote. After a vast amount of discussion, a settlement appeared to be practically certain upon the lines of (1) adoption of the twenty-four hours' rule of stay, failing other special rules; and (2) adoption of the British rule about coaling, failing adoption by any particular Power of the 'ordinary 'bunkers' standard; the only question was, whether America, Great Britain and Japan could admit this last alternative. At the last moment Russia obtained the excision from Article XIX. of the following words:

'Revictualling and the taking in of fuel do not give the right to prolong the legal duration of stay.'

That—especially in view of the uncontroverted assertion of Sir Ernest Satow, that in most neutral ports likely to come in question six hours amply sufficed for provisioning and coaling—raised fresh doubts as to the efficacy of Article XII., which, indeed, Russia, although it was her own proposal, voted only under solemn protest against the twenty-four hours' rule. Germany chose the same moment to renew the novel doctrine that the operation of the twenty-four hours' rule (or special alternative rules) should be confined to ports and waters 'in the immediate 'proximity of the theatre of war.' Under pressure to define this expression, Germany said that it meant the field of actual or recent or possible operations of war, the test of possibility being the presence or approach of *both* belligerents. It is impossible to take such a proposal as a serious rule for the preservation of neutrality. Even if it were admitted that services become 'unneutral' only during or on the eve of battle, the German system would enable belligerent vessels to make neutral waters the base of those operations of search and capture which are independent of the enemy's presence.

The inconclusiveness of these controversial discussions and the obvious inability of the unwieldy Hague machine to produce even effective compromises sufficed to suggest the convocation at an early date of a separate congress of the great naval Powers. It was upon a more or less clear understanding that such a congress would be called that a scheme for the establishment of an International Prize Court—amicably constructed out of the originally divergent proposals of Great Britain and Germany—was allowed to go through. The British Government seems to have decided against ratification of the scheme at present. Speaking at the Guildhall on November 9, the Prime Minister said:

'It is desirable, and it may be essential, that before legislation can be undertaken to make such a court effective the leading mari-

time nations should come to an agreement on the rules regarding some of the more important subjects of warfare which are to be administered by the court that is established.'

While a waiting attitude is probably in the circumstances the best attitude, the view that there can be no court until there is a precise and perfect code is, we think, untenable. Speaking, at the last meeting of the conference, of the 'organisation for the first time in the history of the world of a really 'international court,' Sir Edward Fry declared that what they hoped to see was the gradual formation around the prize court of a system of really international laws, what was called international law at present being little more than 'a chaos of 'opinions and of decisions of national courts.' It is, we believe, only around an international court that an international code can be formed. A national Government ought not to abandon anything of its present right to judge its own prizes without appeal except to a court whose constitution ensures the application of great principles and the repudiation of doctrines based upon convenience or necessity—that is, necessity to win wars. But, those claims to confidence once ensured, no court can be so hedged in that all its judgements may be anticipated. It has been supposed that the British Government always accepted the motto, 'No code, no court,' and proposed the court on the assumption that the conference would supply the code. But it was a British plenipotentiary who pleaded lack of instructions regarding the vital question of blockade, and said that the subject was not upon the programme of the conference. The truth appears to be that, in consequence of the utterly inadequate preparation for the conference, the Admiralty only gradually awoke to the possible risks involved. Perhaps the risks are now exaggerated. We will endeavour to bring out their character by adding to our review of the present state of most questions of prize law a short description of the proposed prize court.

It is proposed to set up an international court which shall be ready to sit at The Hague as a final court of appeal within 120 days of publication of the judgement of a national prize court of first or, at most, of second instance, the national courts having to give their final judgement within two years from the date of capture of the prize. The court is to consist of fifteen 'jurists 'of recognised competence in questions of maritime international 'law and enjoying the highest moral consideration,' of whom nine form a *quorum*. Eight of the judges are to be nominated by America, Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, and Russia; the other seven are to be nominated

by the other Powers who come into the agreement, according to a fixed scheme of rotation; but place will always be made for the judge representing a belligerent Power, if he be not on the *rota*. Each judge is to be appointed for six years, and to be irremovable during that period. The parties to each case are to be allowed to appoint naval assessors, with 'consultative' powers. Every judgement must be accompanied by a statement of the grounds upon which it has been reached (*motivé*) and by a list of the judges present; their individual votes remain secret.

We come to the all-important questions of the competence of the court and the rules which it will have to apply. Prizes are either enemy or neutral. The enemy State is to have no right of appeal. Subjects of the enemy State are to be allowed to appeal (1) in the event of condemnation of their property carried under a neutral flag; (2) upon the ground that the belligerent captor has violated either a convention in force between the two belligerents or one of his own legal regulations. A neutral State or a subject of a neutral State has the right to appeal in every case of condemnation of a neutral prize, and it rests with the neutral State to appeal in the event of condemnation of an enemy prize captured in neutral waters.

As to the rules to be applied, the court has, in the case of an *enemy* prize, (1) to apply the rule of the Declaration of Paris that 'the neutral flag covers enemy's goods,' or (2) to apply the convention or legal provision the alleged violation of which is the ground of appeal. In the case of a *neutral* prize, the court has (1) to apply any convention in force between the belligerent captor and the neutral State concerned; (2) failing such convention, to apply the rules of international law; while (3) 'if 'generally recognised rules do not exist, the court decides 'according to the general principles of justice and equity.'

The first thing to remark about this scheme is, that it affects only very slightly indeed the questions which may arise between belligerents. The idea that the Powers are being asked to submit all their prize court judgements to appeal and possible reversal is unfounded. A belligerent cannot appeal upon the ground either of 'justice and equity' or of custom; he can appeal only upon the ground that the captor has violated his own pledges or broken his own rules. The importance of this limitation will be seen by reference to the debates upon naval war as between belligerents which we have described. It is clear that a belligerent cannot appeal upon the ground that private property at sea ought to be inviolable. In the event of the conclusion of a binding convention regarding 'days of grace'—not otherwise, not on the ground that time ought to be or is customarily

granted—a belligerent might plead improper treatment of his merchantmen at the outbreak of hostilities. In the event of the conclusion of a binding convention regarding conversion of merchantmen, an appeal might be based upon a breach of it; even without a convention, an appeal might in certain cases be based upon an allegation of privateering. That is about all. The possible encroachment upon belligerent 'rights' as against the enemy is almost inconsiderable, and can be extended only by the voluntary adoption of conventions, laws, or regulations altering the existing order of things.

Coming to the far more difficult questions involved in the practically unlimited right of appeal which it is proposed to give to neutrals, we have to consider the risk that the court will use what freedom is left it, (1) to confirm unduly harsh belligerent judgements, or (2) to upset belligerent judgements out of undue regard for neutral interests. It is apparent that we cannot assume both risks, and it is almost equally apparent that it is excessive regard for the claims of neutrals that is most to be feared—if there is fear. Not only is the main purpose of the court the relief of neutrals, but the majority of the judges will always consist of subjects of neutral States, and not improbably of States which always expect to be neutral. These judges are all to be experts in international law, and the whole tendency of international law is to safeguard neutrality—as witness the recommendations of the Institute of International Law and the overwhelming majorities always given at The Hague in favour of limitations of belligerent rights. In the event of a naval war in which we are neutrals, we do not know what Great Britain has to fear from the new court. Even in default of conventions with the belligerents and in default of explicit adoption of British rules and of British views of custom and of right, we cannot imagine any *quorum* of international jurists which, having to decide upon 'the general principles of justice and 'equity,' would uphold the right of belligerent vessels to sally out from neutral ports, within or without 'the theatre of war,' to capture neutral vessels, or which would approve the exercise of the right of capture by a merchantman turned for the nonce into a ship of war. And, while neutrality has perhaps much to gain, it has nothing to lose. It is proposed to give a right of appeal where now there is none. We do not forget that redress has sometimes been obtained by arbitration—the belligerent Government being induced by the neutral Government to agree to review of the case by a mixed commission.

'But the tardy justice done by mixed commissions, instituted after the close of a war with much diplomatic toil and as the result

of much international friction, and then only when the grievances complained of by individuals amount to a sum sufficient to induce their Government to seek an extraordinary remedy, has rather made apparent than effectually supplemented the inadequacy of the jurisdiction in prize cases.' *

It remains to consider whether we can afford to trust the proposed new court with the final decision regarding the measures which, as belligerents, we should take to punish breaches of neutrality. Since we do not intend in case of war either to sink neutral prizes or to make any use of neutral ports which could conceivably be taken to invalidate our right of capture, the only matters which we have seriously to consider are contraband and blockade—including the questions of continuous voyage and the limits of the right of search.† Of contraband we have endeavoured, and presumably still hope, to get rid. Failing such a result, the new court would most probably be content to accept in every case the belligerent captor's list, though we should have no reason to object if it did embark upon such a rule of 'equity and justice' as would free provisions and coal, or limit the rights of the belligerent to sequestration or pre-emption. As to 'continuous voyage' we cannot be certain, although, as we have seen, it is the 'reigning view' that to regard the destination of the goods and not that of the ship is the only way to make contraband rules a reality, and the doctrine has been actually applied by France and by Italy as well as by Great Britain. Blockade appears to be the great difficulty. We have referred to the principal controversies which arise concerning it, and we are not disposed to minimise their gravity. If, indeed, the Defence Committee expects as much of the weapon of blockade in the event of war as some possible opponents seem to fear from it, sound and definite rules may be of vital importance to us. Since, however, this country went into the Hague Conference with a decided policy about contraband, with no proposals about blockade and yet as initiator of an international prize court, there is no reason to ascribe the hesitations of the Government to this special strategical consideration.

The risks of the new institution seem to have been measured

* Westlake, pp. 290–1.

† It is remarkable that Professor Westlake, who is opposed to ratification of the prize court scheme as it stands, selects the question of distance from its destination within which a ship may be searched as 'a minor point,' and says (p. 295): 'The court might be trusted to decide whether any particular search was too remote, while if a rule of any generality resulted from such decisions, it might be thankfully accepted.'

to no small extent by the very high importance which its authors ascribed to their work. Its importance seems to us to lie not least in the sedative effects of a right of appeal. Since the court need not meet until two years and four months from the date of a capture, and its utmost ambitions to make law will be limited by the cases which come before it, there will be ample time for the soothing of wounded susceptibilities, but no immediate prospect of the court settling the fate of wars. Yet the institution of the new court would be a great reform, and our action in proposing it is fair proof that we do not desire command of the seas to be a tyranny over them. We have no reason to be ashamed of the character of our prize jurisdiction. It is to the greatness of Lord Stowell—whose decisions are admitted on all hands to have been as international as any national decisions can be—that such settled prize law as there is is most largely due. But at best an exclusively national prize jurisdiction is an anomaly, and there is no good reason to preserve the anomaly any longer than vital national interests require.

Whatever the fate of the proposals for the next conference which have been submitted to the Governments, 'nationalism' and 'internationalism' have every reason to join in an effort to rid the Hague institution of its complexities and unrealities. A peace conference which is forbidden to discuss expenditure upon armaments, and from which the rules of naval warfare have admittedly to be withdrawn, a world congress which the world treats with silence or with ridicule, an assembly in which diplomacy and law confound each other, does not justify itself. It provides opportunities for political demonstrations, but to Powers which do not make use of those opportunities it brings little but humiliations which are unrequited by any sense of lasting service done to the cause of peace.

Art. XI.—QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER MINISTERS.

1. *The Letters of Queen Victoria* (1837–1861). Published by authority of His Majesty the King. Edited by Arthur Christopher Benson, M.A., and Viscount Esher, G.C.V.O., K.C.B. In three volumes. London: John Murray. 1907.
2. *The History of England during the Reign of Victoria.* By Sidney Low, M.A., and Lloyd C. Sanders, B.A. Being vol. xii. of the 'Political History of England.' London: Longmans & Co. 1907.
3. *Queen Victoria: a Biography.* By Sidney Lee, Editor of the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' London: Smith, Elder. 1902.

The lives of few sovereigns have become so intimately known to their subjects as the life of the late Queen of England. Nearly seventy years have passed away since that night in June when the Archbishop of Canterbury rode from the death-bed of the King at Windsor to announce to his niece at Kensington that she, a young girl of only just eighteen, was already on the throne. It is hard for us to imagine that to our ancestors the name of 'Victoria' had at first an un-English sound. Sir Walter Scott, who was presented to the Princess in 1828, hoped that the name would ultimately be changed; and when, a couple of years later, Parliament was making provision for the Duchess of Kent and the upbringing of the Princess, it was strongly urged in the House of Commons that it would give great satisfaction to the British people to proclaim, when the death of the King should occur, the reign of a second 'Queen Elizabeth.'

In 1837 the Whigs were in power; and then as now, the anticipations, the hopes, and the fears of British statesmen were coloured not a little by the standpoint from which they viewed the scene. Sir Robert Peel, the leader of the Tory Opposition, longed, in despondent mood, for the rule of a wise, experienced, and constitutional sovereign, ripened with the years, who would steady the nation at a time when the fierce passions of the democracy were rampant, when mob rule was taking the place of statesmanship, and when the people were ignorantly and impatiently clamouring for the relaxation of taxation.* Lord John Russell, in office as Secretary of State,

* Sidney Lee's 'Queen Victoria,' quoted from the Croker Papers.

and the Leader of the House of Commons, took a more roseate view of the present, and, as a Whig, looked forward with less fear and with more hope to the future. He ' hoped,' he said in a great speech at Stroud,

' for a reign to be made illustrious in its deeds of peace—an Elizabeth without her tyranny, an Anne without her weaknesses. Let us put up a prayer that the illustrious Princess, who has just ascended the throne with the purest intentions and the justest desires, may have the good fortune to see slavery entirely abolished; crime, whilst it is seldom visited by the dreadful punishment of death, diminished by the operation of better laws and improved institutions; let us hope that she may have the consolation of seeing her people better educated—deriving their strength, deriving their conduct, deriving their loyalty, from enlightened religious and moral principles. . . . So strengthened, I trust, we may succeed in making the reign of Victoria celebrated among the nations of the earth, and to all posterity, and that " England may not forget her precedence of teaching other nations how to live." ' *

It was the happy lot of Queen Victoria, as the years passed on, entirely to dispel the not unnatural fears which her youth and inexperience at first created in cautious minds, and to realise to the full the sanguine hopes which statesmen who already began to appreciate her high aspirations and sterling character confidently indulged. The more the Queen became known, the more she was trusted and beloved. After a time, owing to the great length of her reign, there were but few of her subjects who had any knowledge of British sovereignty apart from the personality of the Queen. To the ever increasing number of her juniors, the late sovereign, her uncle King William IV., came to seem almost as remote an historical personage as King William III. In their eyes the Queen herself had gradually acquired something of the permanence of an institution. Statesmen died, and succeeded one another. The composition of both Houses of the Legislature entirely changed. The young girl of eighteen became a sovereign whose political experience none of her statesmen could rival. She had seen all of them, so to speak, ' on the rise,' and had thus a far better opportunity of understanding the true character of public men than those who had not made their acquaintance till after they had won a foremost place on the political stage. In the ever changing world of politics Queen Victoria alone remained the same. What wonder that men, as generation followed generation, had come to feel that ' The Queen ' was herself

* Spencer Walpole's ' Life of Lord John Russell.'

an integral part of their system, almost as permanent as the House of Lords and the House of Commons ?

And as time went on, and their Queen experienced to the full the alternation of joy and sorrow inseparable from long life, a sense of community of feeling, called forth in the first instance by the deep human sympathy she herself felt for others, grew up between Sovereign and subject, unlike, in its universality and strength, anything recorded in history. Long before her death she became in their hearts, throughout her widespread dominions, the Mother of her People, sharing their joys and their sorrows, their triumphs and their trials. Her life bridged so wide a space of time that it seemed to give a sort of personal continuity between our actual Present and an almost historic Past. From Wellington to Kitchener, from Walter Scott to Rudyard Kipling, from the parliamentary heroes of the great fights for the Reform Bill and for Free Trade, to Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is a long stride, not in time only. The Queen lived and reigned through a period of unprecedented growth and developement in the circumstances and conditions of the nation. Not only materially and socially was there change. The ' process of the ' suns ' had widened men's thoughts, and in many respects changed their mental standpoint. The nation in one reign had stepped, at least so it seemed to English youth in the twentieth century, from ancient history into modern times. And the Queen had seen it all !

From the date of her accession it was the pride and ambition of the Queen to represent and personify her people, and to guard and serve their highest interests. Above all, to stand before the world as the expression of that national unity which occasionally the distractions inseparable from our political and party system seem to threaten. Raised herself above faction, the influence of the Crown in her reign tended to diminish that factiousness of spirit which in greater or less degree animates the counsels of the actual and prospective advisers of the sovereign. English statesmen are by necessity party men, though the really great ones among them have always been much more. But the greatest and the best of them cannot but gain by being forced in their intercourse with their sovereign to justify and explain their policy from a national rather than a party standpoint.

In Mr. Sidney Lee's ' Life of Queen Victoria,' written for the ' Dictionary of National Biography,' that great work for which the world owes to him and to Sir Leslie Stephen a deep debt of gratitude, we have drawn for us in a single volume a complete

portrait of the Queen and of her reign, derived from her own writings and from the many English and French and German memoirs that throw light upon her character and career. And now, under the authority of His Majesty, three volumes of letters have been published, some of them of extraordinary interest, revealing to the world the relation between the Sovereign and her ministers, and the personal part played by the Crown in guiding the destiny of the nation during the first five and twenty years of her reign.

The young Queen, it was very soon discovered by all who had relations with her, was a very intelligent and very high-spirited girl, with a singularly strong sense of duty, and with a very unusual power in one so young of mastering the details of business. She had thoroughly assimilated the teaching of her uncle, King Leopold, 'to be no one's tool.' She determined to keep herself independent of party, and to bring her own personal judgement to bear on the problems with which she was confronted. To her belonged the strength, in dealing with others, of a complete singleness and straightforwardness of character and purpose, a determination not to be misapprehended by her ministers, and to let them see from the first the direction in which her sympathies and opinions were tending. How was she to learn her duties? In what work could she find laid down the precise functions which it would be her part as Queen to exercise? As Lord Melbourne wrote to her:

'All the political part of the English Constitution is fully understood, and distinctly stated in Blackstone . . . and many other books. But the Ministerial part, the work of conducting the Executive Government, has rested so much on practice, on usage, on understanding, that there is no publication to which reference can be made for the explanation and description of it. It is to be sought in debates, in protests, in letters, in memoirs, and wherever it can be picked up.'

This is true of the exercise by statesmen of their ministerial functions; and it is still more difficult to discover precise rules as to the exercise by the sovereign himself of the royal functions imposed upon him by the constitution. In England, as a matter of fact, the personality of the sovereign has always counted for much. It is easy to say that the sovereign acts upon the advice of his ministers, who are responsible to Parliament for the advice given and its consequences. That great constitutional principle is the basis of our parliamentary constitution, and is also the best safeguard of the throne. Still, ministers, whilst themselves responsible, act on behalf of the sovereign and in his

name. It is their duty to obtain his consent to measures and policy which they deem that the welfare of the state demands. They cannot take that consent for granted. It is not given as a mere matter of form, and hence it is evident that much discussion and even difficulty will sometimes arise before the harmony of view which is essential between sovereign and statesmen is attained.

It was natural, if not inevitable, that the young Queen's personal inclinations should at first have drawn her to the Whigs. The sympathies of her father, the Duke of Kent, had been liberal, if not indeed radical. She was devotedly attached to her first Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, who regarded her with almost parental affection, and who gave her that much needed support which she could only find in the counsels of a wise and entirely trusted friend.

Lord Palmerston she found exceedingly clever and agreeable. Only five days after her accession she describes to King Leopold 'the regular, hard, but to her delightful work' which she does with her ministers. Pleased with them all, she almost prays for their success at the impending general election. During the course of the new Parliament, there was much in the conduct of the Opposition to alienate her still further from the Tories. No sovereign, succeeding to his predecessor's ministers, ever had a happier start. Even her constant adviser and uncle, King Leopold, would not in 1838 have liked to see Lord Palmerston's place taken by Lord Aberdeen: The following year came the crisis over the Jamaica Bill, causing the resignation of the Cabinet, 'a dreadful change' which the Queen could hardly contemplate calmly, and which plunged her into the deepest grief. Her first acquaintance with Tory statesmen by no means tended to diminish the distaste with which she was predisposed to regard them. She was at once up in arms at the thought of losing 'her ladies,' and being, as she believed, within her rights, she was absolutely determined to maintain them in place. Sixty years later Queen Victoria, referring to her then action, remarked that she was very young in 1839, and with more experience might have acted differently. The so-called 'Bedchamber plot' had something grotesque about it which amused the outside public not a little. The incident reflected no credit on the rival statesmen, who might easily have arranged matters, as they did a couple of years later, and thereby have saved their Sovereign from open conflict with the incoming minister. In 1839, however, the state of politics was not such as to make the entrance upon office by a Tory minister at all an inviting prospect, and Sir Robert Peel may have felt that the return of the Whigs to a short spell of power would be by no

means hurtful to the interests of his own party. It is clear that the Queen herself suffered no loss of personal popularity from the vigour of her action. The Tories were laughed at for Sir Robert's hasty retreat, and the Whigs ridiculed for climbing back into office under the shelter of the Ladies of the Bedchamber! More serious people thought it a very unfortunate episode in the working of our constitutional system, and impartially and constitutionally placed the blame on the shoulders of leading statesmen on *both* sides.

Lord Melbourne at this crisis, in his letters to the Queen, showed his great anxiety that she should act with perfect fairness between rival parties and politicians, and should not be influenced unduly by her friendship for him. At her interview with Peel she had disliked his reserved manner. 'He was such a 'cold, odd man, she could not make out what he meant.' And Lord Melbourne replied by assuring her that Sir Robert was actuated by no personal hostility or bitterness of feeling to himself; that he was the most cautious and reserved of mankind, that nobody seemed to know him; but she must not think that he was therefore deceitful or dishonest. 'Many a very false 'man has a very open sincere manner, and *vice versa*.' Not a very easy saying for a Queen of twenty to take to heart!

People began to suspect (according to Croker), as well they might, that the Queen took a personal and strong interest in the Whigs. She was ultimately to be cured of any undue partiality of this sort, not by the superior charms of the Tories, but by a longer and more intimate acquaintance with the Whigs themselves. From the first, Lord Palmerston, however 'clever and 'agreeable,' had a very strong inclination to manage the foreign policy of the nation 'off his own bat,' without consulting his Sovereign or his colleagues. King Leopold, whose influence with the Queen was great, deplored, as was natural to the son-in-law of King Louis Philippe, the anti-French line taken by the English Foreign Secretary in the troubles that arose between Egypt and the Porte. The Cabinet were divided amongst themselves, less, however, as to the policy aimed at than as to the best means of attaining it. Palmerston, in the upshot, might certainly boast that he had judged France more rightly than his critics. The Queen's letters from Leopold, and from members of the French royal family, were full of information as to the danger of pressing matters too far against France. These were duly laid by her before her ministers. Palmerston had his own sources of information, and he believed that the friendly feelings of the Queen were being worked upon for political objects which were not British ones; and he adhered vigorously to his own line.

He had his way; and the French bore our success with the equanimity always anticipated by Palmerston. Still the difference between the minister and the Crown had been acute, and portended difficulty for a future day.

When the Whig Government finally fell, in 1841, the Tories had done nothing to increase their favour with their Sovereign. On her marriage with Prince Albert, the previous year, Sir Robert Peel had led his party to inflict defeat on the Whig Government by reducing the proposed annual provision for her husband from 50,000*l.* to 30,000*l.*, an ungracious proceeding on the part of the House of Commons, which the general sentiment of a later day would have rendered almost impossible.

'"The Tories are really very astonishing," wrote the Queen to Prince Albert just before their marriage, "as they do everything they can to be personally rude to me. . . . The Whigs are the only safe and loyal people, and the Radicals will also rally round their Queen to protect her from the Tories; but it is a curious sight to see those who, as Tories, used to pique themselves upon their excessive loyalty, doing everything to degrade their Sovereign in the eyes of the world. Of course there are exceptions."'

Great as was the Queen's trust and confidence in Lord Melbourne, she had no notion that political decisions of importance should be taken by him and his ministers without her having been consulted. It would never do, she had written to him, 'for 'the Queen to be the last person to hear what is settled and done 'in her own name.' She recognised to the full her duty as a constitutional sovereign to listen to the advice of those whose constitutional duty it was to advise her. But she was determined to be consulted, and not to let her approval be taken for granted even by her most trusted ministers.

As little was she prepared to tolerate any 'interference' with those duties and responsibilities which she felt were hers alone. She impressed very wisely on her future husband that the English were exceedingly jealous of any foreigner interfering with the government of the country, but this of course she knew it would never enter into his mind to do. The Queen was devotedly attached from the first to the Prince. He was 'an angel'; but he was also a subject, and he was certainly not always to have his own way. In the arrangement of his household the Queen told the Prince 'quite honestly' that his wishes 'would not do,' and proceeded to make the proper appointments herself. Some months after their marriage the Prince felt that he was not consulted by the Queen on matters connected with English politics. Lord Melbourne thought this was caused by a fear on her part of

differences of opinion. And he advised her to talk over everything with him, thinking 'that subjects between man and wife, 'even where differences were sure to ensue, were much better 'discussed than avoided, for the latter course was sure to beget 'distrust.' * The advice so wisely tendered was undoubtedly taken, and after a very short interval the Queen and Prince Albert for practical purposes of politics became one; and no future minister of the Crown ever had to suggest that it would be expedient that the Queen should consult her husband 'on 'matters connected with English politics'! As a matter of fact it was the Queen's marriage which ultimately put an end to the very natural preference of her early years for Whig rule. In 1841, when Lord Melbourne's Government fell, it was the Prince who was relied upon by Lord Melbourne to discount the Queen's recommendation that he should keep the Tories at a distance. The Prince and Sir Robert Peel soon came to know and appreciate each other's high character and disinterested motives; and long before his death the leader of the Tory party had won a place in the confidence of his Sovereign certainly not exceeded in the case of any other minister throughout her long reign.

The relations between Sovereign and ministers during Peel's administration were thoroughly harmonious. The Prime Minister admitted Prince Albert into his full confidence, without any thought of excluding the husband of the Sovereign from participating in the counsels and projects of ministers. The Queen and the Prince were in complete political accord, and the Sovereign, naturally imbibing the sentiments of the statesmen who surrounded her, began gradually to think less well of the Whigs than heretofore, and even to express the hope to her old friend Lord Melbourne that he would check the factious spirit that had begun to animate them. Lord Melbourne sincerely disliked the party exaggerations and violence of his own friends, which he declared were as distasteful to him as to Her Majesty; but, as he pathetically observed, the leader of a party in opposition has little power over his followers. He quoted Mr. Pulteney's statement that 'political parties were like snakes, guided not by 'their heads but by their tails.' Lord Melbourne was not sure whether this was true 'of the snake, but it certainly was so 'of the party.' All Oppositions that he had ever seen were, he said, more or less factious, except that of Mr. Fox to Mr. Pitt—hardly an exception to which in our day much weight would be attached! So the Queen gained her experience in the hard school of fact, and though in after years she had often cause to

* Memorandum by Mr. Anson, vol. i. p. 282.

regret the heat and violence of party struggle, it is not likely that she again failed to distinguish vigorous political opposition to the policy of her ministers from disloyalty to the throne or intentional indifference to the interests of the country.

The intimate correspondence which passed, during the ministry of Peel, between the Queen and Lord Melbourne, the minister whose place he had taken, became the subject of vigorous remonstrance with the latter on the part of Baron Stockmar. Lord Melbourne appears to have taken the very plain speaking of Stockmar in good part, though it does not seem that the correspondence was discontinued. The fears of Baron Stockmar were not unnatural or groundless, and a little misrepresentation on the part of a mischief-maker or busybody might assuredly have done much harm. It was the absolute sincerity and honesty of purpose on the part of the Queen and Prince Albert, of Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel, that rendered her recourse to the friendly assistance of Melbourne and his counsels in return, not only innocuous, but helpful to all concerned. Lord Melbourne never advised her against the interests of Peel. His sole object was to give her impartial help, which perhaps he thought the very independence of his position rendered him all the more capable of giving. With a less honourable and less disinterested man it might have been very different. But the Queen knew with whom she was dealing ; she would have scorned the very notion of political intrigue behind the backs of her ministers. Peel also understood his Sovereign. We fully believe that the former conveyed to Stockmar the impression that he would throw up office at a minute's notice, 'fearless of conse-'quences, the moment he found himself or the country dishonestly 'dealt by.'* But Peel knew perfectly well that his Sovereign was the very soul of honour and straightforwardness, and that he could place the most perfect reliance on the good faith of the Queen and the Prince. Melbourne had nothing to gain and Peel had nothing to fear, and no bad consequences ever came from the former's neglect of the solemn warnings of Baron Stockmar.

The effect of the marriage of the Queen and Prince Albert was far-reaching. The personal influence which the Crown could bring to bear upon the Queen's advisers was immensely increased by her marriage. Ministers quickly realised that the Queen and the Prince were completely one. He had made a deep study of history and politics ; and it was, perhaps, natural to him to take a wider and more philosophical view of affairs than presented itself to statesmen who were wrestling with the

* Vol. i. p. 454.

pressing difficulties of the moment. The young Queen from her accession had determined that ministers who were acting in her name and on her behalf should consult her before important action was taken. And it was very soon found that, whatever might have been the ante-nuptial views of the Sovereign, consulting *her* meant consulting *them*. Prince Albert lent his powerful assistance towards enforcing a rule of practice which sometimes ministers found it very inconvenient to follow. With some of them relations became strained and difficult. But no one ever thought of alleging, after the Queen's marriage, that the Sovereign leant unduly to either of the political parties in the state.

It was with the greatest regret that the Queen heard from Sir Robert Peel, in November 1845, that he could not carry his Cabinet with him in his proposal to fight the Irish potato famine by suspending the import duties on corn. Such a measure, it was foreseen, would lead to the entire repeal of the Corn Laws and the establishing of Free Trade—ends long sought by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Villiers, and tardily accepted in their entirety by Lord John Russell and the Whigs. Sir Robert Peel's large majority in the House of Commons had been due to the Protectionist feeling, in 1842, of the county constituencies; and however wise and patriotic and necessary the determination to which the Prime Minister had now come, it need cause no surprise that his conversion was bitterly resented by a very large section of his followers. The Queen and Prince, even before the fatal Cabinet of December 1, had become convinced of the policy of the step in contemplation.

'"The Queen thinks" [letter to Peel, November 28] "the time is come when a removal of the restrictions upon the importation of food cannot be successfully resisted. Should this be Sir Robert Peel's opinion, the Queen very much hopes that none of his colleagues will prevent him from doing that which it is *right* to do."' *

Queen and Prince were themselves convinced of the righteousness and wisdom of the great policy which Peel was now contemplating. Moreover, they had been strongly impressed with the high character, the integrity, and the moderation of view, both of the Prime Minister and of the Foreign Secretary, Lord Aberdeen; and it was with a heavy heart that, after the Corn Laws had been repealed, they bade farewell to the Tories and saw

* Letters of Queen Victoria, vol. ii. p. 55.

once more in power a ministry of Whigs, with the now greatly distrusted Lord Palmerston in charge of the Foreign Office.

The feeling of distrust with which the Sovereign regarded her Foreign Secretary was at that time, and for long afterwards, shared by a large section of the public even on his own side of politics. Lord John Russell had failed to form a ministry in 1845, mainly because Lord Palmerston insisted on returning to the Foreign Office, and this Lord Grey could not stand. Even in those early days Lord John thought Lord Palmerston so strong that it was useless to form a ministry without him. In the difficulties that had arisen during Melbourne's Government with France over affairs in the East, the Prime Minister, Lord John, and other ministers had found Lord Palmerston headstrong and rash, and his persistent disregard of the wishes of the Cabinet had brought the ministry to the verge of rupture. But, after all, the then differences between ministers, as we have said, had not turned so much upon the question of the policy to be pursued in the East as on the best means of accomplishing it; and certainly in the result Palmerston had much reason to congratulate himself that his counsels had prevailed over the milder (he would have said, the more timid and hesitating) line of action approved by others, including the Sovereign.

The first trouble that arose under the Whig ministry was the abrupt termination of that *entente cordiale* with France to which the friendly personal relations between the Orleanist King and Queen Victoria had not a little contributed. Aberdeen and Palmerston, the Queen and Prince Albert, and the general public sentiment were in complete accord in disliking the prospect of marriage between a French Prince and a prospective sovereign of Spain. The Queen's ministers and the Queen herself felt that they had been deceived, and that pledges freely given had been ruthlessly broken.

As we have seen, the Queen, and afterwards the Queen and Prince Albert together, had always strongly insisted that all important despatches from the Foreign Secretary to British ambassadors and ministers abroad should be submitted for consideration and revision to Her Majesty. In many cases the royal influence tended greatly to improve the tone of despatches, which, in form mere directions from the Secretary of State to his own agents abroad, were often in fact formal communications from one sovereign power to another. A conspicuous instance of this was when in 1861 the Prince Consort almost from his deathbed induced Lord Russell and Lord Palmerston to soften the sharpness of the language in which

they demanded from the Government of the United States reparation for the outrage committed on the British flag by Commodore Wilkes. Whenever the Sovereign and her advisers were in full sympathy as to the principles of policy to be pursued, and when the doubts and difficulties that arose concerned mainly the methods of carrying it out, the practice worked smoothly enough. The Queen regarded with natural and well-founded respect the judgement of her uncle, the King of the Belgians—the nearest neighbour, as well as son-in-law of the King of the French. Baron Stockmar was a prudent counsellor, and his purview was perhaps all the more philosophical that he surveyed the world from a standpoint not purely British. Still there were times when a complete understanding of, and even hearty sympathy with, British insular feeling was the most necessary qualification which an adviser of the Sovereign could possess. The letters which the Queen received from Continental sovereigns and laid before her ministers were often of extreme importance to a right understanding of the political situation. On the rupture of the French *entente* in 1846, the Queen was not less indignant than her ministers at what she called the 'infamous' settlement of the Spanish marriages, and she even gave Palmerston credit for the composure of his bearing and the temperate way in which he was acting. But the year 1848 was approaching. One throne after another was shaking to its foundations. Impatience of misgovernment and a spirit of nationality ready to disregard the artificial arrangements of the European settlement of a generation earlier were spreading over the Continent. And everything that was liberal in England sympathised with the rising enthusiasms and longed for the triumph throughout Europe of an ordered freedom.

Of this sentiment Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, to whom in later days was added Mr. Gladstone, were the leading representatives. The moral weight of England counted for much; and, speaking broadly, it was not on the side of the crowned heads of the Continent during the European turmoil of the mid years of the century that that weight was thrown. It is unnecessary to shut our eyes to facts. It is perfectly true that Lord Palmerston showed extreme and persistent disregard of the precise directions given to him by his Sovereign with the full sanction of his fellow ministers, and that his continuance in office after the *coup d'état* might have substituted something like a dictatorship of his own for Cabinet Government. But it is clear also that the principles upon which the foreign policy

of the country was being conducted were entirely distasteful to the Court, which would gladly have turned to men like Clarendon or Aberdeen, who were known to share the royal views and to have little sympathy with the aspirations of Continental Liberals. The most interesting part of these volumes is the insight it gives into the method by which, in a constitutional and really self-governed country, the national will determines the national policy. The Liberal sympathies of Palmerston and Russell fortunately prevailed, and the nation can, on the whole, look back with pride to the part it played when the nascent liberties of Europe were asserting themselves, though doubtless it was at the cost of great offence given to our allies the Continental sovereigns.

There was a radical difference in the way in which the political situation on the Continent was regarded by the Sovereign and by her Whig ministry. By the former, the sovereigns and governments of foreign states were accepted as the sole rightful exponents of the nations for whom they claimed to act. If consideration is to be given in all circumstances and at all times to formal theories of international jurisprudence, this position may be a correct one. If those sovereigns and governments were bad ones, and unstable because they were bad, that was not our affair. Alliances and treaties were made between sovereigns and governments; Great Britain was a party, and a principal party, to the settlement of Europe after the last great war. In honour, as in policy, we were bound at the very least to show no sympathy with those who would sweep away arrangements made under our own act and seal. To the statesmen, on the other hand, who advised the throne at this crisis in the affairs of Europe other considerations presented themselves. Political discontent, and lawlessness extending to rebellion, were, they thought, the natural and necessary consequences of misgovernment. Nations had their rights not less than sovereigns; governments existed for the benefit of the governed; men were drawn together into nations by ties of kindred and sympathy, and love of political freedom—facts not to be nullified by all the parchment and wax of the Congress of Vienna.

All through 1847 the Queen was complaining to Lord John Russell and to Lord Palmerston himself of the latter's frequent omissions in sending to her his draft despatches in time to enable her to consider and comment upon them; and she repeatedly 'expressed her desire' that this practice should not recur. She feared, and with reason, that her representatives

abroad were, with Lord Palmerston's approval, taking an undue part in the internal politics of the countries to which they were accredited. The duplicity of France, and the discreditable conduct of Spain, made it all the more necessary, in her opinion, that our own policy should be straightforward.

'The Queen entreats Lord John Russell [October 18, 1847] not to underrate the importance of keeping our foreign policy beyond reproach. Public opinion is recognised as a ruling power in our domestic affairs; it is not of less importance in the society of Europe with reference to the conduct of an individual State. To possess the confidence of Europe is of the utmost importance to this country.'

In February of the following year the French monarchy was overthrown, and the royal family, for whom the Queen felt the greatest affection notwithstanding her vehement disapproval of the King's recent conduct, found a refuge at Claremont. The monarchs of the Continent were alarmed. The very name of a French Republic was ominous in their ears; for the Republic meant Revolution, and they felt that, as in former times, it would be necessary for the nations that stood for monarchy and order to combine against the revolutionary spirit which was once more threatening with conquest and war the peaceful kingdoms of Europe. King Leopold wrote that great efforts would be made to revolutionise Belgium, which, 'as there are poor and wicked ' in all countries, may succeed.' And he reminds the Queen that he has the right to call upon England and the other Powers to save him from France. The King of Prussia, equally alarmed, writes four days later of the attempts to spread the principles of the Revolution throughout the whole of Europe, and so to destroy the peace of the world.

'If the revolutionary party carries out its programme—the "Sovereignty of the People," my minor crown will be broken, no less certainly than the mighty crowns of your Majesty, and a fearful scourge will be laid upon the nations; a century will follow of rebellion, of lawlessness, and of godlessness. The late King (of the French) did not dare to write by "the grace of God." We, however, call ourselves King by "the grace of God" because it is true. Well, then, most gracious Queen, let us now show to men, to the peoples threatened by disruption and nameless misery, both *that* we understand our sacred office, and *how* we understand it. God has placed in your Majesty's hands, in the hands of the two Emperors, in those of the German Confederation and in mine, a power which, if it now acts in behalf of harmony, with reliance on Heaven, is able, humanly speaking, to enforce with certainty the maintenance of the peace of the world. This peace is *not that of arms*, for these more than ever must only afford the *ultima ratio*. The power I mean is the

power of "united speech." In the year 1830 the use of this immeasurable power was criminally neglected.'

The Prussian King goes on to beg that the Queen will use her powerful word in a joint declaration with the other sovereigns, not indeed to interfere with the internal affairs of France or to threaten her, but stating that

'the first breach of the peace, be it with reference to Italy, Belgium, or Germany, would be undoubtedly and at the same time a breach with "all of us," and that we should with all the power that God has given us, let France feel by *sea* and by *land*, as in the years '13, '14, and '15, what our union may mean.'

The King goes on, with perhaps less understanding than the Queen he was addressing of the sympathies of English statesmen, to thank Providence for having placed Lord Palmerston at the head of the Foreign Office. He reopens his letter to mention the *horrible* news that had just arrived, and ends with the blood-curdling paragraph, 'According to what we hear, there is 'no longer a King in France.'

The genuineness and ingenuousness of this remarkable letter are attractive. It was indeed odd reading for English Whigs, if it was ever submitted to them, and for that matter odd reading for an English sovereign. The mistake of 1830 was allowing the collapse of the Bourbon dynasty, when a 'king by the grace of 'God' was replaced by a sovereign desired by the French people! Queens, kings, and emperors 'by the grace of God' were to fulminate in defence of those divine *protégés*—themselves. The mere 'King of the French' did not so much matter; but 'with 'us,' it was very different. Let us hear no more of 'the 'Sovereignty of the People'! All this must have sounded strange to the ears of a constitutional sovereign like Queen Victoria; and when the Prussian King went on, in his usual fashion, to interpret the will of Heaven and to 'bless Providence 'for having placed Lord Palmerston at the head of her Foreign 'Office and for keeping him there at that very moment,' she must have thought the theory of divine interposition was being pressed rather far. Doubtless the Queen considered that she knew a good deal more of the intentions of Lord Palmerston than the King of Prussia did of the intentions of Providence. And whatever may have been the will of Heaven, it is certain that Lord Palmerston was not 'placed' and 'kept' at the Foreign Office by the will of Queen Victoria. In April the Czar Nicholas wrote in almost equal horror and distress at the general overthrow of social order; 'only Great Britain and

'Russia left standing'; and suggested that perhaps it would be left to the cordial union of these two sovereigns to save the world! The condition of Germany distressed the Queen, naturally interested in the smaller states, and unable at that time to rejoice with Stockmar in the prospect of the growing power of Prussia.

The Prime Minister agreed with the Queen that occasionally Lord Palmerston's zeal outran all discretion. And he desired to restrain Lord Palmerston's inclination to encourage British representatives at foreign courts to mix in the rivalry and intrigues of political parties. But at the same time he frankly and repeatedly told the Sovereign that the principles of foreign policy pursued by the Foreign Secretary were those of himself and of the Cabinet, and that if it became necessary to make a change in the headship of the Foreign Office the same policy, so long as he was Prime Minister, must still be followed. The sympathies of Lord John and of Lord Palmerston were strongly with the anti-Austrian movement in Northern Italy. The Queen, on the other hand, wrote to Palmerston (July 1, 1848) that 'she was ashamed of the policy we were pursuing in this 'Italian controversy in abetting wrong for the sake of gaining 'influence in Italy'; and to Lord John a little later that it would be 'a disgrace' to make use of our *entente* with France for the purpose of getting Austria ousted from her Italian dominions. Throughout September and October the Queen made it clear to Lord John that a crisis was impending, and that it would be almost impossible with the Queen's approval to retain Lord Palmerston at the Foreign Office. After a series of strong remonstrances from the Sovereign, Lord John (January 22, 1849) replied that he would consult with Lord Lansdowne as to some new arrangement with regard to the Foreign Office; but since he himself 'had always approved in the main of the foreign 'policy of Lord Palmerston,' he could only propose the removal in some manner highly honourable to him. And throughout that year, beyond the framing of precise rules as to the submission to the Prime Minister and Sovereign of drafts of despatches before they were sent out, nothing was done, no changes were made in the ministry, and the strained relations between the Queen and her Foreign Secretary of State continued. Yet once more the Queen had to complain of disobedience to her command.

'"The Queen must remark [letter to Palmerston, February 17, 1850] upon this sort of proceeding, of which this is not the first

instance, and plainly tell Lord Palmerston that this must not happen again. Lord Palmerston has a perfect right to state to the Queen his reasons for disagreeing with her views, and will always have found her ready to listen to his reasons ; but she cannot allow a servant of the Crown and her Minister to act contrary to her orders, and this without her knowledge." '

The Memoranda of Prince Albert, drawn up at various dates in 1850, give a full account of the strong divergence as to foreign policy between the Crown and the ministry, and show also the influential part which the Prince was playing as principal adviser of the Queen. Early in March of that year the Prince notes the very favourable terms in which Lord John always spoke of his powerful colleague, observing also upon the popularity Palmerston had personally acquired with Radicals and Protectionists in the House of Commons, ' so that both would gladly ' accept him as their leader.' If Lord Palmerston was to be moved, Lord John would wish to replace him by some minister, such as Lord Minto, who was known to share keenly Lord Palmerston's views of foreign policy. The Queen suggested Lord Clarendon, but this was not approved by Lord John, who thought him very anti-French and in favour of alliance with Austria and Russia. The Prime Minister was, however, himself willing to facilitate things by going to the House of Lords and taking the Foreign Office, leaving to Lord Palmerston the lead of the House of Commons. To this plan there was reason for supposing that Palmerston would agree ; but Prince Albert saw at once the exceeding probability that should the Government be defeated Palmerston as leader of the Opposition would shortly return to office as Prime Minister—the very last thing that the Queen or he desired ! No changes, however, were to be made or mentioned till the end of the session, and before that time came the parliamentary position had become a good deal altered by two events, the triumph of Lord Palmerston in the Don Pacifico debate in the House of Commons and the death, a few days afterwards, of Sir Robert Peel.

The debate and the division which followed it cleared the air, and settled for the time being the national policy. It is not too much to say, with the authors of the ' Political History of ' England,' ' that the majority of forty-six stamped the Foreign ' Secretary as the most popular man in the ministry and the ' most popular with the nation.' * Lord Palmerston, as the Prime Minister wrote to the Queen,

* Vol. xii. p. 93.

' had defended the whole foreign policy of the Government in a speech of four hours and three-quarters. The speech was one of the most masterly ever delivered, going through the details of transactions in the various parts of the world, and approving from time to time the great principles of justice and freedom.'

It must be remembered that the House of Lords had by a majority censured the Government policy, that the court disapproved it, and that the views of the court and the peers were shared to a considerable extent by London society and by the press. Lord Palmerston's victory was won not only over the rank and file of the regular Opposition, but over Sir Robert Peel and his following, assisted by Mr. Cobden ; yet on questions of general policy the Government could not have existed for a week without the support of the Peelites.

The Queen for once hardly appreciated the situation. ' What ' do you say,' she writes to King Leopold (July 2, 1850), ' to ' the conclusion of our debate ! It leaves things just as they ' were. The House of Commons is becoming very unmanageable ' and troublesome.' The truth is that the House responded to the public sentiment. It represented the nation in heart and spirit, and not merely formally and mechanically, as has sometimes happened for a short period. All sovereigns, including Cromwell, and all ministers have always found a House of Commons troublesome which is threatened with not getting its way—a truth, no doubt, keenly present to the Queen's advisers at home, who had grown up in the parliamentary atmosphere, but probably not so well understood by statesmen, like Stockmar and King Leopold, better versed in Continental than in British politics.

The death of Sir Robert Peel—a great loss to the Queen and the Prince—had made an end of the project of the removal of Lord John Russell to the House of Lords. With Peel and Russell both gone, Palmerston's ascendancy in the House of Commons would have been absolute. This would not have suited the party exigencies of the moment, and the extreme distrust with which he was regarded by the Queen and Prince Albert made them no longer favourable to the proposed rearrangement. Lord Palmerston would not leave the Foreign Office unless he was dismissed, and even Lord Clarendon, who had been anxious for his removal, told Prince Albert frankly that after the Don Pacifico debate it would be most ' dangerous ' to turn him out. Palmerston's view of the position was put by the Prime Minister before Prince Albert, who records it in a Memorandum (August 8, 1850).

'There had been a great conspiracy against him, he had been accused in Parliament, tried and acquitted. The acquittal had produced the greatest enthusiasm for him in the country, and he was now supported by a strong party; he owned, however, that his success had been chiefly owing to the handsome manner in which Lord John and his colleagues had supported him in the debate. That he should incur the momentary enmity of those States whose interests and plans he might have to cross was quite natural; he had never intended any disrespect to the Queen, and if he had been guilty of any he was quite unconscious of it, and sorry for it.'

In the result no change in the Foreign Office at that time was or could have been made; but to avoid future mistake the Queen wrote to Lord John the famous note afterwards laid before the House of Commons in explanation of Lord Palmerston's dismissal. Its substance, and indeed language, was a memorandum drawn up six months before by Baron Stockmar on the constitutional rights of the Sovereign as regards her ministers. It was shown to and accepted by Lord Palmerston, and approved by the Cabinet. Nevertheless the strain in the relations between the Sovereign and the Secretary of State continued, since it sprang out of fundamental differences in sympathy and opinion as to the troubles then prevailing in Europe, of which the breaches by the minister of the regulations prescribed were but the symptoms. The behaviour of Lord Palmerston with regard to the mobbing of General Haynau in the autumn, and to the visit of Kossuth to London a year later, gave great offence to the court, whilst it in no degree diminished the minister's popularity with English friends of Continental freedom.

The resignation of Lord John and his colleagues in February 1851 had served to disclose the impossibility of a strong administration being formed by any other Prime Minister. Lord Stanley had been impossible on account of the public fear that he would return to Protection, and this uncertainty prevented the Peelites from supporting him. Lord John could not form a coalition with the Peelites, partly because of their dislike of the Papal Aggression Bill and partly because it would be very distasteful to his Liberal supporters. Lord John therefore returned to power with all his old ministers, replacing, greatly to the dissatisfaction of the court, Lord Palmerston at his former post. Fresh difficulties made it necessary to explain to the Sovereign that Palmerston's expulsion would at once bring to an end the ministry which had only just begun its new career. This

Lord John put on two grounds (Letter to the Queen, Nov. 21, 1851):

'First, if Lord Palmerston should be called on to resign on account of a line of foreign policy of which his colleagues had approved, and for which they were, with him, responsible. Second, in case no difference of opinion had arisen, and the transaction should bear the character of an intrigue to get rid of an inconvenient colleague. It must be remembered that Lord Palmerston was recommended to the late King by Lord Grey as Foreign Secretary, and remained in that office from 1830 to 1834; that he was afterwards placed in the same office by Lord Melbourne, and remained there from 1835 to 1841. He has represented the foreign policy of the Whig party fifteen years, and has been approved, not only by them, but by a large portion of the country. In the advice which Lord John Russell has humbly tendered to your Majesty, he has always had in view the importance of maintaining the popular confidence which your Majesty's name everywhere inspires. Somewhat of the good opinion of the Emperor of Russia and other foreign Sovereigns may be lost, but the goodwill and affection of the people of England are retained, a great security in these times.'

Little more than a fortnight later, Palmerston exasperated the court and completely exhausted the patience of his colleagues by the immediate approval he gave (in opposition to the expressed views alike of the Crown and his fellow ministers) to the conduct of Louis Napoleon at the *coup d'état* of December 2. The action and measures of the Prince President were unscrupulous to the last degree, and thousands of Englishmen who had sympathised with Palmerston's foreign policy were shocked by the callousness with which he seemed to regard the outrageous and sanguinary means employed by the third Napoleon to overthrow the constituted Government and establish his own power. The Queen had already requested her ministers to instruct her ambassador to remain entirely passive as to events then passing in Paris, very rightly thinking that any word from him at such a time would be misconstrued, and the Cabinet had concurred in her view. It was evidently impossible for a Cabinet to maintain in office a Foreign Secretary whose tone to foreign ambassadors was directly opposed to the language of despatches which they had sanctioned. It is therefore difficult to see how, in the absence of any satisfactory explanation from the Foreign Secretary, the Prime Minister could have done otherwise than advise the Queen to accept the seals from the Foreign Secretary, and himself proceed to recommend a successor. The advice was readily taken, the Queen at the same time inform-

ing the Prime Minister that after recent sad experience of the mischief that might be caused by the personal character and qualities of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, 'she must 'reserve to herself the unfettered right to approve or disapprove 'the choice of a minister for this office.' * This right was of course limited by its being the right and duty of the Prime Minister himself to resign if the Foreign Office was not under the control of a statesman in whom he had confidence.

That Palmerston was overbearing, and that his rashness had at times during his long management of foreign affairs brought the nation to the verge of war, cannot be denied. In his 'Life' by Mr. Evelyn Ashley, and in that of Lord John Russell by Sir Spencer Walpole, in the 'Life of the Prince Consort,' and in many other memoirs of the day, the main incidents of the conflict between the Crown and the minister have long been placed before the public. It is of great interest to have the story told not from the point of view of partial or rival statesmen or chroniclers of secondhand gossip, but from the standpoint of the Queen herself. She and the Prince had an intensely strong desire to hold high the character and reputation of the nation amongst the powers of the world. They were equally high-minded and patriotic, but they did not share as regards foreign politics, perhaps it was impossible that they should, the popular sympathies that prevailed in the great political party from whom the advisers of the Crown were necessarily chosen. They by no means limited their dislike to Palmerston's manner and methods, as to which in truth there was much to be desired. They disliked not less his policy; but this was not his alone, but that of the Crown's advisers who had the right and the power to speak for the nation, and whose duty it was as statesmen and as loyal subjects so to do. On more than one occasion the Queen, to quote the words of Sir Spencer Walpole, went far in her instructions to her ministers towards 'treating them as her 'agents, and not as her advisers.' † The historian recalls the claim made by Queen Elizabeth that 'ministers should not 'presume to do things of their own heads without direction'; and evidently thinks that Queen Victoria, the most constitutional sovereign who ever sat on the throne, would have shown a sounder discretion had the Crown in these difficult questions of foreign politics been content with the exercise of a less vehement initiative.

* The Queen to Lord John Russell, December 20, 1851.
† History of England from 1815, vol. v.

Palmerston was dismissed, but his fall served only to show his power; and the opponents of his policy had no real reason to rejoice in their victory. In less than two months' time the dismissed statesman had defeated the Government; and Lord Derby, without the desired support of either the Peelites or Palmerston, came into office. The general election in July called into existence a House of Commons which had to live through times of trial and danger. Its composition did nothing to strengthen Lord Derby's ministry, which was defeated on Mr. Disraeli's Budget in November 1852; and the Coalition Cabinet of Whigs and Peelites under Lord Aberdeen took its place. Lord John had been persuaded, much to the dissatisfaction of a large portion of his party, to take office under a Tory peer, and a ministry was formed, which, though it contained 'all the talents,' was quite unable to give to the Sovereign and nation the undivided counsels and firm guidance which the great exigencies of the time required. A position of unstable equilibrium had been reached. Had Lord Hartington in 1886 formed a ministry with Lord Salisbury as his first lieutenant and with half a dozen Whigs holding the chief places in the Cabinet, how long would it have been able to keep the loyal support of the Conservative party? The Coalition was a failure; and on the whole we think that the public was right in 1855 in looking to Lord Palmerston as the man of the hour, and in welcoming him as Lord Aberdeen's successor.

The Queen and Prince had laboured earnestly during this trying period to persuade statesmen to sink their minor differences in a common and hearty support of the national interest. She at once accepted Lord Palmerston as her Prime Minister, and greatly rejoiced when he informed her that he had been able to associate with himself several of the chief Peelites; who, however, it will be remembered, about a fortnight afterwards resigned their offices. It must have been a proud moment for the Prime Minister, after all that had passed, when in April of the following year the Queen, in a letter offering him the Garter, 'expressed her satisfaction as to the manner in which both the 'war had been brought to a conclusion, and the honour and 'interests of this country have been maintained by the Treaty 'of peace under the zealous and able guidance of Lord Pal-'merston.'

During the great struggles in the Crimea and in India the Queen's heart, as she expressed it, had been with her soldiers, and the Prince had shown equal zeal and untiring effort in promoting the welfare of the army. A time was, however,

approaching when, as in the previous decade, the Queen and her ministers were to differ fundamentally as to the part which it behoved the nation to take in foreign politics. The royal sympathies and those of her advisers ran in different directions, and it was a natural consequence that their views of national policy and conduct should differ also. The Queen and Prince were in constant communication with foreign courts, they were thoroughly acquainted with the European settlement effected by treaties to which for the most part Great Britain had been a party. They took pains to read the characters of the monarchs upon whom political issues so largely depended ; as may be seen from the very clever sketch of the Emperor Napoleon in a memorandum drawn up by the Queen in 1855, just after his visit to England.* We should doubt whether Lord Palmerston's estimate was very different ; for neither placed great confidence in the lasting friendship of their imperial ally. But when it came to judging the true character of popular and national movements, the sympathies of the Sovereign and her ministers were widely different, and the consequent conflict of opinion (for it was nothing less) between the Queen and Prince on one side, and Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell on the other, became exceedingly acute. Indeed the chief importance of these letters from the historical and constitutional point of view consists in the light they throw on the relation in such trying circumstances between the British Crown and its advisers.

The position in 1859 and 1860 resembled that of the last half of the Russell Government with the parts of Palmerston and Russell inverted.

The Queen certainly went too far in asking Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston to assure the Government of France that the opinions of Her Majesty's Government were only to be found expressed in formal and official despatches (which had been submitted for revision to herself and the Prince Consort) ; virtually, that is, to inform the French Government that the language held by her Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary in interviews with the representatives of France was to count for nothing ! The two ministers stood by each other, and Lord Palmerston was explicit, but not more so than the case required.

'Your Majesty is pleased to observe upon the danger and inconvenience of private communications with Foreign ministers, and to add that your Majesty must insist upon this being distinctly

* Vol. iii. p. 155.

guarded against. Viscount Palmerston would be very desirous of knowing the precise meaning of those last words. . . . If your Majesty's meaning is that Viscount Palmerston is to be debarred from communicating to Foreign ministers except for the purpose of informing them officially of formal decisions of the British Government, Viscount Palmerston would beg humbly and respectfully to represent to your Majesty that such a curtailment of the proper and constitutional functions of the office which he holds would render it impossible for him to serve your Majesty consistently with his own honour or with advantage to the public service.' *

When Lord John writes to the Queen that it becomes a great nation like the British to preserve the peace of the world by throwing its weight on to the side of justice and right, the Queen retorts that it is a matter of opinion on which side justice lies ; and that ' she is determined to hold to her neutrality in the ' Italian intrigues, revolutions, and wars.' But the Foreign Secretary remains incorrigibly Whig. He cannot ' agree with ' Her Majesty that there would be any moral wrong in assisting ' to overthrow the government of the Kingdom of Two Sicilies,' and he refers to the Prince of Orange's successful attempt to overthrow James II., ' which was the origin of our present ' form of government ' ; but the Queen does not see much analogy between the two cases !

There was more than one member of Lord Palmerston's ministry who would have been very willing to second the wishes of the court in promoting a policy leaning strongly to the Austrian rather than to the Italian side of the controversy. Fortunately the entire union on this subject of the three strong men of the ministry, Palmerston, Russell, and Gladstone, prevailed. The good will and moral support of England were of great service to the cause of a Free and United Italy ; and the British nation is enabled to look back with pride upon the fact that in the middle years of the nineteenth century it threw its weight on to that side which history has pronounced to be the side of justice and right. These three volumes of letters show that not a little firmness was required on the part of Liberal statesmen to hold the course of the nation straight and steady in support of the rising spirit of European nationality and Liberalism—a national policy which assuredly did nothing to diminish the popularity of the British throne with British subjects, however that policy may have been regarded by the sovereigns of Europe.

* Lord Palmerston to Queen Victoria, September 9, 1859.

The King of England has never been, and his subjects do not wish him to be, a mere figurehead. They expect his personality to count, and they would soon lose respect for a sovereign who allowed himself to become the ready instrument of successful faction. The Queen and the Prince Consort, possessing great political capacity, energy, and strong will, evidently counted for much in the governing of England during the years in which 'The Letters' were written. Strong as they were, they gave full recognition to the necessity of ruling in accordance with the advice of statesmen enjoying the support of Parliament with the nation at its back. When the Sovereign on several occasions said she must 'insist' to Lord Derby, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston, each felt it to be his duty to remind her that her ministers were responsible for the action of the Crown, and that if their advice was disregarded the Sovereign must seek advice elsewhere. The publication of Queen Victoria's letters adds much to our understanding of the working of constitutional monarchy in the nineteenth century.

No. CCCCXXIV. will be published in April.

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THE

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No. CCCCXXIV.

Art. I.—FÉNELON'S FLOCK.

1. *Fénelon et Madame Guyon.* Documents nouveaux et inédits, par M. Maurice Masson. Hachette. 1907.
2. *A Short and easy Method of Prayer.* Translated from the French of Madame Guyon. Allenson. 1907.
3. *Histoire de Fénelon.* Par le Cardinal de Bausset.
4. *Fénelon.* Par Paul Janet, de l'Institut. Hachette. 1903.
5. Works and Correspondence of Fénelon, Saint-Simon, Racine, D'Aguesseau, and Madame de Maintenon, etc.

'Son petit troupeau choisi, dont il était le cœur, l'âme, la vie et l'oracle.'—Saint-Simon, t. xi. ch. xxii.

Towards the fortieth year of Louis XIV., in all the new perfection and grandeur of Versailles, a change began to steal over the spirit of the French ideal; as though the nation, like the King, had reached the farther side of youth, while the gathering years brought out in the brilliant *Roi-Soleil* an unsuspected likeness to his melancholy father. In that solid classic literature of the seventeenth century, a fresh note began to sound, plaintive, romantic. La Fontaine, summing up his pleasures, finds one dearer than them all—reaches, beyond all customary delights,

Jusqu'au sombre plaisir d'un cœur mélancolique—

and cherishes a melancholy heart in a solitude more pleasant than the Court:

Solitude, où je trouve une douceur secrète.

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Here and there, already, in the poetry, the prose, and especially the private correspondence of those times, a chime rings out, a peal of haunting bells, different from the official music of fife and trumpet. There is a sense of retreat and recollection, best expressed in three French words: *Recueillement*, *Intimité*, *Sagesse*. Although the King destroyed (as invidious to religion and society) the solitudes of Port Royal, within a footstep of his throne-room such a solitude arose, but interior; and in those dazzling galleries of mirrors, a new desire awoke for something deep, essential, aloof. In coteries and corners, a few chosen friends confided to each other their delight in an honest mystery, and dreamed together of the spiritual life. Persons occupied with great affairs met in a new ideal secretly, as though it were a catacomb. Their lives and what is left of their spiritual letters avoided publicity, attained it by accident, remain a classic—but a classic rarely opened. Their genius is withdrawn, full of a dreamy languor, as quiet, as unresisting, as the fall of autumn leaves on windless afternoons; possessing an outlook singularly pure and vast, like the wide grey views from terraced balustrades which command a great stretch of country: and notwithstanding all this largeness, their writings exhale a subtle spirit of suffering, a perfume, penetrating, bruised, as though we trod verbena underfoot. It is the very music of renunciation, or, as Fénelon would say, 'un *Amen* continuel 'au fond du cœur.'

No less than great calamities the tediousness of system drives inwards the souls of men and encourages a mystical religion. Not Rome itself—not the monotonous magnificent *ennui* of the Roman Empire—could equal the tedium of Versailles. A life of constant ceremony without retirement provokes such a sense of arid forsakenness as no mere abandonment can attain. There is a sort of peace in loneliness. Let us read the letters of Madame de Maintenon, the memoirs of Saint-Simon, in order to plumb such an abyss of sheer ennui as man or woman could not endure without an inward refuge.

What was Versailles? A palace without a capital, self-centred; a palace unfinished, whose ornaments were rising day by day. At the bidding of the King, a new city grew and budded round the palace, like that city of Salente, which Mentor was to visit with his pupil, Télémaque:

'C'était une ville naissante, semblable à une jeune plante. Chaque jour, chaque heure elle croissait avec magnificence, à chaque moment qu'on la voit on y trouve un nouvel éclat. Toute la côte retentissait des cris des ouvriers et des coups de marteau; les pierres étaient suspendues en l'air avec des cordes, et le roi Idoménée, donnant

partout les ordres lui-même, faisait avancer les ouvrages avec une incroyable diligence.'

There is a singular melancholy which is endemic in new quarters; nothing roots there; no associations have had time to form: all is recent, unripe, jejune and rigid. Towards 1682, when first the Court came to dwell in the unfinished marvel of its palace, Versailles was a new quarter, like that vast suburb of recent Rome which appears a desert beside the ruins of antiquity. The light white plaster-dust eddied and drifted in those symmetrical streets and powdered the branches of the spindly trees beginning to take root along its pompous avenues. Thousands of men were toiling at Marly to raise the waters of the Seine and flood the new canals and fountains. And the fresh walls glittered white in the flat country side. The courtiers, incessantly hurrying down the corridors of the palace, were, like the building itself, new to the place; detached from their families and occupations, they stood there on view, like cut flowers in sand, drawing no nourishment from divided roots. His Majesty's pleasure was their one affair. He expected them to pay him the respect of their attendance, and could blight any man's future with the phrase, 'C'est un homme que je ne vois 'jamais.'

Therefore the throng of his satellites crowded round him, drifting from corridor to corridor, according to the rumour of his passage; behold them, in defiance of catarrh and toothache, pacing the windy gardens through blustering March and damp October, for the King (sole of his Court) was insensible to weather and happiest out of doors; yet should he imagine himself to be amused or occupied within, behold them again, mute and smiling, standing elegantly in decorative groups through endless afternoons, while His Majesty shuffles his cards or appears engrossed at his writing table. Hurrying hither and thither, or wearily dawdling, in the dazed and purposeless fatigue of dumb supernumeraries, these persons learned in a hard school the value of solitude, of nature, of independence. Madame de Maintenon, passing her life among them, understands and murmurs:

'il n'y a rien de pareil à l'ennui qui les dévore!' 'You think you are dull at school,' she says to her young pensioners at Saint-Cyr. 'Contrast your liberty with our life at Court! When the King is in my room I keep at a respectful distance; if he be occupied, no one speaks. If you were in my place, in my chamber (which is the most privileged circle at Court), during a great part of your life, silent and motionless, you would be more than dull. I tell you, you would burst! *Vous pétilleriez!*'

In this atmosphere of grandeur and monotony the more sensitive of these courtiers sought an interior shelter, lost themselves in their own thoughts, brooding, among all these shows, on their relation to a supersensual sphere. There is an invisible cleavage in that society. Many of the most gifted held, with Boileau, that human beings are chiefly interesting as factors of the social world :

> 'Nous naissons, nous vivons, pour la société.
> A nous-mêmes livrés dans une solitude
> Notre bonheur bientôt fait notre inquiétude.'

How interesting to compare such a state of mind with that of Ebroin in Fénelon's 'Dialogues des Morts,' where he avows his preference for a 'beau désert.'

'N'admirez-vous pas ces ruisseaux qui tombent des montagnes ? Ces rochers escarpés et en partie couverts de mousse ? Ces vieux arbres, qui paraissent aussi anciens que la terre où ils sont plantés ? *La Nature a ici je ne sais quoi de brut qui plaît, et qui fait rêver agréablement.*'

Could Obermann, or Saint-Preux, or Manfred, have expressed more clearly the very spirit of romance ?

Fénelon was the first poet of mountain scenery, and he wrote a fine ode : 'Montagnes de qui l'audace.' He would have agreed with Racine, who, when La Fontaine proposed to read a poem to his fortunate friends, said they would enjoy it still more under the trees in the country ; and he would not have agreed with Boileau, who then declared that the Royal Park was country enough : 'Allons voir les nouveaux embellissements de Versailles !' To Racine, to Fénelon, nature was more than art :

> 'Quand elle est en liberté
> La Nature est inimitable !'

sang the future tragedian in stiff early verses, which he was too often to belie. Another feeling binds together the memories of the Jansenist Racine and the Anti-Jansenist Fénelon : either of them risked (and incurred) disgrace by drawing the King's attention to the miserable condition of the peasants. The inner life, the love of solitude, a passionate pity for the poor, the sense of Nature, an admiration for mountain scenery—these are scattered traits which, sixty years later, Rousseau shall find, gathering from these dropped seeds the sheaves of an ample harvest. Those days are still far off, and we must not exaggerate the dawning romantic tendency in Fénelon. But, discerning it, we find it easy to understand why the idealists

of the eighteenth century claimed an ancestor in the author of 'Télémaque.' The good archbishop, seeking in person a farmer's strayed or stolen cow and bringing it home at nightfall to its vacant stable; or binding the wounds of his enemies on the field of Malplaquet; or emptying his granaries to feed the poor—is an 'homme sensible' of the sort dear to Rousseau and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. No age comes into being at once, complete and perfect. In the zenith of the classic reign something, still new and frail, was born into the land of France—less solid and brilliant than the Elder Order—a spirit of compassion, grace, and solitude still ignorant of its aim, seeking Infinity, vaguely, not without hope.

I.

Fénelon at Court had one immense advantage. He was no *bourgeois* but a gentleman, a Gascon cadet with many quarters in his pedigree, which did not plenish an empty purse. Like Larochefoucauld, like Madame de Sévigné, like Madame de Lafayette, like the Duke of Saint-Simon, he knew the value of birth and breeding. With all his religion, he was mild but not meek, and (supple, even insinuating, as he was), brave to temerity: as Madame de Maintenon more than once declared, the frankest of mortals in spite of all his grace.

Never servile, like Bossuet, who (the jest ran) had a joint too many in his spine when he passed from the presence of the altar to the presence of the throne; never absent-minded like the dreamy scholar Racine, who asked the King and Madame de Maintenon their opinion of Scarron's over-rated works; Fénelon, in every situation, knew what was the course a gentleman should pursue. This accident of a scutcheon was in his case a possession so essential, and coloured so deeply all his views of life, that we can no more pass it over than leave out his quality of Churchman. Those eighteenth-century philosophers who adopted Fénelon for their ancestor chose to forget the feudal, theocratic element in his plans of Reform. He contemplated a France renewed, in which the King should be much less, the people much more, and the 'glittering beings 'of Versailles' wholly eliminated; but it was not the France of the Revolution that he foresaw, but something far more like the pious 'Missions' of Paraguay (still prosperous in the times of our would-be missionary)—a state in which the King should lean on the noble and the priest, all three of them preferring to authority persuasion, as they diffused a wide but tempered liberty.

Neither platitude nor candour lurked in his fresh unworldliness: he was other-worldly rather than unworldly. He was disinterested, because he cared so little for anything you could offer him, were you Majesty itself: unless, indeed, you chose to consecrate to him the very inmost marrow of your heart and soul. Try to disgrace such a man, he soared out of your reach and shed a glory elsewhere—not on you! That was one reason, doubtless, why the King disliked him. Louis preferred men whom he could make or mar. The Duke de Beauvilliers alone among his ministers was of noble birth. A Fouquet or a Colbert was his creation, his creature; but a Fénelon had roots of his own, and flowered aloof. Fénelon belonged to an excellent family in Périgord, related to the Talleyrands. An orphan from childhood, he had been adopted by an uncle, the Marquis de Fénelon, a soldier and a saint, a friend, moreover, of the virtuous founders of the seminary of Saint-Sulpice, those who discovered a middle path between the worldly pliableness of the Jesuits and the rigid pessimism of Port Royal. It is the glory of Saint-Sulpice (if we take our stand on the profaner slopes of Parnassus) that in two hundred years it has produced, first a Fénelon, then a Renan, minds not dissimilar in their romantic elegance, their solid and modest learning, their radiant philosophy, as also in something detached, ethereal, exquisite, which makes them appear spirits elect, speaking to the chosen few, while the deep heart in either is filled with a poignant pity for the multitude. Fénelon had moreover this further advantage, he was a saint. If Rome had not reproached him, she must have canonised him. The Sulpicean Fathers grounded Fénelon solidly on the classics—a term which, in France, nearly always means the Latin classics—but Fénelon, like Racine, was a son of Hellas. His mellow, silvery phrase, gracious, stript and lucid, noble and familiar, has no trace of the Roman emphasis, the Roman redundance. Without Homer, could he have written 'Télémaque'? Without Plato, we cannot imagine the Christianity of this unusual archbishop. His first youthful longing was to go to Greece as a missionary, to carry the Gospel to the land which had formed his mind, and to bear thence another secret: 'Je me sens transporté dans ces beaux lieux et parmi ces ruines 'précieuses, pour y recueillir, avec les plus curieux monu-'ments, *l'esprit même de l'antiquité*.' So runs an early letter.

The Church employed his missionary fervour nearer home. On leaving Saint-Sulpice, he was appointed Superior of the Nouvelles-Catholiques, a community for the reception of young Huguenot ladies converted to Rome, sometimes from conviction and sometimes by force. The gracious and charming

Fénelon (at that time twenty-seven years of age) was ever a favourite of the Goddess Peitho ; one of his rules of life was ' Ne ' payez d'autorité que lorsque la persuasion manque ! ' Yet all his long, lean person was instinct with authority, with a tender domination, a prestige hard to withstand. He moved light and swift in his ecclesiastical dress, a tall, thin Abbé, with dark hair waving on the long neck and high forehead ; something secret, kind and pure pierced his aquiline visage, and eyes—eyes from which (avers Saint-Simon, who did not love him),

' fire and mind rushed as in a torrent, with an expression such as I have never seen the like of in any other visage, so aptly did it mingle grave and gay, the earnest and the gallant, in a look which would have suited equally a great lord, a bishop, or a learned doctor ; the whole person of the man was radiant with thought, wit, and a sober grace which blent in an air so unutterably noble that it was with an effort I took my glance from his face.'

At his uncle's house this young Churchman mingled intimately with a choice society, with Bossuet among others, and the Duke and Duchess of Beauvilliers : three persons whose lives were destined to remain inextricably intertwined with his. Bossuet showed him great affection ; Fénelon sat at the Bishop's feet in young enthusiasm. But with Paul de Beauvilliers, a man near his own age, he contracted a closer friendship and one that was destined to endure throughout their lives.

II.

The Duke of Beauvilliers had married Colbert's second daughter, whose sisters were the Duchess of Chevreuse and the Duchess of Mortemart. Whenever in Fénelon's notes and letters we read the abbreviation ' le b. d.' or ' le B. D.' we may be sure that the ' Bon Duc ' is Paul de Beauvilliers.* Goodness in him was so innate and so sincere that, with no striking talent, despite a timid, harsh, and colourless personality, Beauvilliers was almost a great man. The King put his trust in him (showing thereby that excellent instinct which redeemed in Louis a

* Fénelon has left us a sketch of Beauvilliers (a poor enough thing by the side of Saint-Simon's masterly portrait), under the name of Philoclès, in ' Télémaque.' There we see the Duke, ' sec et austère,' flattering no one, not even the King : ' Il n'aime que la vérité et vous,' says Mentor to the King, ' et vous aime mieux que vous ne savez vous aimer.' At Court he is ' l'homme nécessaire,' generous and patient, indifferent to favour or disgrace.

mind merely serious and mediocre), though the Duke never flattered, never followed suit.

Destined to the Church, a Duke against his will (owing to the death of two elder brothers), Beauvilliers retained much of the mind and manners of an ecclesiastic. His character was secret and circumspect, enamoured of privacy, incapable of feigning. It says much indeed for Louis, universally adulated as he was, that his peculiar confidant was a man who never courted a Royal mistress nor renounced a friend disgraced.

Practical, liberal, intelligent and dull, there have been in modern England Low-Church peers and statesmen not unlike the Duke of Beauvilliers. He was a tall man, uncommon-lean, with a long, high-coloured face, small piercing eyes, thin lips, and a great hook nose. Serious and reserved, the ice of his aspect would sometimes melt in the kindest of smiles. Precise and prudent as he was, his opinion was valuable, although he was distingished for no cleverness more particular than thoroughness and sense. He had, however, one quality which was a sort of genius (and indeed much rarer than genius at the Court of King Louis), and that was a detachment from his own interests so absolute as to give him a largeness of outlook, a liberty, which greater talents lacked. He was solidly humble. The Duke was not popular; something constrained, solitary, scrupulous in the way of him, hid the earnest fidelity of a deep if narrow heart. 'Mais ce qu'il aimait,' wrote Saint-Simon, 'il l'aimoit bien, pourvu qu'il pût aussi l'estimer.' He was infinitely respected and a little ridiculous. One day, at the camp in Flanders, when the young courtiers were jesting round the King's tent door, they saw the Duke stalking on in front, all by himself, stiff and prim : 'There goes the Duke of Beauvilliers, 'saying his prayers!' The King overheard them, and said, in a tone which ensured a long term of respect, 'Ay, there goes the 'Duke of Beauvilliers, one of the sagest and wisest men in my 'Court and kingdom.'

The Duchess was a lady of no common ugliness, with whom he lived in the closest union, and by whom he had ten children. Never was a happier couple. Never was a more intimate quartette than the Duke and Duchess of Beauvilliers, and their sister and brother-in-law, the Duke and Duchess of Chevreuse. The plain-featured Duchess of Beauvilliers was a woman of wit and taste; her dress, her furniture, her table, her conversation, were delightful. She would have shone in society, but so tenderly did she espouse her husband's will, that she lived at Versailles the life of a hermit, in so far as that was compatible with her duties at Court; till at length she caught

a veneer of the Duke's starchy simplicity, which spoiled her natural grace, at least for strangers.

Her elder sister had married the Duke of Chevreuse. It was said at Court that, while on every possible subject the two Dukes thought the same thought and said the same words, Beauvilliers had a good angel of his own, who kept him from doing the same deeds as his brother-in-law. Chevreuse was one of those men who never say a foolish thing and seldom do a wise one. He was dreamy and eloquent. The Duke and Duchess of Chevreuse were loved, liked, revelled in, where the Duke and Duchess of Beauvilliers were just esteemed. Chevreuse was a fine, handsome man, stately in figure and deliberate in address, not without a hint of his brother-in-law's starchiness (at least on formal occasions), but in private conversation he held his audience under a charm, and they saw the brilliant chimerical idealist he was. His father, the Duke of Luynes, had sent him to school at Port Royal, and, though he had long since abandoned the doctrines, he kept the solid culture and the staunch, plain sincerity of the Jansenists, but mingled them quaintly with a native unreasonableness of his own. The love of solitude haunted him like a passion—to a degree which Saint-Simon frankly calls 'indecent'—and when commanded on a Royal visit to Marly, or when on duty at Versailles, he would dreamily steal away to his château of Dampierre, and be found there, oblivious of time and place, among the books in his library, happier than the King. His unpunctuality led him into grotesque adventures. He never could remember when to get up or when to go to bed. With a book in his hand, he forgot the flight of time, and while he read in his study, his coach and horses, ordered to await his pleasure, would stand at his door for ten hours at a stretch. His comic absentmindedness atoned to the public for the serious excellence of his learning, and made him a popular figure with courtiers who resented the pedantry of Beauvilliers. The exact Beauvilliers saw the world as it is, in the cold daylight of experience; M. de Chevreuse was all wit, sentiment, instinct, utopia. No man had so many reasons and theories, which, starting from the most specious premisses, landed his bewildered interlocutors in Heaven knows what land of Kennaquhair, without an apparent flaw in their logic. His words were all flickering and shimmering with the light that never was on sea or land. 'Il voyoit tout en blanc,' wrote Saint-Simon, 'et en pleine espérance;—son trop de 'lumières l'éblouissoit de faux jours.' The disorder of his genius, and the extraordinary mismanagement of his private affairs, did not prevent him from being an able minister. He was the

cheerfullest of men. Nothing troubled his serenity, and in the depth of calamity he still thought that all was ordered for the best. One would suppose that such a character must clash with the dour sagacity of a Beauvilliers: never was there such a union, such a perfect harmony. The two Dukes with their Duchesses lodged together at Marly, occupied neighbouring apartments in the palace at Versailles and had their town houses, without the palace gates, and their country houses so close together that their intimacy was uninterrupted. They saw each other several times a day, dined in each other's company, shared the same narrow coterie of pious friends, the same exalted religion, the same political ideas. The Duchess of Chevreuse was all sweetness and bright humour. A dark handsome creature, far less clever than her sister, but more considered, more loved, because wherever she went she was the soul of peace and union. The King was a martinet for etiquette; before him neither mistress, wife, nor child, dared appear in public (however sick or sorry) unless powdered, painted, laced and bejewelled; yet he received *one* lady in her dressing gown, the Duchess of Chevreuse. A sort of sweet, saintly abandonment emanated from her presence. The two ducal couples, Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, unlike and inseparable, dwelt together in harmony, the solid regularity of the one forming as it were a musical bass for the dreamy arpeggios and cadences of the other.

That dinner-table at Versailles usually spread for four—the two Dukes the two Duchesses—was often laid for five or six. The youngest daughter of Colbert was the widowed Duchess of Mortemart. Piquante, frank and worldly, one day she had flung the world to the winds, set her face heavenwards, aimed at being the Great Soul, finding perhaps a pious excitement in the frequent prayer-meetings of the Hôtel de Beauvilliers. She sat under the Abbé de Fénelon with a deep devotedness. But the real Great Soul of the little clique was the Duchess of Béthune-Charost, a middle-aged woman, some years older than either Duke. She was Fouquet's daughter. An equal devotion to the same mystical ideas united her in an inseparable friendship with the three daughters of Colbert, the man who had ruined her father. Her real merit and ordinary intelligence, having seen the dupery of success, had sought refuge in an oratory. A pious, placid woman, she filled her friends, and Fénelon among her friends, with a vast veneration for the spiritual virtue which haloed the mediocrity of her mind and person.

This pious little coterie of mystical Dukes and Duchesses used to meet at Versailles, in the little cabinet of the Duchess of

Beauvilliers, ' au coin de la petite cheminée de marbre blanc,' or at one of their pleasant country houses in the neighbouring woods, at Vaucresson, at Dampierre, or at the Duchesse de Béthune's place at Beynes. We can imagine the tranquil, grey-walled *salon* (a little worn and shabby, as is the way of France), the studious spiritual scholars and their wives, grouped, as fragments of steel are grouped by the magnet, round one central figure, which draws each and all with an equal irresistible fidelity—and that central figure, of course, was Fénelon.

They shared their secrets. If the Abbé dispensed to them the sources of a spiritual life, the Dukes divided with him their anxieties for the welfare of the kingdom. France was ruined. The magnificent harmony of grandeur, felicity and order which had glorified France during the middle years of Louis XIV. was now sunk into the monotonous complaint of exhausted and dwindling instruments. France in 1687 was much in the condition she was to know again after the Napoleonic wars: depopulated, ruined, discontented. The King's battles and the King's palaces and the King's debts had reduced the nation to misery. Beauvilliers was chief of the Council of Finance, and his conscience was aghast at the extortions which the Court exacted from a country almost bankrupt, in order to pay for architectural splendour. This little group of would-be regenerators discussed together many a project of Reform. Peace, Retrenchment, Pity, were their watchwords. But none of them hoped much from the selfish, pompous monarch. Their group had weight with him: they might secure a prolongation of peace; but for a real reform they must look further ahead. They were Mystics: time was to them a thing of no account; the present, that which they prized the least. They sowed their seeds and looked ahead, confident in the grace of God. They had far to look. The heir to the throne was a young man under thirty, a handsome clod, sunk in stupid pleasures. They prayed; they hoped; they believed that in His own time the Eternal would take pity on the land of France and raise to the throne a new Saint Louis.

III.

Pedagogy was the sport and the science of the hour, and interested the society of Louis Quatorze with a passion as vivid and as deep as our own age brings to bear on the improvement of horses. Kings then had a school instead of a stud. Locke, in England, was meditating his Thoughts on the Education of Children, when Fénelon in France wrote his famous essay on the Training of Girls. In France, the question took a keener edge

from the fact that the secret Queen was a retired governess, while the King (a man of serious and mediocre mind, naturally predisposed to the regular and the grandiose) was ignorant—extraordinarily ignorant—and, resenting this ignorance, had, for all the technique of training, the superstition of an able, ill-instructed man. He had sense, grace and judgement; yet he could not take part in the most ordinary conversation on geography or history without falling into some ludicrous mistake. Capable of correcting himself, he would speak bitterly, then, of his lack of grounding, would recall his childhood spent with servants' children, ill-tended, untaught. He tried to make a scholar of his stupid son, the Dauphin, by handing him over to Bossuet and Montausier. The Eagle of Meaux and Montausier (the original of Molière's Misanthrope) had their sublime way with the Dauphin, unimpeded. The King would have rejoiced in, would have absorbed and profited by, the portentous dose of pessimist theology, Gallican politics, absolutism, and Latin rhetoric with which they provided him. But perhaps the surest way of producing a Sancho Panza is to send an average boy to the school of Don Quixote. Once free of his tutors, the Dauphin never opened a book. He was a dull, heavy, rather vulgar young man, with no interests beyond his creature-comforts.

The King had produced no prodigy; but he continued to believe in education. Madame de Maintenon was full of schemes for the training of girls. In 1684 she conceived (and opened in 1686, at Saint-Cyr near Versailles) a College for young ladies, poor, but of noble birth. There were 250 pupils, housed in a palace built by Mansart, which was situate in a park of nearly sixty acres. The King named the candidates and dowered them when they left the school; their education was entrusted to a community of thirty-six religious and twenty-four affiliated lay sisters—all noble, and many of them distinguished.

This project of Saint-Cyr was a constant topic at Court: of all topics the most interesting to Madame de Maintenon. When Fénelon in 1687 began his career as an author, with a book on 'l'Education des Filles,' the subject was adroitly chosen, although, as a fact, he had been engaged by it before the inception of Saint-Cyr—indeed since 1681—the matter having been suggested by his work among the Nouvelles-Catholiques. He wrote less for fame than for friendship. The Duchess of Beauvilliers was the mother of eight daughters, and it was for her that he composed the book.

There is in 'l'Education des Filles' something of the sweet utility and modest wisdom of Xenophon. We understand why the men of '98 appropriated Fénelon, when we read a

passage like the following, published ninety-nine years before the Revolution—Fénelon begs his pupils to speak gently to their servants, not to look on their lackeys 'à peu près comme des 'chevaux.' He complains :

'On se croit d'une autre nature que les valets ; on suppose qu'ils sont faits pour la commodité de leurs maîtres. Tachez de montrer combien ces maximes sont contraires à la modestie pour soi, et à l'humanité pour son prochain. Faites entendre que les hommes ne sont pas faits pour être servis ; que c'est une erreur brutale de croire qu'il y ait des hommes nés pour flatter la paresse et l'orgueil des autres ; que, le service étant établi contre l'égalité naturelle des hommes, il faut l'adoucir autant qu'on le peut.'

The seventeenth century was an age of learned ladies. In our day of colleges, it would be difficult to produce a more accomplished scholar than Madame Dacier, or better educated women than Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Lafayette. Fénelon looked farther afield than a library; he would have his pupils acquainted with the practical details of law ; he would make them land surveyors and estate agents for their husbands' acres, practically interested in the condition of the poor, capable of organising village schools, charitable clubs and associations. But our Platonist is at his happiest when he endeavours to persuade a little girl of the separate existence of the soul.

Fénelon's little book leapt into fame and found, naturally, no prompter reader than Madame de Maintenon. She was intimate with the Beauvilliers, who had not consented to receive into their intimacy Madame de Montespan, despite her connexion with their house, on account of her adultery with the King. Minister of the lover and kinsman of the mistress, the Duke of Beauvilliers had reserved his private life : 'ils étoient fort jaloux de leur 'intrinsèque.' The fact that the Beauvilliers welcomed Madame de Maintenon was a sign-manual, a certificate, a testimony to her secret wife-hood. And, as such, she valued their friendship. Moreover, Beauvilliers and Chevreuse were ministers. The semi-royal lady, while affecting a feminine ignorance of great affairs, dearly loved to pull the wires of some efficacious statesman. The Beauvilliers, too, were pious, retiring, unworldly ; towards 1687 she found in them every charm.

Although devoted to an existence of claustral retreat—inaccessible to mortals, rapt in the furthest blue—Madame de Maintenon so far departed from her pious rule as to dine with the Beauvilliers once or twice a week, she the fifth at table, between the two Dukes and the two Duchesses, with a handbell

by the dish, to allow for the absence of servants. Sometimes there was a sixth place laid at dinner—for the Duchess of Mortemart or the Abbé de Fénelon. Very soon Madame de Maintenon began to respond to the charm, the spiritual grandeur of Fénelon. Despite her knack of managing, her intense desire to be respectable, and her constant longing for something to happen (something fresh, delightful, never experienced), despite this strong worldly strain in her, Madame de Maintenon felt the attraction of the mystical abyss. . . .

Françoise d'Aubigné, Madame Paul Scarron, Marquise de Maintenon, was a Huguenot by birth, a granddaughter of the great Agrippa d'Aubigné, the friend of Henri Quatre. Born in the prison of Niort, her parents had carried her in childhood to Martinique, but, after six years spent in the Antilles, on her father's death she had returned to France utterly impoverished. She had been adopted by a Protestant aunt, whom she adored, and then by a Catholic aunt, whom she hated; she had been converted by force; and at seventeen, penniless and pretty, she had made a purely formal marriage with a man of some genius, in his line, the comic poet, Paul Scarron. Scarron had lost the use of his limbs; he married to find a nurse, and she to have a home. Versailles and Paris crowded to their meagre table, where the lovely Madame Scarron would tell a story to supply the place of the absent roast. Her beauty and her husband's laughter made them the best company in town, and these were certainly the merriest, happiest years in all the life of Françoise d'Aubigné. Her husband died . . . .

> 'Passant, ne fais ici de bruit!
> Prends garde qu'aucun ne l'éveille,
> Car voici la première nuit
> Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille.'

And Madame Scarron, poorer than ever, retired with one servant, to one room, on the top floor of a convent near Saint-Eustache.

She was literally on the parish, when the Queen bestowed on her a pension of two thousand francs. The young virgin-widow had many friends ('en tout bien, tout honneur'), who helped her in many ways, and her poor circumstances did not exclude her from the best society. The noblest hostesses were pleased to receive the modest, pleasant little lady, so convenient for running errands, so obliging in fetching a log for the fire, or despatching a lackey to call a coach—the handbell (so much in request at the Hôtel de Beauvilliers) did not come into general use until a few

years later; and Madame Scarron was the bell. It was at the Hôtel de Richelieu, or the Hôtel d'Albret, that she first made the acquaintance of Madame de Montespan, the King's mistress, who engaged the young widow as governess to bring up in secret a brood of illegitimate royal princelings. At first the King could not endure Madame Scarron, there was in her something fragile, affected, precious, which he declared 'insupportable, 'précieux, guindé.' It is said that there exists in the forests of Paraguay a small flower, so sallow of aspect, and so faint of odour, that none remark it. Yet if the traveller tread upon the blossom, a bruised perfume clings to his hands and feet so poignant and delicious that he cannot forget it, and retraces his steps, like a man enchanted, trying to discover the unnoticed imperceptible plant. The day came when the simple grace of Madame Scarron, her pure religious charm, seduced the King. At heart he was serious and commonplace—not at all the man for the dazzling, passionate Montespan. And Ahasuerus said to Esther:

> 'Je ne trouve qu'en vous je ne sais quelle grâce
> Qui me charme toujours et jamais ne me lasse;
> De l'aimable vertu doux et puissants attraits!
> Tout respire en Esther l'innocence et la paix;
> Du chagrin le plus noir elle écarte les ombres,
> Et fait des jours sereins de mes jours les plus sombres.'

Du chagrin le plus noir! Did Racine, in his transparent allegory, suspect the real crime of *l'altière Vashti*, and all the tragic mystery of the great Poison Case? Did he suspect

> 'Tout ce que ce palais renferme de mystères?
> Le Roi d'un noir chagrin paraît enveloppé. . . .'

The king loved decency, and we can fancy with what feelings he learned all the folly, all the vulgar charlatanry of that unspeakable affair. He found a new charm in order, in honour. He let Madame Scarron reconcile him to the affectionate, stupid Queen. Madame Scarron was older than either Queen or King — three years older than the King. She appeared an ingenuous angel, of a certain age. Her beauty had not survived the attacks of middle life, but she had preserved her tranquil grace, 'une grâce incomparable à tout.' To guide, to inspire, was a passion with Madame Scarron. With her eternal black lace mantilla, drooping round her charming faded brow, she was happy enough between the King and Queen, till 1683.

Then the Queen died. And the King married Madame Scarron.

> 'Dieu tient le cœur des rois entre ses mains puissantes,
> Il fait que tout prospère aux âmes innocentes
> Tandis qu'en ses projets l'orgueilleux est trompé.
> De mes faibles attraits le Roi parut frappé.
> Il m'observa longtemps dans un sombre silence
> Et le ciel, qui pour moi fit pencher la balance,
> Dans ce temps-là, sans doute, agissait sur son cœur.
> Enfin, avec des yeux où régnait la douceur,
> "Soyez Reine!" fit-il.'

All that was four long years before the King's espoused saint met Fénelon. The clock had stopped in that hour of secret glory (for the marriage was never declared) and thenceforth nothing changed. Esther learned the tedium of exalted station. 'Avant d'être à la Cour,' she said to her girls at Saint-Cyr, 'je 'n'avais jamais connu l'ennui. Mais j'en ai bien tâté depuis! 'Et malgré toute ma raison, je crois que je n'y pourrais jamais 'résister si je ne pensais que c'est là que Dieu me veut.' Her duty henceforth was, as she said, 'to amuse the unamusable.'

No fate could have been more irksome to poor Madame Scarron. Her inconstancy, or rather her incoherency, her lack of perseverance was proverbial.

> 'Elle n'avait de suite en rien que par contrainte et par force. Son goût étoit de voltiger en connoissances et en amis comme en amusements—qu'elle ne pût guère varier depuis qu'elle se vit reine. Aisément engouée, elle l'était à l'excès; aussi facilement déprise, elle se dégoûtoit de même—ce qui plaisoit hier, était un démérite aujourd'hui.' (Saint-Simon, t. xiii. ch. 1.)

Imagine this light fragile creature, of such a prodigious natural instability, doomed for thirty years to the regularity of a treadmill! No wonder that one day she wrote to Madame de Maisonfort: 'Ne voyez-vous pas que je meurs de tristesse, dans une fortune qu'on aurait eu peine à imaginer?'

In the first throes of this fever of ennui, she attached herself desperately to the Abbé de Fénelon, exchanging with him volumes of correspondence on the spiritual life. At one moment she thought of making him her confessor. But the strain of practical sense in her reacted, and she chose, not the saint, but an orthodox theologian, the Bishop of Chartres, whilst reserving to Fénelon the privilege of a mystical confidence. One day she prayed him to send her a list of her faults. Fénelon replied: 'Quand vous commencez à trouver quelque faible dans

'les gens que vous avez espéré de trouver parfaits, vous vous 'en dégoûtez trop vite, et vous poussez trop loin le dégoût.'

IV.

The Beauvilliers and their coterie divided their spiritual allegiance between Fénelon and a certain pious widow nearing forty, named Madame Guyon. The Duchess of Béthune had known her for many years, and was the most fervent of her disciples. A little book of Madame Guyon's, the 'Moyen 'court et facile de faire oraison,' recently published, answered so closely to the inmost thoughts of the Beauvilliers and the Chevreuse that the mystical authoress became the oracle of their circle.

Jeanne-Marie Bouvières de la Mothe was a native of Montargis-en-Gatinois, where there was a Royal château (the dower house of the King's sister-in-law) and a famous convent of the Visitandines, where the eight demoiselles de Beauvilliers were at school; so that a double current ran between the little town and the Court. Montargis stands in a moist and wooded stretch of country, north-east of Orleans and south of Fontainebleau, within reach of Paris; and often Madame de Béthune would leave her country house at Beynes for a season there of deeper retreat or seclusion. And there Jeanne Bouvières, a mystical child of fifteen (the dreamiest of mortals, ever lost in some romance of chivalry or more romantic prayer), gave her innocent hand in marriage to gouty M. Guyon, twenty years older than herself, the son of the great contractor who had made both fame and fortune in cutting the canal of Briare. As the years drew on she nursed him with angelic patience, bore him five children, appears to have lived happily, oblivious of Amadis of Gaul, forgetting the dizzy splendour of the interior abyss. In 1676, when she was twenty-eight, her husband died.

In that hour of loss and loneliness, the mysterious instinct of the spiritual life surged anew in her soul, rushed over her like a flood, sweeping away the landmarks of her usual days. Children, fortune, friends were nothing to her—'et toutes 'les créatures humaines moins qu'un mouchoir.' Nothing was dear or valuable save the will of God, and the sweet, incredulous, imperilled souls of the unfaithful. She settled her estates upon her children, reserving for herself a small life-interest, and left her house in 1680 on a missionary journey to Geneva. There she founded for the new-converted a refuge not unlike the Nouvelles-Catholiques of Paris. At Gex she met a certain Barnabite priest, as sincere and as unbalanced as her-

self, the Père Lacombe, with whom she visited Thonon, Turin, Grenoble. She was three-and-thirty. Although the smallpox had dulled and tarnished the whiteness of her skin, she was a charming woman, singularly alluring and seducing, because of a certain plaintive innocence strangely mingled with imaginative powers. She moved among her bishops, priests, and Barnabites like an image of the child-Christ among the doctors. Heedless, unworldly, indiscreet, and pure, wherever she went men gossiped, supposed the worst, but never, then or later, were able to prove aught save the best, and the Church (which in later days condemned her doctrine) finally approved her spotless life.

She returned to Paris in 1687. At that time the Spanish heresy of Molinos disquieted the official guardians of the Church. Madame Guyon, with her mystical raptures, her desire to rise unto the presence of the Eternal 'comme il était avant la créa-'tion du monde,' her passive attitude (all faith, no works) appeared suspect to the Archbishop of Paris. Perhaps a new variety of Protestant, perhaps a Gnostic, she was not the sort of Catholic to be encouraged. Father Lacombe was arrested in October 1687, and in January 1688 Madame Guyon was imprisoned in the rue Saint-Antoine, in the Convent of the Visitation.

That wild sweetness of hers, as of a Muse or a spiritual Grace, endeared her to the nuns, her gaolers. They did not cease to vaunt her piety, her innocent gentleness, and the penetrating unction of her prayer. Madame Guyon was a magnetic lady—'traînant 'tous les cœurs après soi.' Virtue seemed to go out of her. And one day the Duke of Chevreuse said to Bossuet: 'And really, 'when you are in the presence of Madame Guyon, do you never 'feel anything stir in you? not a deep interior commotion?'

Her faint persuasive magic touched not only the nuns but the visitors in the rue Saint-Antoine, M. and Madame de Chevreuse, the Beauvilliers, the Duchess of Béthune, and Madame de Miramion, that saint uncanonised. So that Madame de Maintenon heard on all sides the genius and the merit of a woman whose holy indifference and rapt serenity she vainly supposed akin to her own disenchantment. Something similar in their early history touched her fancy. She was pleased also to show the weight and value of her influence. She threw herself into the business of liberating the captive saint, so that, after eight months' imprisonment, in the middle of September 1688, all doors flew open; Madame Guyon was released. Madame de Béthune invited her more than once to her country house at Beynes, near Versailles, and it was there, one day towards the autumn-feast of St. Francis, that Fénelon met the lady,

with whose gifts and whose misfortunes he was already acquainted.

V.

On that October afternoon Fénelon encountered Madame Guyon, much as a wary family physician meets at the bedside of a valued patient the famous consulting surgeon whom he imagines half a genius and half, perhaps, a quack. He was probably little reassured by her charms and her seduction, having himself the utmost degree of personal magic, and using it with all and sundry, with master and man, as unconsciously as a flower disengages its perfume. He may have mistrusted rival enchantments. He was not reassured when the delicate emotional woman, who rose at his approach, suddenly faltered, and sank fainting into the arms of the pious Duchesses attendant, overcome by one of her mysterious and mystical 'plenitudes.' Later she told him, as doubtless she confided to her friends, how, eight years before, she had seen the soul of Fénelon in a dream—as a wonderful bird—and, again, as a fountain surging through a basin of ice, as something unutterable and vague appealing to her, destined for her, drawing her with a supersensual attraction; something which hitherto she had vainly sought in all her travels. And the first glance at Fénelon's face had warned her: 'It is he!' The devoted ladies led her aside, loosed the stiff-laced bodice that her beating heart had nearly burst. After a while she returned, but at the sight of her new friend, the painful rapture returned, and she exclaimed in an ecstasy:

'My son! My spiritual son! Thou art my well-belovèd son, in whom I am well pleased!'

Now, if Madame Guyon was just forty, Fénelon was thirty-seven, an ecclesiastic, a tall dark lean commanding figure, imposing, attractive, with 'une autorité de prophète,' said Saint-Simon, 'une domination sous sa douceur qui ne voulait 'point de résistance.' Such an address filled him with amused curiosity rather than respect. Madame Guyon felt that he did not take her seriously. In a fragment of autobiography published by M. Maurice Masson in his valuable volume, she dwells upon this lack of response:

'Je sentais intérieurement que cette première entrevue ne le satisfaisait point, qu'il ne me goûtait pas; et j'éprouvais un je ne sais quoi qui me faisait tendre à verser mon cœur dans le sien, mais je ne trouvais pas de correspondance, ce qui me faisait beaucoup souffrir. La nuit je souffrais extrêmement à son occasion. Nous fîmes ensemble trois lieues en carrosse (de Beynes à Paris) et cela s'éclairait un peu, mais il n'était pas encore comme je le souhaitais.

Je souffris huit jours entiers, après quoi je me trouvais unie à lui sans obstacle, d'une manière très pure et ineffable. . . . Ces premiers jours, après notre entrevue à Beynes, je souffris beaucoup, car je trouvais comme un chaos entre lui et moi. Mais ensuite j'éprouvais qu'il se faisait un écoulement presque continuel de Dieu dans mon âme, et de mon âme dans la sienne, comme ces cascades qui tombent d'un bassin dans un autre.'

In these eight days of disappointed tribulation, Fénelon passed from a movement of amusement and distrust, to a sense of sympathy and veneration. He was well read in the mystics—he knew them all, Platonists and Neo-Platonists, Gnostics, and canonised Saints — Theresa, Catherine, Juan-de-la-Cruz and François de Sales. But in his person he had not experienced religion. He believed; but he lacked Pascal's joy, his triumphant liberation of soul, or 'l'intime assurance' of a Saint-Vincent-de-Paul. That spirituality of his, so deep and yet so diffident, was reasoned rather than instinctive. And yet his cold and suave address masked a soul impatient for the love of God. The little prophetess before him, whose impulsive manners and extravagant speeches hurt the discretion of his taste, struck in him a deeper and more intimate vibration, because she had felt and seen and known those things which he surmised afar off with a passionate longing. So a Curie or a Myers might examine an Eusapia. A few years later, when the Church accused Fénelon of a complicity in Madame Guyon's heresy, he was to reply:

'J'ai cru Madame Guyon une très sainte personne, qui avait une lumière fort particulière *par expérience*, sur la vie intérieure. Je la crus fort expérimentée et éclairée quoique elle fut très ignorante. Je crus apprendre plus d'elle *en examinant ses expériences*, que je n'eusse pu faire en consultant des personnes fort sages, mais sans expérience pour la pratique.'

How distinctly Fénelon belongs to the age in the offing! In this question of tenuous mysticism, he reasons, not like a theologian or a philosopher, but like a man of science (a physicist, or psychologist), seeking, not principles or arguments, but the repetition in similar circumstances of a similar phenomenon.

Madame Guyon was rather a poet than a visionary. Her prose is full of images. She sees the soul of Fénelon 'comme 'une eau vivante et profonde quoique toute entoureé de glace;' she sees the grace of God flooding her innermost being, and overbrimming thence in dropping plenitude on to the soul of Fénelon, like the waters of the fountains at Versailles; but in these

metaphors the poignant thing is, not the image, but the moral fact which they explain. She had a certain gentle scorn for the imaginative ecstasies of Port Royal; these dreamers of dreams, these flagellants and visionaries, appeared to the tranquil lady as pilgrims on the stair which leads to that mute, mystic Upper Room wherein the blest eternally behold the Face of the Divine, in perfect quiet. 'Les âmes de foi,' she wrote, 'ne sont nulle-'ment imaginatives, n'ayant rien dans la tête, et tout se passant 'au-dedans. Elles sont parfaitement dégagées des fantômes 'et espèces, étant purifiées dans une abstraction bien au-delà, 'bien au-delà des représentations.' We might apply to her the words which Marot used of another mystic, the Queen of Navarre: 'Esprit ravy, abstraict, et extatique.'

In reading the works of Madame Guyon, we must never forget that her mind's eye perceived existence on two planes. Above reached eternity, simultaneous, infinite; below, the world of Life and Time, where things pass in succession. Sometimes, rapt out of its mortal sphere, the human soul may rise for the twinkling of an eye into eternity, and that undying moment is more precious than all our science, all our righteousness; its value (as compared with theirs) being priceless, even as diamonds are, compared with copper coins. If one pure diamond, inestimable, be ours, what does it matter, though we own, or owe, a countless multitude of farthings? If we possess the Koh-i-noor, why strive to increase our wealth in pence and half-pence? The importance of sin is diminished to the mystic, who half believes that Evil (which lies outside the Eternal Essence) has no real existence, deeming our faults mere phenomena, mists which dissolve at sunrise. Our errors of omission and commission seem things of small importance to the soul which longs (as Madame Guyon says in her 'Torrents Spirituels') to enter the presence of Deity, and behold Him as He was before the creation of the world and man.

And this, no doubt, is a dangerous doctrine, which may seem to abolish morality (there is indeed little connexion between religion and morality); but it is the instinctive doctrine of saints. The Penitent Thief and Mary Magdalene bear witness thereunto.

We have sometimes wondered that no philosopher has sought to borrow some such theory to explain the hauntings and hoverings of ghosts. The Woman in White for ever wailing in her corridor, the pale spectre carrying her candle these many hundred years, are apparitions puerile and appalling. But suppose that, in some extreme tension of passion or fear or prayer, these souls escaped once at a bound into eternity and remained

there an instant—as though sucked up into a superior atmosphere—the mechanical action which they were performing at that stupendous moment is accomplished once and for ever, not in a succession of moments, but in the vast simultaneity of that which is beyond the realm of time. A thousand years to them are as a day, and they carry their candle for ever, since their state knows not, in its unfading permanence, the distinction of yesterday and to-morrow.

VI.

Saint-Simon, so shrewd, so prejudiced, sometimes so ill-informed, knew nothing of this initial hesitation in the friendship of Fénelon and Madame Guyon. 'Il la vit; leur esprit se plut 'l'un à l'autre; leur sublime s'amalgama.' And in fact a few weeks after their first encounter, Madame Guyon and Fénelon were spiritual confederates.

Madame Guyon had a cousin—a Mademoiselle de Maisonfort—among the religious of Saint-Cyr, where Fénelon was a beloved confessor; and in a short while their views and doctrines penetrated all the school. There were, indeed, some few refractory spirits (such as Madame de Pérou) who held that it is dangerous to teach growing girls that grace is all and merit nothing, good and evil mere optical delusions of our mental state, and sin a shadow cast by the sun, with no separate existence. But their opinion at first was overborne by the enthusiasm of the Guyonites.

'Presque toute la maison devint Quiétiste sans le savoir,' Madame de Pérou averred; 'on ne parlait plus que d'amour pur de Dieu, d'abandon, de sainte indifférence et de simplicité. Cette dernière vertu servait de voile à la recherche de toutes les petites satisfactions personnelles. On prenait ses aises et ses commodités avec la sainte liberté des enfants de Dieu. On ne s'embarrassait de rien—pas même de son salut.'

And the lay-sisters forgot their work in order to read the books of Madame Guyon.

It is singular to find a school for young ladies at the very centre of a state. But so it was in France in 1689, when the same bevy of girls, who confessed to Fénelon, and raved of Madame Guyon, played Racine's 'Esther' to the Court with unparalleled success. 'Esther' was a sensitive tentacle extended, a feeler put forth, to test the state of opinion as to the public declaration of the King's marriage. It seemed so probable

that Louvois threw himself at the King's feet and swore he would not survive so great a degradation of the throne. Saint-Simon suggests that Fénelon, consulted, advised Louis to keep the wedding secret, and that this direction of his put him in disgrace with Madame de Maintenon. But Saint-Simon is a gossip in the same degree that he is an historian of genius. There were other reasons for a loosening of the ties between Fénelon and the uncrowned Queen of France; for uncrowned she remained. The French Asuérus never said to his married Esther: 'Soyez 'Reine.'

She was the witness, the somewhat disconcerted witness, of the wave of transport, of fervour, which lifted so high (almost out of her reach) her two favourites, the priest and the prophetess. Their names and their precepts were always in her ears; she herself, the foundress, was second to Madame Guyon at Saint-Cyr.

Perhaps an unconscious jealousy touched the crownless Queen of Versailles. Fénelon was now the idol of the Court, and Madame Guyon, at Marly, was Dame Oracle. Pious ladies read her commentaries to their husbands or their lovers—even as their great-grandmothers had sung the Psalms of Marot to their lutes. Madame de Maintenon herself read the 'Moyen Court' to the King. But the King said it was all moonshine: 'Il me 'dit que c'étaient des rêveries. Il n'est pas assez avancé dans 'la piété pour goûter cette perfection.'

Madame de Maintenon began, indeed, to have doubts as to the orthodoxy of this revelation. She wrote to Madame de St. Géran:

> Il y a des endroits obscurs, il y e n a d'édifiants, il y en a que je n'approuve en aucune manière. L'Abbé de Fénelon m'avait dit que le 'Moyen Court' contenait les mystères de la plus sublime dévotion, à quelques petites expressions près, qui se trouvent dans les écrits des mystiques.'

Like many delicate and subtle natures, although fastidious, Fénelon was enthusiastic, capable of overlooking obvious defects which rebut and repel more ordinary mortals. The 'quelques 'petites expressions' disquieted Madame de Maintenon. She was always anxious about her spiritual health. She suffered from a hypochondria of the soul, feeling herself in the situation of a woman, apparently cured of an early consumption, who cannot forget the taint of tuberculosis in her blood, and trembles at every cough or hectic flush. Madame de Maintenon remembered with dismay her Huguenot descent, her heretic breeding. Was

she still contaminate? Had Madame Guyon's influence developed the dreaded germ?

Yet it was still to Fénelon that she turned for help in her schemes of regeneration. With his aid she hoped to see on the horizon the dawn of a renewal for France. That year, while the young ladies at Saint-Cyr were playing 'Esther,' Racine was busy for her upon another play, a great moral drama or pæan, telling how Israel was saved from the pit of corruption by a child. A little child should lead the nation—*parvulus puer*—a boy reared in the Temple apart from the vanity of Courts. Her Joas, her Eliacin, was the son of the stupid Dauphin, a violent sensitive little lad of seven, on whom centred the hopes of such as dared to hope for France—

> 'Te duce, si qua manent, sceleris vestigia nostri
> Inrita perpetua solvent formidine terras . . .
> Magnus ab integro saeclorum nascitur ordo.'

In August 1689, not without the help of Madame de Maintenon, Fénelon was appointed tutor to this young prince, the Duke of Burgundy. Henceforth his life, his letters, his books, his heart, will be full of P.P.—*petit-Prince*—his aim, his hope, his charge. Beauvilliers was Governor to the royal child, and filled his household with officers of pious merit. In their midst, his pupil at his knees, Fénelon dwelt for eight years, and touched the dream of his life. For he hoped to save France and to form a new Saint-Louis—a 'Roi-philosophe,' as he declares in 'Télémaque.' His idea of a Revolution was to change the heart of the King. He had this much of the Quietist in him, that he distrusted all exterior reform, for the only activity in which he believed was that which wells up unconsciously from the depths of our nature. He would have said with Madame Guyon: 'Toute vertu qui n'est pas donnée par le dedans est un manque de vertu.' And from the centre of the throne, from the heart of a king, he hoped to renew the land of France, ruined by wars of magnificence, by the King's debts, the corruption of Government, and the ceaseless, exhausting, centripetal suction of Versailles.

VII.

Madame de Maintenon was still a governess at heart—a governess, anxious, indignant, at the spread of dangerous opinions in her school. She confided her doubts and fears to her new confessor, the Bishop of Chartres; and, suddenly taking fire with fresh alarms, laid before him the several volumes of her spiritual correspondence with Fénelon.

The Bishop was a pupil of Saint-Sulpice, and inclined to deal lightly with his condisciple ; he laid at first but little stress on the mysticism of Fénelon, but found in Madame Guyon's writings more than one passage which appeared to echo the Quietist heresy of Molinos, the Spaniard. The days of Madame Guyon's glory were departed. For one thing the magnetic lady was no longer on the scene ; she had married a little daughter of hers, a girl of thirteen, to the Duchess of Béthune's brother ; and she had gone to live in the country with her childish marchioness. Her charming contact being so far removed, her ideas might safely have been left to evaporate, but Madame de Maintenon, in her alarm, was for extirpating heresy root and branch. Saint-Cyr was thoroughly disinfected and asepticised. The followers of Madame Guyon were expelled from the school, and a commission of ecclesiastics was appointed to examine her theories.

We have compared Fénelon's first attitude towards Madame Guyon to that of an experienced doctor confronted with a surgeon whom he half suspects of quackery, but of whose genius he is rapidly persuaded. Imagine the same physician, face to face with a lean Pastorian, down-at-heel, out-at-elbows, modest, and fierce ; you have a picture of Fénelon, *vis-à-vis* of the suspicious Bishop of Chartres. The mystic on this occasion showed a certain superficiality in underrating the worth of his opponent, whose appearance belied him. Godet, Bishop of Chartres (such as Saint-Simon paints him in one of his admirable portraits) was not the pedant proclaimed by an exterior of which Fénelon was the dupe.

'Il le crut tel à sa longue figure malpropre, décharnée, toute Sulpicienne. Un air cru, simple, un aspect niais, et sans liaison qu'avec de plats prêtres ; en un mot il le prit pour un homme sans monde, sans talent, de peu d'esprit et court de savoir. . . . Il était pourtant fort savant et surtout profond théologien. Il y joignait beaucoup d'esprit ; il avait de la douceur, de la fermeté, même des grâces.'

He had already stolen Madame de Maintenon from the brilliant Fénelon ; the day when he arraigned and disgraced Madame Guyon was ominous for her spiritual friend.

Yet, at first, the disgrace of Madame Guyon left Fénelon unharmed. Proceedings were taken against the prophetess in 1693 ; not until 1695 was Fénelon disgraced. And had he consented to forsake his Egeria, his fortunes might have remained unimpaired. Godet was a Sulpician, and fain to spare a colleague ; while Madame de Maintenon's private letters show a long

regard, a lingering tenderness, for Fénelon which accord ill with Saint-Simon's fable of her enmity. She did not hate him. She meant to read him such a lesson as would wean him once for all from dangerous ways. As Fénelon wrote to her, more in sorrow than in anger.

'Vous passâtes de l'excès de simplicité et de confiance à un excès d'ombrage et d'effroi. Voilà ce qui a fait tous nos malheurs. Des gens vous firent entendre que je deviendrais peut-être un hérésiarque. . . . Vous n'osâtes suivre votre cœur ni votre lumière. Vous voulûtes (et j'en suis édifié) marcher par la voie la plus sûre, qui est celle de l'autorité.'

Unfortunately, Fénelon himself showed no predisposition to this path of submission. So much resistance, in so gentle a character, was unsuspected and surprising. A hint from Godet proving insufficient, the orthodox lady brought up her rear-guard, and Bossuet condemned the works of Madame Guyon in April 1695. Bossuet had been the early master of Fénelon, and there is a magic to a reverent heart in the name and the memory of the master of our youth. And yet that reverent heart, as time draws on—widening the abyss that divides successive generations—may grow most painfully awake to the faults in yesterday's oracle. The fame of Bossuet still filled Church and kingdom with an incomparable prestige, while Fénelon saw in keen relief, not only the genius and the noble character of the great bishop, but all that was overweening, pompous, even blatant in that arrogant genius, in that stubborn character.

He knew that his glorious contemporary was little versed in the precepts of the mystics, familiar to his own thoughts. Bossuet, whose mind was dogmatic, not curious, had never cared to read St. Francis de Sales, St. Catherine of Siena, Jean de la Cruz, not any of those earlier dreamers whose mystical imagination outran the regular patrol of his Gallican mind. Yet he had not hesitated to condemn the books of Madame Guyon. Fénelon thought that he blamed in them precepts which are admired in the utterance of canonised saints. Madame Guyon is not alone in thinking that the first rung on Jacob's ladder to Heaven leads us beyond the regions of merit and reward. Throughout the ages of the Church, in every century, from Scotus Erigena to Meister Eckhart, from Joachim de Flora to the great bishop of Annecy, there have been saints and sages whose religion has accompanied sadly, as in a minor third, the public orthodoxy of Roman doctrine—minds who sought their deity within, and in perception rather than in precept; whose piety has been, not passive perhaps, but quiet; minds whose sense is filled with the

eternity of the One-in-all, so full as to outweigh and overmaster the conviction of their personal immortality. ('Il n'y a que deux vérités,' wrote Madame Guyon, 'le Tout et le Rien.') And often these are minds of faith and saintliness. The Church has pronounced some of them blesséd, but others have been cast to the burning.

The crime of heresy was still dangerous in the closing years of the seventeenth century. Fénelon, who had evangelised Poitou, knew to what peril a heretic was exposed. The Dragonnades were barely past. It was impossible for so chivalrous a man to forsake a poor innocent woman, in whose pure goodness he believed, because in her enthusiasm she had overstated certain mystical raptures, which he believed her to share with hallowed saints. When Bossuet and Godet asked him to sign their refutation of her errors, he refused his name.

'Me convient-il d'aller accabler une pauvre personne que tant d'autres ont foudroyée et dont j'ai été l'ami? Quant à M. de Meaux, je serais ravi d'approuver son livre, comme il le souhaite, mais je ne le puis honnêtement, ni en conscience, s'il attaque une personne qui me paraît innocente . . . que j'ai révérée comme une sainte, sur tout ce que j'en ai vu par moi-même.'

(Letter of Fénelon to the Superior of Saint-Sulpice, Sept. 25, 1696.)

And again he writes to Madame de Maintenon:

'Je n'ai jamais eu aucun goût naturel pour elle ni pour ses écrits. Je n'ai jamais éprouvé rien d'extraordinaire en elle qui ait pu me prévenir en sa faveur. Il m'a paru qu'elle était naturellement exagérante et peu précautionnée dans ses expériences. Je ne compte pour rien ses prétendues prophéties. . . . Si j'étais capable d'approuver une personne qui enseigne un nouvel évangile, j'aurais horreur de moi-même . . . mais je puis fort innocemment me tromper sur une personne *que je crois sainte.*' *

And from this position he refused to vary. He had been Madame Guyon's friend; he believed her innocent; he did not question the wisdom of his superiors, but he refused to sign a condemnation of her doctrines.

Meanwhile, the months passed—the months and the years—and Fénelon saw no more of the woman he defended. Bossuet thundered that he was 'the new Montanus of a new Priscilla,' but it was at a distance. Fénelon had left Paris in August 1689, to enter the palace of Versailles as tutor to the prince;

* Bausset, 'Histoire de Fénelon,' livre ii. p. 328.

about the same time Madame Guyon had accompanied her daughter to the country place of the Marquis de Vaux. And thence she had been sent to the convent of Meaux, where Bossuet kept her amicably imprisoned, drenching her with orthodoxy, swamping her arguments in the imperious flood of his authority. Madame Guyon appeared delighted to enjoy the instruction of so great a prelate, showed him her manuscripts with the fearless freedom of a pleased child, manifested no resentment at being kept in secret from all correspondence with the outer world, and behaved herself so sweetly that the gaoler-nuns adored her, and Bossuet himself, while censuring her books, gave her a certificate of good conduct and let her go in liberty during the summer of 1695. Against his express desire and command, the imprudent woman went at once to Paris, and here she may have seen her friend by stealth; but not more than once or twice, since, within a little while of her arrival, Fénelon's place at Court was to know him no more.

VIII.

The King had never shared the general enthusiasm for Fénelon. He had dubbed him 'un esprit chimérique.' In the memoirs of Chancellor d'Aguesseau we learn much concerning the King's distaste for something singular, rare, romantic in the character of Fénelon—'soit que le roi craignît naturellement les esprits 'd'un ordre supérieur, soit qu'une certaine singularité, quel-'que chose d'extraordinaire, n'eut pas plu au roi dont le goût se 'portait de lui-même au simple et à l'uni.'

Fénelon, at Versailles, lived a life apart, sequestered in the fold of his pious flock. He knew the quiet splendour of his powers, the Attic perfection of his sense and style; literature and politics, bathed in the radiance of his religion, filled his mind with projects for the future. Accustomed to the gentle victories of his grace, although he bestirred himself but little, he counted on the future. In 1693 he was elected a member of the French Academy; he shared with Bossuet the pre-eminence of pious oratory; he was forming his future king and writing 'Télémaque'; with Beauvilliers he was busied with plans of national reform.

He wrote once to Madame Guyon: 'If they offer me a bishopric, 'would it be lawful in me to refuse it? I am more useful here.' That was some years ago, when there had been some talk of offering Fénelon the bishopric of Poitiers. And now there was talk again of possible promotion. At Court, and especially in the 'petit troupeau,' there were many who speculated on the failing health of the Archbishop of Paris. The King owed some reward to Fénelon, who, for eight years, had given his time and

thoughts to the training of his Petit-Prince, without praise or pence—living, in a generous parsimony, on the eighty pounds a year of his Abbey of Saint-Vallery, so quietly content with this infinitesimal income that even Beauvilliers, his bosom friend, Minister of Finance, never thought of augmenting his resources. A king, in one breath, can reward long arrears of service. It was, however (seeing the terms they were on) scarcely possible to make Fénelon the hierarchic superior of Bossuet; and the bishopric of Meaux lies in the archdiocese of Paris. Besides, Madame de Maintenon, who was marrying a favourite niece into the house of Noailles, desired the archbishopric for the cardinal of that name. And the King had never liked Fénelon. So, in the spring of 1695, he paid his debt by handsomely relegating his grandson's tutor well out of the way among the Protestant and Jansenist Belgians, *extremi hominum*, in the newly annexed diocese of Cambrai.

It was ingenious to make so faithful a servant a Prince-Archbishop, while eliminating a mystic, and to conciliate a hostile province by sending as Proconsul the enchanter and the peacemaker that Fénelon was at heart. By the same stroke, the King removed from the presence of his grandson a tutor whose religious principles appeared at least dubious, and yet, by making an archbishop of the man, extinguished all suggestions that the Prince had had a heretic at his ear. So Fénelon found himself, in the summer of 1695, no longer an unpaid teacher, but a Prince of the Church. Yet that had been favour: this was disgrace disguised. The Chapel of Saint-Cyr was crowded for the laying on of hands; Bossuet left his see of Meaux to anoint the new successor of St. Peter; the King assured the Primate that he was obliged to but nine months' annual residence at Cambrai, and that he hoped to see him at Versailles. But the Archbishop knew what had befallen him, nor needed, to point the moral, the piece of news which greeted him soon after his arrival in his northern exile. Madame Guyon had been again arrested, had been conveyed, not to a convent, but to the State prison at Vincennes, where she was closely guarded and examined every day by La Reynie, the Lieutenant of Police. And the Cabal, which had reached her, now took aim at Beauvilliers and at Fénelon himself.

IX

That great dispute of Bossuet and Fénelon filled the Court, filled France, filled Rome with the bruit of its fray, and La Fontaine was the only man who dared to find the question of the Quietists a nuisance. The seventeenth century had an

appetite for theological controversy, a passion for the unity of the Church, which we of a later day may dimly understand by recalling the Russia of the later nineteenth century, where Pobédonostsef was the Bossuet of Alexander. France was divided as to whether charity should be a pure effusion of the soul, with no pious afterthought, no care of merit to be earned, or heavenly bliss to be enjoyed (as Fénelon maintained); or whether (as Bossuet held) every action of the Christian should be rooted in the hope of an eternal recompense. 'Love God!' said the one. 'Save thy soul!' cried the other, and they fell by the ears like angry children. In 1695, when Bossuet had confessed to Fénelon his ignorance of the mystics, the younger priest had made for his senior an anthology of extracts, with a view of persuading him that 'tous les mystiques exagèrent,' and Madame Guyon no more than her great forerunners. Bossuet's stern sense had resisted all persuasion; he was not called upon to pronounce in the case of Saint Theresa or Saint Francis de Sales; he was appointed a judge over Madame Guyon, and he condemned her, with a weight, a brutality, an irony (and even a violation of confidence) which belied his earlier kindness to the poor lady. But Bossuet, constantly supreme, was irritated by opposition. Fénelon, less vehement, was hardly less bitter: 'M. de Meaux regarde comme un outrage 'que j'ai consulté les autres sans le consulter. Ne le considérer 'pas, c'est rompre l'unité.' This fine rapier thrust touched the core of the case, and justified the remark of Madame de Maintenon that M. de Meaux was the greatest theologian alive, and M. de Cambrai 'le plus bel esprit.' 'Le plus bel esprit, et le 'plus chimérique de mon royaume,' declared the King.

Those notes and extracts which he had made for Bossuet seemed to Fénelon an admirable defence of Madame Guyon, and he decided to publish them under the title 'Explication des 'Maximes des Saints sur la Vie intérieure.' He knew that Bossuet was preparing a 'Relation du Quiétisme.' Absent himself at Cambrai, he had left in Paris another self, the Duc de Chevreuse, who waited on the press night and day, sleeping on a camp bed in a corner of the printing office, near the Hôtel de Luynes. The 'Maximes des Saints' (the first edition lies before us as we write) appeared in January 1697, at the Librairie de Messeigneurs les Enfans de France, on the Quai des Augustins. A treasure-trove for the bibliophile, the volume to-day has little merit save its rarity. It is difficult to imagine the scandal, the enthusiasm, the devotion, the fury which it created little over two hundred years ago. Perhaps only those who have lived through the 'Affaire Dreyfus' can understand to-day the battle

that raged round the 'Maximes des Saints,' the King openly siding with Bossuet against Fénelon, the Pope timidly partial to the Archbishop, the prelates of France raging and rankling, the Court divided. 'On ne parlait d'autre chose jusque chez les 'dames.' The pages of D'Aguesseau (who believed all this Quietism the mysterious shibboleth of a political Syndicate inspired by M. de Cambrai), of Madame de Sévigné, of Saint-Simon, help us to recapture that evaporated fervour. There is a certain drive which the young Saint-Simon takes, with the Dukes of Béthune, Chevreuse, and Beauvilliers, in the Park of Versailles, which faintly recalls a famous design of Forain's: '*Ils en ont parlé.*' They also spoke of their Affair, and Saint-Simon (suffocating between the respect due to his elders and his indignation at their opinions) stopped the carriage. 'Je leur 'dis donc, naïvement, que je sentois bien que ce n'était pas 'à moi, à mon âge, à exiger qu'ils se tussent, mais qu'à tout 'âge on pouvoit sortir d'un carrosse!'

In August 1697 the King bade Fénelon quit Versailles, his friends, his pupil, and proceed to Cambrai, there to await the decision of the Pope in the affair of the 'Maximes.' This was disgrace, this was exile! Fénelon fell dangerously ill, at a day's journey from Paris, and had to tarry six weeks in the house of a friend—doubtless none too eager to keep him; for the Archbishop involved his intimates in his misfortunes. The pious Duchesses, accustomed to flattery, felt a void form round their persons at Marly or Versailles. Save Beauvilliers, all Fénelon's friends were dismissed from their posts about the heir-presumptive, and Fénelon's brother—an honest officer in the Guards with no opinion either way as to holy indifference or the necessity of earning merit—was cashiered the service, and sent from Court a ruined man.

Paris fumed, Versailles sulked in a fury, and Rome, too—Rome which had shown a certain tenderness for Fénelon—Rome, under instant pressure from the King, finally abandoned the Archbishop. The Papal Bull was brought to him in church, as he was on the pulpit stairs preparing to preach. He took the message from the bringer's hand and tranquilly read out his condemnation, treating for his discourse of the submission owed by every Catholic to the Vicar of Christ. Two days later a short and simple Pastoral condemned the 'Maximes des Saints' and forbade the Catholics of Cambrai to keep the book in their possession. Fénelon was a priest by nature, an author by accident. He could argue with M. de Meaux, rise superior to the King; he obeyed the Pope.

X.

The sting of his disgrace was his dismissal from his tutorship. Since Aristotle left Stageira to train the youthful Alexander, few educators have bestowed themselves so completely on their task as Fénelon, devoted to P.P. He meant to develop the beau ideal of a ruler, and disengage from a violent sensitive child the future saviour of society. Often in his writings he recalls the example of the Greek philosopher, but as something to admire and avoid. Fénelon's conception of the Magnanimous was not Alexander—not a conqueror. It is not the sovereign who should reign, he repeats, but the laws, and in the twenty-second 'Dialogue of the Dead,' he makes his model monarch, Gélon, say to Dion :

'Il ne faut pas que l'homme règne ; il faut qu'il se contente de faire régner les lois. S'il prend la royauté pour lui, il la gâte et se perd lui-même ; il ne doit l'exercer que pour le bien des hommes. . . . Je ne leur fis jamais sentir que j'étais le maître ; je leur fis seulement sentir qu'eux et moi nous devions céder à la raison et à la justice.'

Fénelon's ideal of a King is crowned with olives. He insists repeatedly on the horrors of war ; no French author is so completely anti-military, and M. Hervé might find more than one argument in the classic pages of 'Télémaque.' War, as Fénelon had seen it exercised, brought in its train merely magnificence and misery, demoralising the great and famishing the humble. Louis XIV. went to war much in the spirit of a knight of the Middle Ages, finding in it the natural occupation of a gentleman. When he had had enough of it he made peace, if he wished to see how the flowers were blooming in the parterres of Versailles (he adored his gardens) or the roses reddening on the cheeks of Madame de Montespan. He played war as he played cards : pleased if he won, and, if he lost, aware that one must pay for a pastime. Had he been more serious, more vindictive ; had he pushed the war in Flanders to the point of gaining for his country a northern province, great enough to counterbalance the influence of the South ; had he made Antwerp a French seaport, and Ghent and Liége, like Cambrai, towns of France, the misery of the poor would have been compensated by a benefit so substantial as to make every Frenchman (if poorer for a time) at least the heir to future riches. But his pompous, pleasant mind, despite its soundness, its balance and vitality, was not sufficiently capacious to grasp so great a scheme, so that Fénelon, seeing all round him the blood-stained, leaden lining of war's

bejewelled mantle, preached to his pupil Peace : Peace on earth and good will among men.

The prestige of the King (of the Roi-Soleil) was so great still, in the years between 1690 and 1700, that at every turn Fénelon set a guard to warn the child of his mind from following this delusive ideal. Idoménée in ' Télémaque,' Dion and others in the ' Dialogues,' are examples of the Prince Imperfect, the sovereign brave, impetuous, adored, but selfish, voluptuous, unjust and, half against his will, a grinder of the faces of the poor. Selfish, above all ; that is the secret wound which Fénelon is for ever probing :

' Oh bien ! si je retournois au monde,' cries Dion, ' je laisserois les hommes se gouverner eux-mêmes comme ils pourroient. J'aimerois mieux m'aller cacher dans quelque île déserte que de me charger de gouverner une république. Si on est méchant, on a tout à craindre ; si on est bon, on a tout à souffrir— ' and Gélon waves him away, melancholy but relentless. ' Non, tu ne peux être admis parmi ces âmes bienheureuses qui ont bien gouverné ! Adieu ! '

These are sketches, but in ' Télémaque ' we find a full-length portrait of a King who rules for himself, and not for his people—and few kings in fiction are so living as Idoménée. From the moment when Mentor and Télémaque arrive at his new city, and find the monarch among his masons, busy yet majestic, animating all the scene around him with his intense personality, his ' charmante bonté,' magnificent, amiable, infinitely sensitive to all that is exquisite in beauty, breathing and diffusing a more than mortal atmosphere, Idoménée, with his grace of welcome, Idoménée ' avec son visage doux et riant,' his charming voice, his gift of speech—Idoménée greets us as an old acquaintance.

But sober Mentor knows that these are not the gifts which maintain prosperity in states :

' Il comprit que les forces d'Idoménée ne pouvaient être aussi grandes qu'elles paraissaient . . ; cet éclat éblouissant cachait une misère et une faiblesse qui eussent bientôt renversé son empire '—

and he says to the builder of Salente :

' Vous avez épuisé vos richesses. Vous n'avez songé ni à augmenter votre peuple, ni à cultiver vos terres fertiles. Vous ne songez au-dedans de votre nouvelle ville qu'à y faire des ouvrages magnifiques. C'est ce qui vous a coûté tant de mauvaises nuits. . . . Vous ne deviez songer qu'à l'agriculture et à l'établissement des plus sages lois—à avoir beaucoup de bons hommes et des terres bien cultivées pour les nourrir.'

And the builder of Versailles bows his head :

' Il est vrai que j'ai négligé l'agriculture et même le commerce. Je n'ai songé qu'à faire une ville magnifique.'

Mentor and Télémaque save Idoménée—Télémaque fights his battles while Mentor rules his state ; for the King, though a perfect model of courteous majesty, is ignorant, is feeble, and could not save himself. Prompt and prudent, sincere, liberal, upright, his real qualities have been ruined by omnipotence. He is vain, jealous, infatuate, overbearing as a spoilt child ; he cannot command his passions, he is sensual and melancholy ; at the least contrariety his tears, his sighs, his groans fill the palace, and will not be comforted ; yet, with all this softness and self-indulgence he can be cruelly hard to such as cross his whim. His honest, adroit, mediocre mind is incapable of large views : ' il s'applique trop au détail et ne médite pas assez le ' gros de ses affaires. . . . Il a un caractère d'esprit court et ' subalterne.' Who knows ? Perhaps he considered Mentor ' un esprit chimérique ; ' for Idoménée is the portrait, the living picture of Louis XIV.

' Télémaque ' was not written for the public. It was a series of lessons, composed to familiarise P.P. with the personages of Homer and Virgil ; to instil into him the sense of antiquity, and at the same time to teach him the whole duty of a king. This *vade-mecum* of a Crown Prince suddenly became the novel of the hour, was acclaimed by all Europe, and earned its author, with so much glory, a disgrace far deeper, far more personal, than that which resulted in the condemnation of the Pope. The faithlessness of a secretary, to whom the rough sheets had been entrusted for transcription, gave ' Télémaque ' to the press. The book, which was written for a schoolboy, is now again a school-book—it is the fate of the classics. But ' Télémaque ' when it appeared had a very different sort of fame—a prodigious, notorious success—the success of a pamphlet or a satire. The Protestants in exile, the Jansenists, the Opposition ; foreign nations, once vanquished by Louis XIV. and still trembling beneath a sword which was no longer steel but only tinsel ; and also men of taste, everywhere, sensitive to the new perfection of a masterpiece ; lovers of antiquity ; sincere believers in the inner life ; idealists, philosophers, and the great concourse of those who like to read the works of men whose names are known, especially if they be lustred by a recent scandal—all this immense public acclaimed ' Télémaque ; ' much as in recent times their descendants might have praised

'Resurrection,' had Tolstoi embittered his book by a full-length portrait of Nicholas II.

XI.

Fénelon was scarcely to see his friends again. Once, years afterwards—some dozen years afterwards the Duc de Chevreuse (so dreamy, so *distrait*, that an extreme daring seemed in him but another instance of absent-mindedness) ventured to Cambrai unallowed, saw his friend, and invited him to Chaulnes. Once or twice Petit-Prince, grown to manhood, leading the armies on the Flemish frontier, arranged a timid rendezvous on the high road with the great Archbishop, whom he remembered long ago as the Mentor of his childhood. But never again was Fénelon to meet the Duke of Beauvilliers, or the Duchess, or her of Chevreuse, nor any (save the Duchess of Mortemart) of their pious circle. Never again did he meet Madame Guyon. Flung from Vincennes into the Bastille, apparently for life, she was set free in 1703, and went to live in the country near Blois with her married son. Correspondence between such notable persons as she and the Archbishop was impossible in a time when the King's pleasure violated the privacy of the post. At long intervals they sent each other stray snatches of spiritual verse—light, dancing screeds of rhyme, which sometimes remind us of Blake's 'Songs of Innocence.' Disgrace and exile had no meaning for these mystics. They did not seek to see each other even in secret. Did they not dwell perpetually, released from all contingencies, above the things of this world, in the meeting-place of souls? 'Il n'y a point de 'distance en Dieu' (Fénelon had written once to Madame Guyon); 'tout ce qui est un en lui se touche.' Theirs was the communion of saints wherein (as he had told her) they might penetrate invisible, intangible, safe from the tyranny of mortal and material things, 's'enfonçant davantage dans cet inconnu de 'Dieu, où l'on voudrait se perdre à jamais.'

Seventeen years of absence from Versailles did not diminish the authority of Fénelon. Absent, he was present among his faithful flock, and Saint-Simon marvels at this extraordinary, permeating quality of M. de Cambrai, which seemed to make light of time and space:

'Ce talent si rare, et qu'il avoit au dernier degré, qui lui tint tous ses amis si entièrement attachés toute sa vie, malgré sa chute, et qui, dans leur dispersion, les réunissoit *pour se parler de lui, pour le regretter, pour le désirer, pour se tenir de plus en plus à lui, comme les Juifs pour Jérusalem, et soupirer après son retour, et l'espérer*

toujours, comme ce malheureux peuple attend encore et soupire après le Messie. C'est aussi par cette autorité de prophète qu'il s'étoit acquise sur les siens qu'il s'etoit accoutumé à une domination qui, dans sa douceur, ne vouloit point de résistance.'

Fénelon, by the King's will, was, as it were, magically rapt away out of sight and hearing of that pious world of which, for eight years, he had been the vivifying centre. Like those Indian saints who grow in their tombs and occupy the world more completely after death, Fénelon at Cambrai grew more than ever the secret inspiration of his faithful followers. Absence and exile increased his prestige, widened his outlook ; Fénelon's flock increased with every year. At first a pious coterie of friends, then a desolated province, before the reign was out it was to cover the distressed magnificent Kingdom of France, and invade the future.

Art. II.—THE PASTORAL INDUSTRY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

1. *Agricultural Statistics*, Vol. XLI. and Vol. XLII., Part I.
2. *Agricultural Statistics* (*Ireland*), 1907 [Cd. 3909].
3. *Statistical Abstracts of the United Kingdom*, from 1885 onwards.
4. *Annual Statements of the Trade of the United Kingdom*, 1905 and 1906.
5. *Report of the Commissioners of H.M. Inland Revenue for the Year ended March* 31, 1907 [Cd. 3686].
6. *The Small Holdings of England.* By L. Jebb. London: John Murray. 1907.

The fact that for many years the demand from abroad for high-class British-bred live stock has been steadily increasing is one of the most satisfactory indications of the great future that lies before our stock-breeders. It was shown in an article in the January number of this Review that the arable farmers of the United Kingdom, by ceasing to cultivate land except of the most suitable character for cereals and green crops, have been able to maintain their place among the foremost crop-producing countries in the world. But the pastoralists of Great Britain and Ireland can show even better and more profitable results than their brethren of the plough. For not only are our horses, cattle, and sheep, and even pigs, celebrated as being among the most valuable in existence, but there appears to be some characteristic common to all kinds of our live stock that induces foreign and Colonial stock-raisers not only to purchase the best our breeders are willing to sell them, but to be under the necessity from time to time of replenishing their flocks and herds with fresh purchases of British and Irish stock, in order to maintain in their foreign homes the vigour and value of the imported strain.

From the recently published First Part of the Agricultural Statistics for Great Britain for 1907 we learn * that an increase in the number of sheep and pigs, and a decrease in the number of cattle and horses, were the general results shown by the enumeration of live stock in 1907. The number of horses showed a further decline of 12,312, reducing the total to about the same as in 1904. The greater part of the decrease was in the number of unbroken horses under one year of age, and

* 'Agricultural Statistics,' 1907, vol. xlii. part I. pp. 17–21.

was due chiefly to severe weather during the foaling season, and partly to the effect of motors on light-horse breeding. The cattle in Great Britain numbered 6,912,067, or 98,789 fewer than in 1906, a decrease of 1·4 per cent. This was the first check to the annual increase since 1902. It is, however, satisfactory to know that the loss did not take place in the number of cows and heifers, which increased by 20,835 (0·8 per cent.) to the maximum yet recorded. The number of sheep in Great Britain was 26,115,455, the highest total recorded since 1901, and an increase of 695,095, or 2·7 per cent. upon the number in 1906. The high price of mutton and the maintenance of the price of wool are indicated as the chief causes of this substantial increase, assisted by a successful lambing season. But pigs made the most remarkable percentage increase over the number in 1906—viz. 13·5, their number in 1907 being 2,636,766, or 313,305 more than in the previous year.

The following Table compares the numbers of live stock in the United Kingdom with those in the chief of our Colonies.

Numbers in 'Thousands.'	Area: Sq. Miles.	Population.	Horses.	Cattle.	Sheep.	Pigs.
England	50	34,946	1,189	4,988	15,099	2,257
Wales	7		162	739	3,703	233
Scotland	30	4,776	205	1,185	7,313	147
Ireland	33	4,379	523	4,676	3,817	1,317
United Kingdom	120	44,101	2,079	11,588	29,932	3,954
New South Wales	310	1,531	537	2,550	44,132	243
Victoria	88	1,238	407	1,804	12,937	220
South Australia	904	384	225	680	6,661	112
Queensland	670	535	453	3,414	14,886	138
West Australia	976	262	105	690	3,341	56
Tasmania	26	180	38	211	1,729	43
New Zealand	105	901	343	1,852	20,108	242
Ontario	261	2,200	688	2,964	1,305	1,820
New Brunswick	28	333	63	229	188	52
Prairie Provinces * (of Canada)	578	809	682	1,945	304	439
Natal and Zululand	35	1,152	50	634	800	72
The Cape and Basutoland	287	2,840	320	2,168	14,849†	386
Transvaal and Swaziland	118	1,355	104‡	445	1,200	147
Orange River Colony	50	400	94	525	4,194	135

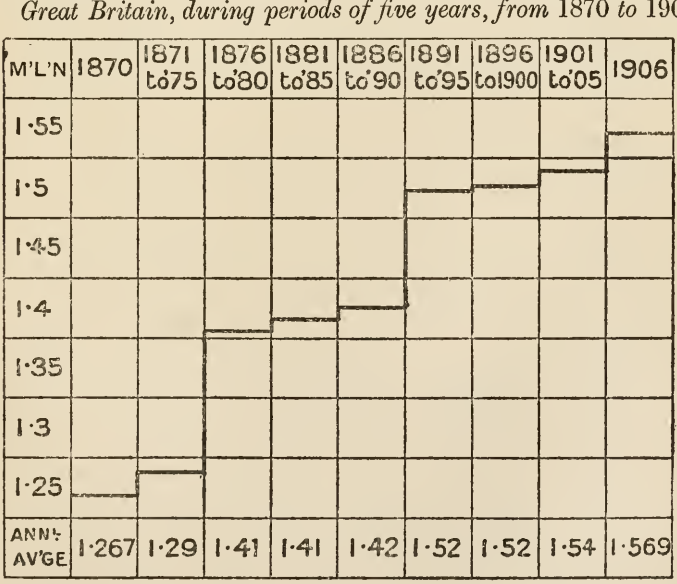
* Viz. Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. † Figures for 1906. ‡ Including mules and asses.

The 'Agricultural Returns' for Ireland for 1907 give better results than were shown in Great Britain; for although the

number of horses was fewer by 8,269 than in 1906, cattle increased by 37,569, sheep by 101,777, and pigs by 72,875.

The figures in the preceding Table for the United Kingdom are for 1907, and for the Colonies are for 1906, except in the case of Orange River Colony, where they are for 1905, and the Cape, where they are for 1904. They show that in the numbers of horses, cattle, and pigs England exceeds all her Colonies, but stands third to New South Wales and New Zealand in the number of her sheep. In horses Ontario stands second, the Prairie Provinces of Canada third, New South Wales fourth, Ireland fifth, and Queensland sixth. Ireland stands second to England in the number of her cattle, Queensland being third, Ontario fourth, New South Wales fifth, the Cape sixth, and the Prairie Provinces seventh. With more than forty-four million sheep, New South Wales stands easily first; New Zealand, with over twenty millions, second; England, with fifteen millions, third; Queensland fourth, the Cape fifth, and Victoria sixth. In pigs England has a good lead, Ontario is second, Ireland third, the Prairie Provinces fourth, the Cape fifth, and New South Wales sixth.

Chart showing the increase in the number of horses (used solely for agriculture, mares kept for breeding, and unbroken horses) in Great Britain, during periods of five years, from 1870 *to* 1906.



Since 1870 the area in Great Britain under permanent grass has risen from a little over twelve million acres to more than

seventeen and a quarter million acres. The flocks and herds pastured upon this area have increased in value, thus justifying the transference from arable to pasture land.

The above chart shows that the number of horses in Great Britain, of the classes named, rose from 1,267,000 in 1870 to 1,569,000 in 1906, an increase of 302,000, or 23·8 per cent. The maximum number recorded was 1,572,000 in 1905; the least satisfactory period was from 1896 (the number in that year being 1,553,000) to 1900, in which year there were only 1,500,000. It was not until 1904 that the number in 1896 was exceeded. But from 1,505,000 in 1902 the number rose to 1,572,000 in 1905. There have been fluctuations in the annual numbers, but the average annual number of each period of five years has continuously risen, although the rise in the period 1881–85 was only 9,000, while that from 1896 to 1900 was barely 2,000.

Chart showing the fluctuations in the number of horses in Ireland, during periods of five years, from 1871 *to* 1906.

Thousand	1871 to 1875	1876 to 1880	1881 to 1885	1886 to 1890	1891 to 1895	1896 to 1900	1901 to 1905	1906
540								
520								
500								
480								
460								
Annual Average .	474	499	484	507	545	519	518	532

In 1871 the horses in Ireland used for agriculture, mares kept for breeding, and unbroken horses, numbered 478,000. The minimum number, 468,000, was recorded in 1874; the maximum, 557,000, in 1895. In 1900 and in 1901, however, there were only 491,000, showing a decrease of 66,000 from the number in 1895. In the four years from 1901 to 1905 the numbers rose by 44,000, to 535,000. Notwithstanding occasional decreases the chart shows that there has been a substantial increase in the numbers of horses in Ireland during the fifteen years from 1891 to 1905 upon the numbers recorded in the fifteen years from 1871 to 1885, amounting to 8·55 per cent., which falls but little short of the increase in Great Britain, viz. 11·48 per cent., of the numbers in the period 1891 to 1905 over the numbers in the period 1871 to 1885.

As one of the chief inducements offered to horse-breeding in the United Kingdom is afforded by the high prices paid for first-class horses, which are largely competed for by buyers from foreign countries and our colonies, it is well to supply some recent figures dealing with the export of horses from the United Kingdom.

* *Table showing the number and value (in Thousand £) of horses exported and of horses imported by the United Kingdom in each year from* 1901 *to* 1906.

—	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906
Number of horses exported .	27,612	30,032	34,798	32,955	47,708	60,414
Value of horses exported . .	606	636	735	581	876	1,205
Number of horses imported .	40,856	32,686	27,266	18,491	13,711	17,848
Value of horses imported . .	1,096	836	631	458	354	536

The number of horses exported from the United Kingdom rose from 27,612 in 1901 to 60,414 in 1906. Their value rose from 605,699*l.* in 1901 to 1,205,302*l.* in 1906. The average value per horse exported was 26*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.* in 1901, but fell to 19*l.* 19*s.* in 1906. This, however, as we shall see later on, was due to the very large number of horses that were exported to Belgium and Holland at an average value of less than 5*l.*

The number of horses imported by the United Kingdom fell from 40,856 in 1901 to 13,711 in 1905, but rose to 17,848 in 1906. The value of the imported horses was 1,095,683*l.* in 1901, and only 535,532*l.* in 1906. The average value per horse imported was 26*l.* 14*s.* in 1901, and 30*l.* in 1906.

It is seen, therefore, that whereas in 1901 the United Kingdom bought horses from abroad valued at nearly $1\frac{1}{10}$ million pounds, and sold horses valued at just over six hundred thousand pounds, in 1906 the figures were more than reversed, *i.e.* the United Kingdom sold horses valued at over $1\frac{1}{5}$ million pounds, and purchased horses valued at a little over half a million pounds.

In view, however, of a somewhat widespread idea that horse-breeding is no longer flourishing in the United Kingdom, and that on the one hand ‘ the country is being drained by purchasers ‘ from abroad, whilst on the other hand a careful estimate shows ‘ that 2,000,000*l.* goes into the pockets of the foreigners for ‘ horses, because the English breeder cannot supply them in

* See ‘ Annual Statements of Trade of the United Kingdom,’ Vol. I., 1905, pp. 26, 27, 94, 95 ; and Vol. I., 1906, pp. 20, 21, 58, 59.

'sufficient numbers,' * it is worth while analysing the figures for 1906 given in the Annual Statement of Trade of the United Kingdom.

In 1906 there were 60,414 horses (including ponies) *exported* from the United Kingdom, valued at 1,205,302*l.*, or an average of 19 guineas.

—	To Foreign Countries	To British Dominions	Total Number	Total Value	Average Value per Head
				£	£ s. d.
Stallions .	1,056	782	1,838	307,072	167 1 0
Mares .	4,559	1,203	5,762	394,440	68 9 0
Geldings .	52,563	251	52,814	503,790	9 11 0
Totals .	58,178	2,236	60,414	1,205,302	19 19 0

Of the 1,838 stallions exported in 1906, the British Dominions beyond the seas took 782, and foreign countries 1,056. Stallions were the most costly class exported, their average value being slightly over 167*l.* Of the 5,762 mares exported, foreign countries took nearly four-fifths; the average value of the mares was 68*l.* 9*s.* And of the 52,814 geldings exported, all but 251 went to foreign countries, their average value being 9*l.* 11*s.*

But these 'average values' of too general a character are apt to mislead the reader, and it is well to ascertain by analysis which countries and colonies were to the fore in 'draining' the United Kingdom, and at what cost the process was undertaken.

From the following table it will be seen that more than one-third of the total number of stallions exported went to Canada, more than one-fourth went to the United States, and more than one-seventh went to Argentina. So that the three chief horse-breeding States of the New World between them took nearly eight out of every nine stallions exported by the United Kingdom.

Of the mares exported Belgium took nearly one-fourth, France nearly one-fifth, Canada nearly one-sixth, and the Netherlands more than one-seventh of the total number. It is not safe, however, to suggest that the three chief Western countries of Europe took considerably more than half of the mares exported, for through their ports the animals purchased by most of the Continental countries would be introduced. Of the 52,814 geldings exported, no fewer than 49,475 were sent to the Netherlands and Belgium, and as their average values were rather less

* See 'Evening News,' September 12, 1907, commenting upon Earl Carrington's speech at High Wycombe.

than 6*l.* and 8*l.* respectively, one does not care to dwell upon their probable fate.*

Table † *showing the number and the average value of the stallions, mares, and geldings (declared as British or Irish) exported from the United Kingdom in* 1906.

Exported to	Stallions		Mares		Geldings	
	Number	Average Value in £	Number	Average Value in £	Number	Average Value in £
Austria-Hungary	5	5,960	37	113	28	40
Roumania	2	1,040	3	147	1	200
Netherlands	41	379	835	72	19,944	6
New Zealand	12	325	2	172	2	112
Argentina	285	300	286	129	1	100
Turkey, European	—	—	4	275	9	222
The Cape	27	262	62	102	14	128
Chile	10	255	2	85	—	—
France	72	252	1,053	69	1,399	52
Sweden	2	250	17	76	12	103
Australia	43	230	21	168	10	169
Portugal	—	—	—	—	4	217
Brazil	1	205	—	—	2	150
Uruguay	37	171	20	90	—	—
Spain	—	—	1	150	8	104
British India	27	135	49	139	40	103
British West Indies	—	—	4	134	4	81
Natal	39	111	79	111	5	131
United States	489	123	304	68	178	58
Denmark	10	116	252	35	211	36
Mexico	—	—	1	100	2	100
Morocco	—	—	1	100	—	—
Belgium	21	86	1,340	58	29,531	8
Canada	631	77	920	48	74	50

It will be observed that no country or colony is included in the above table (with the exception of Belgium and Canada) which did not pay at least an average price of one hundred pounds for either the stallions, mares, or geldings exported to it. In the case of Canada, and also of Belgium, it is most probable that individual cases of far higher prices were paid—for Canada

* From page 332 of the 'Agricultural Statistics,' 1906 [Cd. 3653], we gather that 4,729 horses were exported to Belgium and 15,149 to the Netherlands at *under* 5*l.* a head!

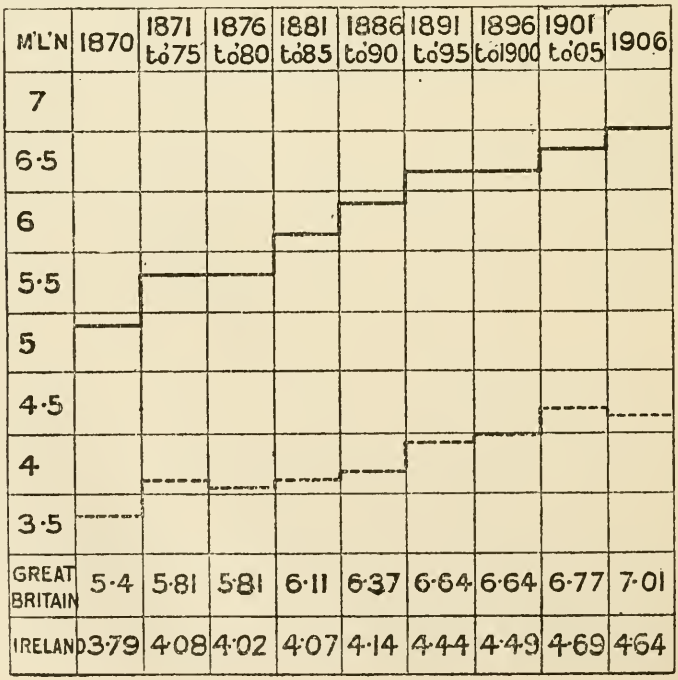
† For numbers and total values, *see* 'Agricultural Statistics' [Cd. 3653], p. 331.

took 631 stallions and 920 mares, and Belgium took 1,340 mares and nearly 30,000 geldings.

Austria-Hungary, although she purchased only seventy horses from the United Kingdom, paid over 30,000*l.* for them. Her purchase of the highest class of animals was followed by Roumania, who paid over 2,700*l.* for the six horses that she purchased. Turkey paid 3,100*l.* for the thirteen horses she bought, and Chile over 2,700*l.* for the twelve horses she purchased. New Zealand purchased sixteen horses at a cost of 4,470*l.*, and the Commonwealth of Australia seventy-four horses for 15,113*l.* The Cape paid over 15,000*l.* for the 103 horses she bought here, and Natal paid nearly 14,000*l.* for the 123 horses she took.

From this analysis we infer that the 'draining' process indulged in by foreign countries and our colonies is both costly to them and remunerative to the horse-breeders of the United Kingdom, also that British and Irish horse-breeders sold their stock to those who offered the highest prices for them, and that horse-breeding is a national industry of increasing importance.

Chart showing the increase in the number of cattle in Great Britain and in Ireland, during periods of five years, from 1870 *to* 1906.



The 5,403,000 cattle in Great Britain in 1870 increased to 7,011,000 in 1906, an increase of 1,608,000 in the thirty-six years, or 29·76 per cent.

With the exception of the period 1876 to 1880 there has been a continual increase in the annual average of the quinquennial periods, although in each period there has been at least one lean year. In the period 1896 to 1900 the annual average was 6,643,000, or 3,000 in excess of that between 1891 and 1895. In 1892 the number, 6,945,000, was the third highest in the thirty-seven years, only being exceeded in 1905 and 1906. Two years later, in 1894, the number of cattle in Great Britain was 6,347,000, and in 1895 was 6,354,000. The principal feature of the increase in recent years is the general rise in Great Britain in the number of cows and heifers in milk and in calf, which points to the development of our dairying industry.

In Ireland the number of cattle rose from 3,796,000 in 1870 to 4,639,000 in 1906, an increase of 843,000, or 22·2 per cent. The maximum number, 4,782,000, was reached in 1902.

The following table shows the growing importance of our export trade in cattle. It is to be noted that while we export *thousands* of high-priced cattle for the purpose of improving the breeds abroad and in the colonies, we import *hundreds of thousands* of cattle for feeding our own people.

Table showing the number and value (in Thousand £) of cattle exported, and of cattle imported, by the United Kingdom in each year from* 1901 *to* 1906.

—	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906
Number of cattle exported	1,648	2,428	2,736	3,311	3,938	5,616
Value of cattle exported	£ 62	£ 96	£ 140	£ 146	£ 190	£ 327
Number of cattle imported	495,635	419,488	522,546	549,532	565,139	561,215
Value of cattle imported	£ 8,841	£ 7,815	£ 9,209	£ 9,736	£ 9,666	£ 9,732

In 1901 we exported 1,648 cattle, at an average price of 37*l.* 10*s.*; in 1906 we exported 5,616 (three-and-a-half times as many as in 1901) at an average price of about 58*l.* 4*s.*

In 1901 the average price of the 495,635 cattle that we imported was 17*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*; in 1906 the average price of the 561,215 cattle imported was 17*l.* 7*s.*

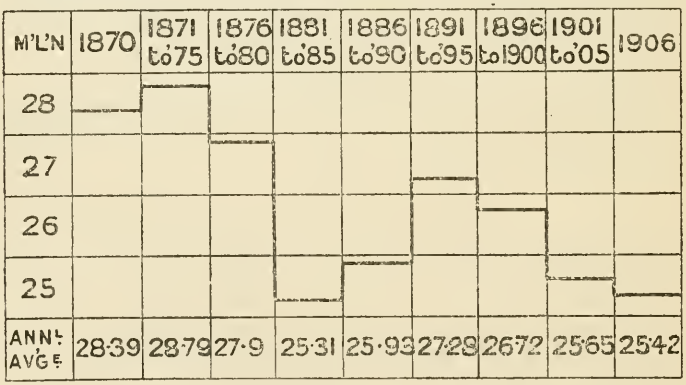
* See 'Annual Statements of Trade of the United Kingdom,' Vol. I., 1905, pp. 26, 27, 94, 95; and Vol. I., 1906, pp. 20, 21, 58, 59.

*Table * showing the number and the average value per head of the cattle (declared as British or Irish) exported to certain foreign countries and British colonies by the United Kingdom in* 1906.

Foreign Countries	Number	Average Value in £	British Colonies	Number	Average Value in £
1. Chile . .	61	153·7	New South Wales	3	239
2. Argentina .	2,329	92·4	Tasmania . .	4	157·5
3. Germany .	6	86·6	Queensland .	1	75
4. Japan . .	21	85·5	Victoria . .	10	67·6
5. Uruguay .	548	78	West Australia .	12	66
6. Brazil . .	21	52·7	New Zealand .	19	57
7. Greece . .	1	48	Natal . . .	29	43
8. United States	521	30	The Cape . .	93	38
			Canada . .	161	37·5

New South Wales paid by far the highest price for the three head of cattle that she purchased, but Argentina purchased by far the largest number. The number and the price of cattle taken by Uruguay are also noteworthy.

Chart showing the fluctuations in the number of sheep in Great Britain, during periods of five years, from 1870 *to* 1906.

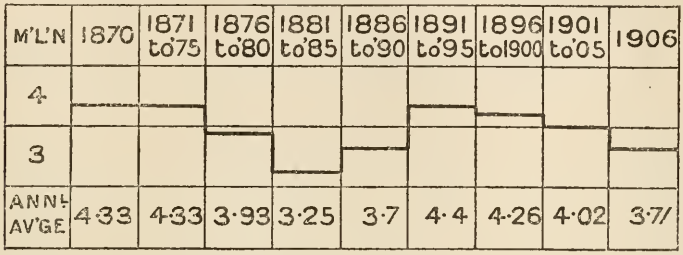


In 1870 the number of sheep in Great Britain was 28,398,000, and in 1906 was 25,420,000, a decrease of 2,978,000, or about 10·5 per cent. The maximum number recorded was 30,314,000 in 1874, and both in 1873 and 1875 the number was above twenty-nine millions. In 1871, however, the number was only 27,120,000, so that in three years the increase amounted to 3,194,000. What has happened may occur again; and a like

* For numbers and total values, *see* 'Agricultural Statistics' [Cd. 3653], p. 330.

increase in the next three years would raise the number of sheep in Great Britain to about 28½ millions. The numbers recorded both in 1891 and in 1892 exceeded 28,700,000. The rise in the price of wool of recent years, and the good prices paid by foreign countries for British rams, tend to encourage the breeding of high-class stock. The present lambing season has been highly successful.

Chart showing the fluctuations in the number of sheep in Ireland, during periods of five years, from 1870 *to* 1906.



The decrease in the number of sheep in Ireland between 1870 and 1906 was 619,000, or 14·28 per cent. The maximum number recorded was 4,828,000 in 1892, the number having risen from 3,378,000 in 1887, an increase in the five years amounting to 1,450,000. A similar rise in the next five years would record a maximum higher by half a million than any recorded in Ireland.

*Table * showing the number and value (in Thousand* £*) of sheep exported, and of sheep imported, by the United Kingdom in each year from* 1901 *to* 1906.

—	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906
Number of sheep exported	2,761	3,596	5,579	8,142	8,378	12,716
Value of sheep exported	£ 26	£ 29	£ 68	£ 88	£ 133	£ 204
Number of sheep imported	383,594	293,203	354,241	382,240	183,084	103,359
Value of sheep imported .	£ 586	£ 454	£ 546	£ 592	£ 279	£ 157

In 1901 there were 2,761 sheep exported from the United Kingdom, valued at 25,727*l.*, or 9*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* a head. In 1906 the

* See 'Annual Statements of Trade of the United Kingdom,' Vol. I., 1905, pp. 26, 27, and 94, 95; and Vol. I., 1906, pp. 20, 21, and 58, 59.

number was 12,716 (about four and a half times as many), valued at 204,061*l.*, or about 16*l.* 1*s.* a head.

Although the number of sheep imported by the United Kingdom in 1906 was little more than a fourth of the number imported in 1901, the value per head remained almost the same, viz. 1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* in 1901 and 1*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.* in 1906.

*Table * showing the number and the average value per head of the sheep (declared as British or Irish) exported to certain foreign countries and British colonies by the United Kingdom in* 1906.

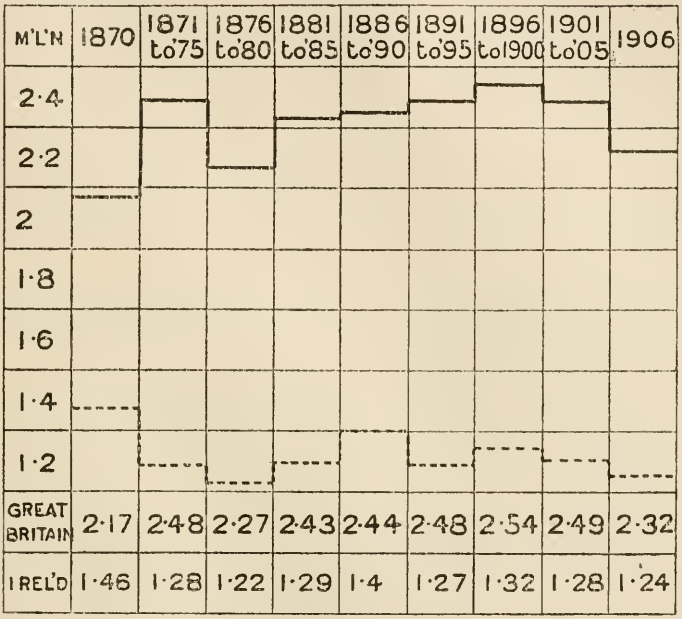
Foreign Countries	Number	Average Value in £	British Colonies	Number	Average Value in £
Argentina . . .	7,999	19·95	New Zealand . .	165	25·9
Uruguay . . .	840	13·14	Canada . . .	1,135	6·4
Chile	138	16·4	Falkland Islands .	24	24·7
Germany . . .	735	9·5	Victoria . . .	326	6·96
United States . .	652	5·5	The Cape . . .	119	10·6
Japan	12	24·35	New South Wales .	59	9·66
Mexico . . .	8	20·6	South Australia .	20	20
Brazil	22	14·6	West Australia .	13	8·46
Russia	30	11·11	British East Africa .	40	6·25
Portuguese East Africa	1	25	British West Indies .	6	14·66

Of the 12,700 sheep exported in 1906 by the United Kingdom, Argentina took 8,000 and paid an average price of nineteen guineas a head. Uruguay also prominently figured in the number of sheep she purchased, and in the price she paid for them. Chile also paid high prices for the British sheep that she purchased. But Japan paid an average price of 24*l.* 7*s.* for the dozen sheep she bought, the Falkland Islands buying two dozen at 24*l.* 14*s.* each. Portuguese East Africa is credited with having bought one sheep at 25*l.*, whilst British East Africa purchased forty, but only paid 6*l.* 5*s.* a head for them. New Zealand actually heads the lists in the average price she paid, viz. 25*l.* 18*s.* a head for 165 sheep. The high prices paid for good stock cattle and sheep serve as inducements to British and Irish farmers to raise prize stock. They must however, remember, that in time the descendants of the stock now purchased from the United Kingdom may possibly produce animals that will successfully compete with the stock of the mother country. No effort should be spared in improving our best breeds, for only by constant vigilance and unremitting care will it be possible

* For numbers and total values, *see* 'Agricultural Statistics' [Cd. 3653], p. 330.

for the United Kingdom to maintain her position for another generation.

Chart showing the fluctuations in the number of pigs in Great Britain and in Ireland during periods of five years from 1870 *to* 1906.



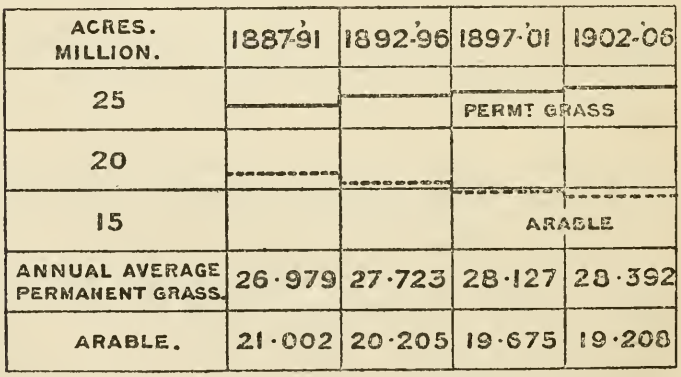
The number of pigs in Great Britain rose from 2,171,000 in 1870 to 2,323,000 in 1906, an increase of 152,000, or 7 per cent. But the annual average of the sixteen years from 1870 to 1885 was 2,382,000 compared with 2,492,000, the annual average of the sixteen years from 1891 to 1906, an increase of 110,000, or about 5 per cent. The maximum number recorded during the thirty-seven years was 2,889,000 in 1891, the year 1895 being second with 2,884,000. But in 1906 the number recorded, 2,323,000, was 539,000 below that numbered in 1904. These figures show how fluctuating the pig census is; and the 'Agricultural Statistics,' lately issued by the Board of Agriculture, which give the number of pigs in Great Britain on June 4 last as 2,636,766, an increase of 313,347 on the previous enumeration, confirm the fact. If the developement of small holdings is likely to be more felt in one branch of agricultural industry than another, it appears that pig-keeping on a small

scale, when individual care and attention can be given, will prove to be the branch chosen, especially if combined with small fruit-farming. It is somewhat a surprise to gather from the last chart that pig-farming in Ireland has not succeeded more than it has done in Great Britain during the last generation. The maximum number of pigs in Ireland was recorded in 1871, viz. 1,617,000, and in only one other year (1890) did the number exceed 1,500,000. The 'Agricultural Statistics' for 1907, however, give the figures for 1907 at 1,317,068, showing an increase upon the previous year of 72,875. In Ireland, therefore, as in Great Britain, the industry appears to be again on the up grade.

In 1901 there were only 378 swine exported from the United Kingdom, at an average price of about 9*l.* 2*s.* In 1906 the number exported had risen to 2,221, the average price (9*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*) remaining about the same.

No swine were imported by the United Kingdom in any year between 1901 and 1906, except in 1905, when 150 were purchased from abroad valued at 300*l.*

Chart showing the decrease in acreage of arable land, and the increase in the acreage of permanent grass in the United Kingdom during the twenty years from 1887 *to* 1906.*



The chart shows that as the annual average acreage of arable land in the United Kingdom has decreased from 21,002,000 between 1887 and 1891 to 19,208,000 between 1902 and 1906, so that under permanent grass has risen from 26,979,000 in the first period to 28,392,000 in the latest.

* For yearly figures *see* p. 73 of 'Agricultural Statistics,' 1906, part I. [Cd. 3281].

Although the decrease in the acreage of arable land between 1887 and 1906 amounts to 1,426,000 acres, and the increase of permanent grass in the twenty years (according to the Agricultural Statistics, Part I. p. 73) only amounts to 748,000 acres, we must bear in mind Mr. Rew's statement in his report on these statistics (p. 7 of Cd. 3281), 'that something like half a million 'acres in Great Britain have been diverted during the past 'fifteen years from agricultural to residential or industrial use.' So that, considering that this encroachment of town areas upon agricultural land has been in operation throughout the whole twenty years dealt with in the chart, it appears certain that land has not gone out of cultivation because it has ceased to be profitable to work it, or if, indeed, here and there in various parts of the kingdom land has ceased to be worked, its place must have been taken by other and fresh land being brought under cultivation.

Concurrent with the increase in the acreage of permanent grass in the United Kingdom there has been a satisfactory increase in the number of horses—used solely for agriculture, brood mares and unbroken horses—and of cattle. In Great Britain horses have increased from 1,267,000 in 1870 to 1,569,000 in 1906, an increase of 302,000, or 23·8 per cent. There was, however, a decrease in Great Britain of over 12,000 horses between June 1906 and June 1907.* In Ireland the same classes of horses—which numbered 478,000 in 1871—increased to 532,000 in 1906, an increase of 54,000, or 11·3 per cent.

In Great Britain cattle increased from 5,403,000 in 1870 to 7,011,000 in 1906, an increase of 1,608,000, or 29·76 per cent.; but between June 1906 and June 1907 there was a decrease of 98,789 cattle in Great Britain.

In Ireland cattle increased from 3,796,000 in 1870 to 4,639,000 in 1906, an increase of 843,000, or 22·2 per cent. In 1907 a further increase of 37,569 is recorded.†

As was shown in the chart relating to pigs in Great Britain, they also have increased in number, although there has been a heavy decrease from the number (2,862,000) recorded as late as 1904. Between June 1906 and June 1907 the number of pigs in Great Britain increased by 313,347. In Ireland pig-keeping was shown from the chart to be holding its own, and in 1907 an increase of 72,875 was recorded.

Sheep alone of live stock, both in Great Britain and Ireland, have not a satisfactory record to show, although as was seen

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* 'Agricultural Statistics,' 1907, vol. xlii. part I. p. 25.

† 'Agricultural Statistics, Ireland,' 1907, p. 16.

from the respective charts their case is by no means a hopeless one, and the First Part of the 'Agricultural Statistics' for 1907 shows that sheep increased by over 695,000 in Great Britain and 101,777 in Ireland between June 1906 and June 1907.

How, then, does the United Kingdom stand now compared with thirty-six years ago in the matter of the wealth derived from the ownership of lands and houses? The total population of the United Kingdom in 1870 was 30,829,674, and rose to 43,659,121 in 1906, an increase of 12,829,447, or 41·61 per cent., and this vast addition to the population has been mainly housed upon sites that had formerly been part of the cultivated area of the kingdom. The following chart deals with the gross income brought under the review of the Inland Revenue Commissioners, and is constructed from the annual figures published in the Statistical Abstracts for the United Kingdom.

Chart showing the annual average values during periods of ten years of the (1) *lands and* (2) *houses assessed to the income tax in the United Kingdom from* 1866 *to* 1905.

£ MILLION.	1866·1875	1876·1885	1886·1895	1896·1905
180				
140				
100				
60				
20				
HOUSES	83·503	115·121	140.461	177.108
LANDS	64·8	67.913	58·792	53·198

In 1862 the gross amount assessed to the income tax on the ownership of lands in the United Kingdom was 60,305,000*l.*, and of houses was 61,924,000*l.* The difference between the two values was a little more than 1,600,000*l.*

In 1906 lands were assessed at 52,152,000*l.* and houses at 205,486,000*l.*, the difference being more than 153,000,000*l.*

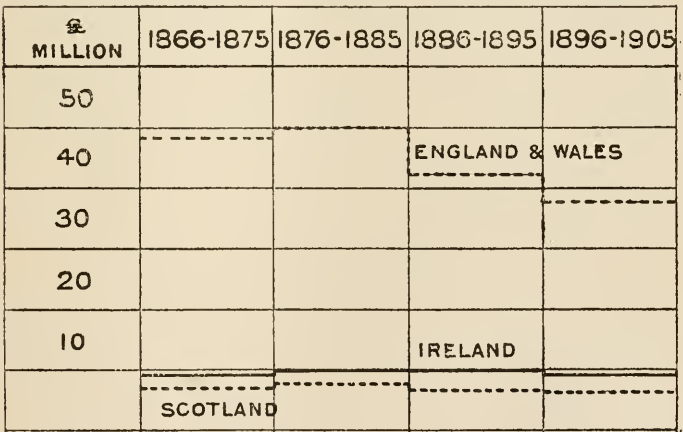
The annual value of lands rose slowly until 1880, when it stood

at 69,549,000*l.* In each year from 1877 to 1881 it exceeded 69,000,000*l.*, but it has fallen steadily since 1880. The fall in its gross value as assessed to the income tax has been: from 1880 (year of maximum value) to 1906, 17,397,000*l.*, or 25 per cent.; from 1862 (first year of assessment for the United Kingdom) to 1906, 8,153,000*l.*, or 13·52 per cent.

From the above chart it is seen that the annual average value of lands from 1866 to 1875 was 64,800,000*l.*, which rose to 67,913,000*l.* in the next decennial period, but fell sharply in the third period to 58,792,000*l.*, and still further in the latest period to 53,198,000*l.*

From an annual average value of 83,503,000*l.* between 1866 and 1875, that of houses rose rapidly to 177,108,000*l.* between 1896 and 1905. The rise in the value of houses has been from 61,924,000*l.* in 1862 to 205,486,000*l.* in 1906, an increase of 143,562,000*l.*, or 231·83 per cent.

Chart comparing the annual average values, for periods of ten years, of the lands assessed to the income tax in (1) *England and Wales,* (2) *Scotland, and* (3) *Ireland, from* 1866 *to* 1905.



	1866-1875	1876-1885	1886-1895	1896-1905
ENGLAND & WALES	48·4	50·4	42·3	37·5
SCOTLAND	7·2	7·6	6·6	6
IRELAND	9·2	9·9	9·9	9·8

The above chart shows the relative values of the gross assessments to the income tax on the ownership of lands (including

rent-charges under Tithes Commutation Act, farmhouses, farm buildings, &c.) in the three divisions of the United Kingdom.

The fall in the value of lands in England and Wales has been very heavy. But it must be borne in mind that a large amount of agricultural land has been built over or has passed to other industrial purposes, such as railways, during the last forty years.

The value of lands in Scotland has also fallen, but less in proportion than that in England and Wales. In Ireland the value has remained practically stationary during the last thirty years.

Table showing the details of the gross income from the ownership of lands, houses, &c., deductions therefrom, and the income on which tax was received for the year* 1905–06, *for each part of the United Kingdom.*

—	England	Scotland	Ireland	United Kingdom
	£'000's	£'000's	£'000's	£'000's
1. Lands [1]	36,610	5,821	9,720	52,151
2. Houses, messuages, tenements, &c. .	181,153	19,475	4,858	205,486
3. Manors [2] . . .	909	400	2	1,311
Total gross income . .	218,672	25,696	14,580	258,948
Deductions . . .	84,680	10,237	6,505	101,422
Income on which tax was received under Schedule A	133,992	15,459	8,075	157,526

[1] Including rent-charges, farmhouses, farm buildings, &c.
[2] Fines, certain tithes, certain sporting rights, &c.

From the above table it is seen that the total gross income assessed to income tax under Schedule A in the United Kingdom was close upon 259 millions in 1906, but deductions amounting to 101½ millions were allowed by the Commissioners, and tax was only paid upon 157,526,000*l.*, or about three-fifths of the gross annual value, amounting to £7,876,290.

The respective totals of income assessed, deductions allowed, and the income upon which the tax was received for England, Scotland, and Ireland, are shown in the vertical columns of the table.

For the United Kingdom no less a sum than 30,051,162*l.* was deducted on account of incomes not exceeding 160*l.*; and abate-

* See p. 195 of 'Report of Commissioners of Inland Revenue,' 1907.

ments upon incomes ranging from 160*l.* to 700*l.* accounted for 9,620,233*l.* Under the head of repairs to houses and buildings (one-sixth of the annual value) the deduction allowed amounted to 31,789,984*l.*, and on lands (one-eighth) the deductions amounted to 6,383,983*l.* The other chief deductions were on account of life insurance premiums (978,940*l.*); charities, colleges, hospitals, schools, friendly societies, &c. (6,657,371*l.*); adjustments on appeal (3,518,050*l.*); empty property (7,555,428*l.*); agricultural depression (576,180*l.*); and 'other deductions' (4,294,536*l.*).

A consideration of the above table and of the deductions allowed by the Commissioners should go far to silence the unreasonable talk and wild writing of those so-called reformers who clamour for the taxation of land at 4*s.* in the £ upon its annual value!

But a consideration of the 'profits from the occupation of 'lands, &c.' (farmers' profits mainly), gives even more food for reflexion. It is a commonplace to talk of the 'grumbling of the 'farmers,' but it is questionable whether any other class of men—whose livelihood, moreover, depends so absolutely upon weather conditions—makes so strenuous a fight for such small and precarious returns.

According to the Returns published by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries,* the proportion of cultivated land which is farmed by its owners is in the whole of Great Britain 12·4 per cent. Mr. Rew states in his Report upon the 'Statistics' (p. 8) that 'since 1888, the year after returns giving this information were 'first collected, the proportion of owner-farmed land has steadily 'declined, except during the years 1893–7, when there was 'practically no alteration. As the highest proportion recorded '(in 1888) was only 15 per cent., the total change has been 'relatively small, affecting in the aggregate about 900,000 acres.'

Table showing acreage of crops and grass occupied by tenants and owners respectively in Great Britain, as returned on June 4, 1906. (Not including mountain and heath land.)

1906	By Tenants	By Owners	Total Acreage
England . . .	21,471,142	3,129,432	24,600,574
Wales	2,509,102	284,040	2,793,142
Scotland . . .	4,271,491	601,548	4,873,039
Great Britain . .	28,251,735	4,015,020	32,266,755

* 'Agricultural Statistics,' 1906, vol. xli. part I. p. 60 [Cd. 3281].

Here we may state that Mr. Rew, referring to the distinction between farming for pleasure and farming for profit as 'almost 'incapable of definition in precise terms,' says (p. 7, Pt. I. 'Agricultural Statistics,' 1907): 'Of the total number of 'holdings included in the Returns, 28,403, or 5·6 per cent., in 'Great Britain were returned as not farmed primarily for business. 'The proportion is largest among the smaller holdings.'

The condition of those actually farming the land of the United Kingdom can be shrewdly surmised from the following table.

Table showing the details of the gross income from the occupation of lands (farmers' profits mainly), deductions therefrom, and the income on which tax was received for the year* 1905–06, *for each part of the United Kingdom.*

—	England	Scotland	Ireland	United Kingdom
Gross Income.	£'000's	£'000's	£'000's	£'000's
1. Assumed profits (*i.e.* one-third of annual value)	11,923	1,931	3,239	17,093
2. Profits of nurseries and market gardens	356	10	—	366
Total gross income . .	12,279	1,941	3,239	17,459
Deductions . . .	9,354	1,332	2,684	13,370
Income on which tax was received	2,925	609	555	4,089

From the above table it is seen that the total gross income assessed to income tax under Schedule B in the United Kingdom was slightly under 17½ millions in 1906; but deductions amounting to 13⅓ millions were allowed, and the tax was only paid upon a little over four millions, or less than one-fourth of the gross annual income—which is estimated at one-third of the annual value.

In England (including Wales) the tax was only levied upon 2,925,000*l.*, or about 24 per cent. of the gross income assessed; in Scotland affairs are rather more prosperous, as the tax was levied upon 609,000*l.*, or about 31·4 per cent. of the assessed income; but in Ireland the deductions allowed were far more

* For figures see p. 198 of 'Report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue,' 1907.

large in proportion than even in England, for the tax was only levied upon 555,000*l.*, or about 17 per cent. of the assessed income.

The deductions on the ground of the farmers' incomes not exceeding 160*l.* a year amounted in the United Kingdom to about 11¼ millions, and abatements allowed in respect of incomes ranging from 160*l.* to 700*l.* amounted to 1,347,134*l.*, making together a sum of 12,586,194*l.* out of 13,370,000*l.* altogether deducted from the assessed income of 17,459,000*l.*

But, in proportion to the success of the Small Holdings Act, we must expect to see the 'Deductions' increase year by year more rapidly than the 'Total Gross Income' of farmers. For it is undoubtedly owing to the already large proportion of small holders in the United Kingdom that the 'Deductions' have assumed so large a proportion to 'Gross Income.' The number of holdings in England and Wales in 1907, exceeding one acre but not exceeding five acres, was 91,176. Before this year is out the number will be considerably increased. Their division among the various counties is seen in the following Table :—

Table showing the number of holdings of from one to five acres in the English and Welsh counties in 1907.

Number	Counties
Over 5,000 holdings	Yorkshire, West Riding.
„ 4,000 „	Lincolnshire.
„ 3,000 „	Somerset, Norfolk, Lancashire.
„ 2,500 „	Cornwall, Devon, Cheshire, Salop, Hants.
„ 2,500 „	Gloucester, Worcester, Stafford, Yorks, N.R.
„ 2,000 „	Derby, Kent, Essex.
„ 1,600 „	Warwick, Sussex, Yorks, E.R., Suffolk, Wilts, Cambs.
„ 1,200 „	Notts, Leicester, Hereford, Bucks, Carnarvon.
„ 1,000 „	Surrey, Dorset, Durham, Cumberland, Cardigan.
„ 1,000 „	Carmarthen, Glamorgan, Northampton, Bedford, Herts.
„ 900 „	Oxford, Berks, Denbigh, Flint, Montgomery.
„ 800 „	Monmouth, Northumberland, Anglesea.
„ 500 „	Middlesex, Hunts, Pembroke.
„ 300 „	Westmorland, Brecon, Merioneth.
„ 100 „	Rutland, Radnor, London.

Of these fifty-five county divisions thirty-eight have each more than 1,000 of these very small holdings, and seventeen have each over 2,000 of them. Within a month of the Small Holdings Act coming into operation some 5,000 applications had been made for land amounting in the aggregate to nearly 90,000 acres. In Oxfordshire some 500 applications had been sent in for as much as 10,000 acres. In Cambridge more than 600 people had applied, but their demands did not exceed a total of 5,000 acres. On the other hand, 400 people in Huntingdon had applied for 6,000 acres; and in Lincolnshire more than 11,000 acres had been applied for by fewer than 600 people. An excellent idea of how small holders thrive throughout the kingdom can be gathered from Miss Jebb's valuable book.

Commissioned by the Co-operative Small Holdings Association to visit the various districts in England where small holdings were already established, with a view to ascertaining the conditions under which they succeed, Miss Jebb has summarised the information which she collected in her three years' investigation in a volume that deserves to be read with attention.

In the Isle of Axholme,* in the parish of Epworth, in N.-W. Lincolnshire, Miss Jebb found some eighty holders farming holdings less than two acres and 115 farming from ten to twenty acres each. The holders all live in Epworth, and 'everyone 'keeps pigs for manure.' Ten acres was said to be the smallest area on which a man could bring up a family. For a labourer in regular employment two acres was sufficient; for a man who had saved a little money at farm service, five to ten acres, which would enable him to keep a horse and do jobwork for others; and 'for an entire living, from ten to twenty acres, but it would 'be unwise for a man who was single-handed, *i.e.* with a family 'too young to work, to have more than ten acres.' The greater number of men holding from ten to twenty acres were actually living on the proceeds of their holdings. The fertility of the soil accounts largely for the prosperity of these small cultivators. In this district

'the preference for ownership as opposed to tenancy is unqualified,' though 'many of the freeholders admit that they are mortgaged and paying as much interest as the rent would amount to; but they appear to be doing well, and old residents dilate on the increased prosperity of the place.'

Passing to the Fen districts and marsh lands between Boston and the east coast of Lincolnshire,† Miss Jebb found a very

* 'Small Holdings,' pp. 18–25. † *Ibid:* pp. 28–34.

large proportion of small holders, the land being very productive and growing heavy crops of wheat, beans, turnips, mustard and potatoes. The average size of the smaller holdings on the Fen land is from ten to thirty acres, and celery and early potatoes are the mainstay of the small holders in this district.

'All the men kept a few head of stock to make manure and consume the roots. . . . Every man had a strongly built little horse, with which he worked his land with light implements and carted his produce into Boston to be sent off by rail. . . . The small holders use an enormous amount of artificial manure, fish refuse from Grimsby being largely used and put on at the rate of three tons to the acre. Its price is 12*s.* 6*d.* a ton, and carriage amounts to 4*s.* 6*d.*'

Miss Jebb attributes the success of the district to 'a responsive, 'easily worked soil, much manure, big crops, and quick returns,' all the produce being bought by commission agents for the London, Sheffield, and Manchester markets. Carting to Boston station was a serious item in the case of those holders who were seven or eight miles distant. The freeholders are all mortgaged, but not up to the hilt, and are paying as much in interest as their neighbours do in rent. Many of the tenants on the 'toftland' are paying 5*l.* to 6*l.* an acre rent. From 2*l.* to 3*l.* seems to be the average for the smaller holdings on the Fen land.

Unlike the Epworth small holders, those of the Fen districts show no eagerness to purchase, and appear to hold that

'a man without capital must begin by renting a piece of land of such a size that he can manage while still in regular employment, and that when he has saved more capital he must rent a large enough piece to maintain himself, and add to it by degrees,' and 'that the secret of success is never to get beyond what they have sufficient capital to work profitably.' *

In the opinion of Miss Jebb, the continual demand for small holdings to rent, and the difficulty in selling land, suggest the advisability of the acquisition of land in these districts by public bodies or private enterprise for the purpose of subdivision and re-letting.

At Rock and Far Forest, near Bewdley, in Worcestershire, Miss Jebb found † 160 small holdings, varying from cottage holdings of two or three acres up to little grass farms of twenty acres.

'The many varied occupations open to the people in the neighbourhood make the small holdings of value. The Forest of Wyre

* 'Small Holdings,' p. 34. † *Ibid.* p. 48.

supplies employment for a number of foresters at different times of the year. Bark-peeling and basket-making employ a large number of men and women, and many men find employment as hauliers, hay-dealers, fruit and poultry dealers, and the women earn extra money at fruit-picking, blackberrying, &c. The combination of a small holding with these forms of occupation makes a living possible where it would not be if either form were attempted by itself.' *

The Evesham district has a long-established reputation for its fruit-growing and market-garden industry. Miss Jebb found that 75 per cent. of the Evesham gardeners had started life as labourers.† She states that there are more than 10,000 acres in the district under garden cultivation, in holdings of from one to eight acres, and that the breaking up of farm lands for this purpose has been steadily increasing since 1865. At least half the borough of Evesham is cultivated as gardens and orchards, and most of this land is let at from 4*l.* to 10*l.* an acre. ‡ The land is mostly cut up into one and two acre lots, although one man generally holds several of these lots, sometimes some distance from one another. By the 'Evesham custom' the incoming tenant pays the outgoing one the value of his improvements, the value being arrived at by bargaining together, the landlord having no say in the matter beyond the approval of the new tenant. 'The *variety of crops* grown is the chief feature of the 'Evesham holdings, the main idea being to grow a succession 'of crops which will bring in money all the year round.' §

In Cambridgeshire, Miss Jebb states || there are 4,500 acres under fruit in a radius of seven miles round Wisbech, of which about 200 acres are held by occupiers of from one to three acres and 1,000 by occupiers under ten acres. This was formerly a wheat-growing district; the fruit industry dates from 1875.

'The land in the district is now mostly in the hands of small occupiers, nine-tenths of whom are owners. The small men are often able to pay for three or four acres outright, or else contract a mortgage for half or two-thirds of the price, which is, as a rule, gradually paid off. In the immediate neighbourhood of Wisbech one finds the small men continually putting up their own houses, at a cost of about 150*l.*'

In addition to fruit-growing and market-gardening as specially adapted to small holdings, Miss Jebb gives an interesting account ¶ of how small holders make a living from seed-growing

* 'Small Holdings,' p. 49.
† *Ibid.* p. 57.
‡ *Ibid.* p. 60.
§ *Ibid.* p. 62.
|| *Ibid.* p. 104.
¶ *Ibid.* pp. 109–13.

at Tiptree, Essex; but she emphasises the fact that the smaller holdings can be used as adjuncts to the labour created by the jam and fruit-growing industry.

The thanks of everyone who is concerned with the development of small holdings in England are due to Miss Jebb for the painstaking research with which she has gone through her task. On the whole, it appears that from what Miss Jebb saw and heard she has arrived at the generally accepted conclusion that, given a man with some practical knowledge of agricultural work and an unlimited capacity for hard work, with great patience and no ambition outside that of making a livelihood upon his land, it is possible for such a man, on fairly good soil, with access to markets, and especially when he has some other means of filling up his spare time profitably, to make a living for himself and family on a remarkably small acreage. By co-operating with his neighbours as to the disposal of their produce, and, we would add, in the use of implements and horses, the life of such a small holder would be materially improved. But, as Miss Jebb has found, co-operation is not a natural instinct of the Englishman, and before he can bring himself to subordinate his own interest to that of the common good he has to be trained and disciplined beyond the lot of the ordinary agriculturist. Be this as it may, many thousands of applications for land under the Small Holdings Act have already been made, and it is stated by the committees specially appointed by the county councils to deal with the applications that the applicants are in the main of a desirable and deserving class. Nothing could be happier for the Kingdom at large than a very considerable increase in the class of yeomen farmers. That *intensive* cultivation pays small holders is proved from page after page of Miss Jebb's book. That there is an enormous and ever-increasing demand for milk and dairy products is shown in Mr. Rew's valuable reports. He estimates (p. 185, Pt. III. 'Agricultural Statistics,' 1906) that 'the 'demand which British farmers have to meet for fresh milk— 'there being practically no imports—is now increasing at the 'rate of some six million gallons annually, and it may be reckoned 'that during the past twenty years the annual consumption of 'milk has increased by something like 100,000,000 gallons.' With a more liberal supply of milk for young children—which public opinion has now practically insisted upon—and a normal increase of our population, it is not unreasonable to estimate that each year the annual demand will increase in still larger degree, and that in another twenty years the annual consumption will be at least 120,000,000 gallons in excess of the present consumption. Here is an evident spur to dairy farmers to

increase their herds of milch cows. The crying demand for horses for military purposes was emphasised at the recent meeting held at the United Service Institution, when it was announced almost as an open secret that the Government was on the eve of accepting—at any rate to a considerable extent—the suggestions submitted by the Brood Mare Society, which will result in materially assisting the smaller class of horse-breeding farmers. Finally, the good prices still prevailing for home-bred mutton and for wool, as well as for bacon and hams, should result in still further encouraging our sheep-farmers and pig-breeders. As during the next generation the smaller farmers follow more closely the intelligent lead of the wealthy breeders of our live stock, and emulate their pains-taking methods, we shall confidently expect to see the pastoral industry of the United Kingdom, favoured by our exceptional climate and soil, advancing by leaps and bounds to an ever-increasing degree of prosperity.

Art. III.—WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

1. *William Pitt Graf von Chatham.* Von Albert von Ruville. J. G. Cotta'sche Buchhandlung, Stuttgart and Berlin. 1905. 3 Bände.
2. *William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.* By Albert von Ruville, translated by H. J. Chaytor, M.A., assisted by Mary Morison, with an Introduction by Professor Hugh E. Egerton. London: Heinemann; New York: Putnam's. 1907. 3 vols.
3. *Correspondence of William Pitt . . . with Colonial Governors and Military and Naval Commissioners in America.* Edited under the auspices of the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America by Gertrude Selwyn Kimball. New York: Macmillan & Co.; London: Macmillan. 1906. 2 vols.
4. *England in the Seven Years' War: a Study in Combined Strategy.* By Julian S. Corbett, LL.M. London, &c.: Longmans, Green & Co. 1907. 2 vols.

On November 15 of this year falls the two-hundredth anniversary of Chatham's birth, while more than a century and a half has passed since he roused our fathers to their glorious efforts in the Seven Years' War. Yet it is a curious and discreditable fact that no adequate biography of him has yet appeared. Among the attempts that have been made, the most ambitious until three years ago was the Life by the Rev. Francis Thackeray, published in 1827. This writer, an uncle of the great novelist, in spite of much industry in collecting materials and an undiscriminating enthusiasm for his subject, lacked the literary charm, the human insight, and the historical sense necessary to make the great Earl live before his readers. A few years later a somewhat disappointing selection of his correspondence was published by his great-grandsons as a pious tribute to the 'character of an heroic statesman.' Besides these volumes and a trifling Life by Godwin, Almon's mendacious Anecdotes were the only direct authorities upon which Macaulay had to rely in writing the two essays which we had the honour of publishing in the Edinburgh in 1834 and 1844. Macaulay himself would have been the last to claim that these essays were sufficiently exhaustive to satisfy the debt due from English history to Chatham. But judged purely as sketches they appear to us the most illuminating as they are undoubtedly the most brilliant attempts hitherto made to appreciate

his genius. Macaulay, besides his extraordinary power of identifying himself with the struggles and party passions of the past, had some rare qualities essential in a biographer of Chatham: a sense of the pomp and glory of this world, a Shakespearean pride in the achievements and the destiny of his country, and a deep affection for her free and progressive constitution. But the many additions to our stock of information on Chatham's life which have appeared since his day make it not unfitting that a fresh attempt should be undertaken in these pages less to correct than to amplify and develope his estimate, the more so as a very full biography has recently been published both in Germany and in England, which is calculated to give an entirely erroneous view of our great statesman's character and achievements.

Chatham's period is singularly fortunate in the mass of memoirs and letters bearing on it which have been made accessible to the student during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Since Macaulay wrote his second essay, Horace Walpole's Memoirs of the reign of George III., the important Grenville and Bedford Correspondence, the Memoirs of Rockingham, Shelburne, Lyttelton, and Hardwicke, besides other biographies and collections of letters throwing an incidental light on the politics of the middle of the eighteenth century, have been published; to the Historical Manuscripts Commission we owe extracts from many private collections, of which the most useful are the Dropmore Papers with their entertaining series of letters about Governor Pitt. In addition to printed books, many important manuscript collections have by the liberality of the Government and of private owners been made accessible to the public in the British Museum or the Record Office. At the British Museum the most important is that of the Duke of Newcastle. The Duke appears to have preserved well-nigh every scrap of paper addressed to him and copies of every letter written by himself during the forty odd years of his public service. Though not always a trustworthy witness himself, he had close connexions both with the political world at Westminster and with all classes throughout the country, who looked to him as the unrivalled political jobber and election agent of his time; so that his papers bring us into close touch with contemporary opinion. Next in importance are the Hardwicke Papers. When referring to these and other manuscripts to be found at the British Museum, it is but just to add a word of gratitude to the officials for their skill and success in arranging and indexing them. Many fine scholars in the desire for accuracy have wasted the best years of their lives in reading masses of

useless manuscripts, only to find when surfeited with knowledge that they have lost the enthusiasm and the vigour needful to make that knowledge live for the benefit of their fellows. The British Museum by their admirable system have removed as far as possible this temptation to loiter over research work. In the Record Office are to be found a hundred bundles of Chatham's correspondence, of which only four have so far been printed, besides the State papers formerly preserved in Government offices. It must, however, be admitted that the value of these papers would be enhanced if the Record Office authorities would adopt the orderly system of arrangement and indices in use at the British Museum.

So much for the groundwork of material available for forming a judgement on Chatham. During the last three years two books have appeared from writers who have had all these materials at their disposal: one a biography of Lord Chatham by a German scholar, Dr. Albert von Ruville, recently translated into English by Mr. Chaytor and Miss Morison; the other an account of the Seven Years' War, by Mr. Julian Corbett, a work in which Pitt necessarily plays the leading part. We may say at once that no future biographer of Chatham could afford to ignore Dr. von Ruville's book. As a repository of facts and as a connected history it leaves little to be desired. The author has not only an extensive knowledge of English as well as of continental politics during the eighteenth century, but has also made a thorough study of nearly all the sources of information on his hero, including the papers relating to him in the Berlin archives. His work is on a massive scale, and he is the first biographer to observe a due proportion in devoting quite a third of his space to the great Ministry, instead of dwelling at undue length on the far less important periods of Court intrigue, when the great statesman was being edged out by trivial politicians. Unfortunately it is marred by the author's warped judgement. At a period not very remote it was a fashion with certain historians and scholars to pick out one of the most hateful characters in history, a Roman Emperor for choice, and by a skilful exposition of the facts to represent him as a marked benefactor of humanity. The results were often brilliant, and they extorted admiration as *tours-de-force*. Fired, one may believe, by such examples, Dr. von Ruville has had the idea of inverting the process, and throughout his three considerable volumes has set himself the task of proving that one of our great national heroes was little better than a turgid charlatan, gifted, indeed, with a certain Cagliostran skill in imposing his fine sentiments and

his unfortunate ability on his contemporaries, but really animated by no loftier aim than the desire of obtaining place, a peerage, and a pension. But Dr. von Ruville has hardly the delicacy of touch, and, to his credit be it said, has too much scholarly honesty to carry off this attitude with plausibility. In the course of his endeavour he adds many presumptions to his undoubted facts, but they are so obviously mere presumptions that his own text generally suffices to confute him. For example, he parades with some ostentation his theory that Pitt's actions were largely determined first by the expectation and then by the attainment of legacies from the Duchess of Marlborough and Sir William Pynsent; but in spite of a very careful study of these passages we have been unable to discover any better basis for the theory than the probability that if Pitt had really been the base creature Dr. von Ruville set himself out to prove him, he would so have acted. In this book there is not a hint that Pitt cared for his country more than for his own personal success; his oratory is pulled to pieces, his love for his wife hardly credited, the sincerity of his American policy, surely the most real thing in him, disbelieved. Chatham's character is admittedly not an easy one to grasp; he had inconsistencies and marked imperfections which do not accord with his general nobility. These have puzzled many writers, but it has been left to Dr. von Ruville to take his imperfections as the standard and to level the rest of his character down to them. Fortunately it would require a Swift to make plausible so low a view of human nature; and the German doctor is anything but a Swift. In spite, then, of Dr. von Ruville's merits as a chronicler, his bias detracts from the effect of his accuracy of statement, and takes away any claim his work might have to be considered a final verdict on Chatham.

Mr. Julian Corbett's book is of a different stamp. Without professing to be a biography of Pitt, it deals almost exhaustively with the most fruitful period of his career, the Seven Years' War. Though on a smaller field, the author has all the accurate knowledge and the wide reading of the German doctor. He knows the English memoirs of the period, has consulted with profit the manuscripts in the British Museum and the most important documents in the Record Office, and has made full use of the rich contribution to the diplomatic and military history of the time in M. Richard Waddington's still unfinished work on 'La Guerre 'de Sept Ans.' Moreover, he is well qualified for his task by his thorough study of strategical questions. The result is admirable. No previous writer has even attempted to bring out so clearly, as Mr. Corbett has succeeded in doing, Pitt's ideas of strategy

and the good use to which he put the naval, military, and diplomatic resources of this country. At the outset the author takes a comprehensive view of the world-problem which confronted Pitt on his accession to office, and describes in convincing words the growth of his policy as he marched on from victory to victory. Horace Walpole, and even Lord Macaulay, had suggested the impression that the strategy and victories of this war had been due not so much to Pitt's own capacity, as to his brave words and the inspiring aura of his presence, which called forth the latent abilities of his subordinates. It is now plain from Mr. Corbett's investigations, reinforced by the documents collected by Miss Kimball, that Pitt united this stirring effect on others with a power of design and a mastery of detail which led surely to the consummation attained. It may be admitted that the writer's zeal inclines him to attribute rather more to Pitt's initial consciousness than the facts will quite warrant, and that his own broad interpretation of the campaign as a whole disposes him to credit Pitt with the same breadth of view from the first, whereas there seems more reason to suppose that he evolved his comprehensive outlook gradually and as a result of experience. But this admission in no way detracts from the new light thrown on Pitt's genius by this book. To take an instance: perhaps one of the least understood parts of Pitt's strategy both in his own time and later, and one to which even Macaulay does scant justice, is his persistence in organising raids and alarms on the French coast. Naturally such raids lent themselves to ridicule, for the damage they inflicted was not always great, and Walpole has immortalised their absurd aspect by his story of the Duc d'Aiguillon sending out a flag of truce to the Duke of Marlborough with the spoons which he had left behind in a hasty retreat from the French coast. Mr. Corbett, however, shows that these raids must not be judged as isolated incidents but as part of a general scheme for distracting France's attention from the main purpose of the war. Judged from that aspect he proves that they were entirely successful. Again, Pitt's influence in promoting a spirit of co-operation between land and sea forces during this war is well brought out. Though not the first, Mr. Corbett is the most emphatic and authoritative exponent of the fact that the capture of Quebec was due as much to our command of the water by Saunders's fleet as to the gallantry of Wolfe's army; and he illustrates the same point by events on the coast of France and in the East Indies. This book is a worthy example of the student's industry and accurate knowledge, vitalised by

great ideas, and affords an encouraging sign of the training which our sailors are receiving to-day, since the subject-matter was originally given in the form of lectures to the Royal Naval War College. Men inspired with Mr. Corbett's broad views of strategy, by his knowledge of tactics, and his care for details should prove no unworthy successors to the great admirals, Hawke, Anson, Boscawen, Saunders, Pocock, Osborn, and Watson, who fought so gallantly for the statesman who appreciated and stimulated their endeavours.

Still, Mr. Corbett's book, excellent as it is, cannot take the place of a biography of Chatham; for some of the aspects of his character most lastingly valuable to his countrymen find no place in this glorious septennate. One reason why Chatham has been less adequately commemorated than some of the minor characters of this period is on account of a certain reserve and exclusiveness in his character. The quidnuncs of the day, from Horace Walpole downwards, thought more of the Chudleigh's charms or of the intrigues of office-seekers than of this lonely, proud, and terrible figure who cared not for their gossip and was too remote to become the subject of it for long. Moreover the materials for forming a judgement on his early years, his training, and the developement of his genius are meagre and scattered; and much useful work might be done in gathering together and tabulating those available. For example, although the ninety-six bundles of unpublished Chatham correspondence in the Record Office contain a disappointingly small proportion of his own writings, they comprise many of his rough notes and letters which are of importance, besides a multitude of letters and memoirs from his correspondents which throw new light on his methods of working and on his surroundings. A judicious editor who should incorporate the most valuable of these letters with those already published, and epitomise the rest, would be doing a substantial service to Chatham's fame. A full edition of all the reports extant of Chatham's speeches, with a critical estimate of their authenticity, is also needed. His official papers would be more difficult to collect, though much help would be derived from the Duke of Newcastle's Manuscripts. Their value as a guide to the understanding of Chatham and of the diplomatic and strategical problems of the day becomes manifest from the recent publication of a portion of them, comprising the American despatches. Miss Gertrude Kimball, the editor of these volumes, has done her work admirably in allowing Pitt, almost for the first time, to reveal himself by his own writings. Here we see him at work on his great plans, mapping out the

routes by which Canada should be approached, tactfully overcoming the scruples of the Colonials, attending to every detail and leaving nothing to chance. But necessary as Miss Kimball's work and others on the same lines would be as preliminary *pièces justificatives*, they cannot supply the place of a complete biography. It is to be hoped that this ambitious task may yet be undertaken by some Englishman alive to the historical significance of Pitt's achievements in the developement of our Empire and political thought. Such an undertaking would require a writer of wide sympathies and with great knowledge of affairs, capable of recognising that superficial inconsistencies and actions difficult of explanation are not necessarily signs of a base nature, and that a statesman who inspired his contemporaries with an invincible belief in his supreme ability and his patriotism must have the highest claims on the benevolence and admiration of history. Meanwhile it may not be out of place in the year of his bicentenary to point out some of his special merits and attempt to elucidate a few of the obscurer episodes in his career.

Dr. von Ruville has done useful work in tracing the history of Pitt's ancestry, and especially in collecting the notices extant about his remarkable grandfather, Governor Pitt. This service would have been more valuable had his preconceived theory of Chatham's character not influenced his researches in the direction of proving that no better result could have been anticipated from his antecedents. Governor Pitt was certainly not amiable, but we doubt if he was so black as the Doctor paints him. Besides, heredity is so complicated a science that it is dangerous to rely upon the conclusions to be drawn from a few facts about a man's nearest ancestors. On the other hand, his relations with his family and his circle of friends are good *prima facie* evidence of his character. With his brother and sisters he seems to have had little in common; the brother was a spendthrift, and most of the sisters had some queer foible of character. But to those who needed his aid he seems to have been a generous and forbearing brother. At a time when he was by no means wealthy himself, Anne Pitt, the wit of the family, was not above accepting his help and then for no reason reproaching him for remembering it, while Elizabeth Villiers Pitt, who caused some scandal by her method of life, though supported and helped by him, repaid him with the basest ingratitude. His nephew Thomas he treated almost as a son, especially when he was in difficulties with his father about completing his education at Cambridge. Until the age of forty-six he remained unmarried, but his union with Lady Hester Grenville in 1754

proved the beginning of one of the happiest and most beautiful marriages recorded in history. The letters which he addressed to her on the eve of their wedding show all a first lover's ardent affection without a moment's forgetfulness of his own and of her dignity, and the keynote then struck is held throughout their lives. However stilted in form and elaborate in language the letters which they exchanged during their short partings may seem to our ideas, the brief words which he addresses to his 'Dear Love' or his 'Dearest Life' in the hour of victory or the discouragement of defeat, and especially those that tell of the little family at Hayes, have all the sincerity of a great man's deep-rooted love. During the well-nigh single-handed labours of his Ministry he tells his wife, absent on a visit to the George Grenvilles at Wotton, 'My whole heart follows you, my 'dearest love, and shares your feelings.' Again he writes: 'Hayes is as sweet with these showers, as it can be without the 'presence of her, who gives to every sweet its best sweetness. 'The loved babes are delightfully well and remembered dear 'mamma over their strawberries.' He hastens from 'much 'court and more House of Commons' to assure her that 'I wait 'with longing impatience for the groom's return, with ample 'details of you and yours. Send me, my sweetest life, a thousand 'particulars of all those *little-great* things, which to those who 'are blessed as we, so far surpass in excellence and exceed in 'attraction, all the *great-little* things of the busy, restless world.' It was a love which grew with the years until their minds became almost as one, so that in the dark days of his cruel illnesses Lady Chatham acted as her lord's other self. Of his affectionate care for his children it is hardly necessary to speak at length. It is almost proverbial. One of his most charming letters describes Hetty, still barely able to toddle, vainly pursuing a butterfly in the grounds of Hayes. As the children grew up he was not content to leave their education to nurses and tutors, but himself taught them to be worthy sons and daughters of the country he loved so well. William, the little statesman, was an object of special care, but with all he loved to renew the youth which it had never been his lot to enjoy. And he ever set before them the ideal of patriotic self-sacrifice, and, unlike other great men who have deserved well of their country, still thought that the best which he could offer to England was a breed of children fit to extend her glory. With him there was no fond indulgence when the hour of duty sounded, however hard might be the wrench. When James, the youngest, is going to sea, and probably into action, the father writes to his captain: 'When I hear you have hoisted your flag poor Lady Chatham

'and I will call a council of heavy hearts about our loved little 'boy. As things come near, I confess I tremble. Twelve years 'old is a very tender age for action'; and no one can read without a thrill his dying advice to his firstborn son on rejoining his regiment: 'Go, my son! go whither your country calls you: 'let her engross all your attention; spare not a moment, which 'is due to her service, in weeping over an old man, who will 'soon be no more.' No wonder that a fond friend, who knew the Chatham children well, could write of them that 'in no long 'time they will tread on the great theatre of the world, and then 'the riches entailed upon them by inheritance and a careful 'culture will unfold themselves to reap and return the blessings 'they have derived.'

Chatham has been accused of arrogance and an excessive love of pomp. Not merely, however, in his relations with his wife and children, but in the whole atmosphere of his home there is a sweet-smelling simplicity which shows a very different side of his character. Lady Chatham described a day at Burton Pynsent of 'westerly breezes, the first Black Birds of the year, 'and the peeping primroses,' which seems to typify the life they led at home and the circle of true friends, such as the Hoods, the Wests, Hollis, and all the simple farm-folk whom they loved to gather round them. These were the friends of his declining days. To the friends of his early days, that band of patriots who contributed so powerfully to Walpole's downfall, an unpleasing fame attaches chiefly because Sir Robert's son is their chief historian. At that time Pitt had little home life; his political friends were his personal friends, and during the intervals of attacking the Minister in concert with them he went to their homes and helped to plan their gardens. But two points are to be noticed about these friendships. First, almost all these men had the interests of England foremost in their hearts. 'Riot and intemperance,' says one of their number, 'or the dissipation of time in idle pleasure, composed 'no part of their characters. Under Pitt they must be capable 'and useful in public employment.' Chesterfield, the cynic and dilettante, when called to action showed himself the best viceroy and the best diplomat of his day, and whole-hearted for his country's good. Cobham and his Grenville nephews, in spite of their domineering tempers, never wittingly preferred their own advancement to public policy: Lyttelton, pedantic and pompous though he was, and suffering from an incurable belief in his literary eminence, was yet a man of high ideals and incorruptible virtue; even Glover and Potter were men of loftier principles than the party hacks whom Walpole and Newcastle preferred to

gather round them. Secondly, all from the first recognised Pitt's pre-eminence among them. His earliest and closest friends, Lyttelton, Cornbury, and James Grenville, bore witness not merely to his eloquence and his power, but to his charm and the purity of his motives. Chesterfield, though already a man of mark when Pitt was rising into notice, corresponded with him familiarly on public affairs, and even submitted to his reproaches for slack attendance to his parliamentary duties; while Glover, who at one time had some jealousy of him, says that he was 'won by his private good qualities, friend-'ship beyond profession, industry and alacrity to serve and 'oblige.' Those who, like Lyttelton and Temple, were temporarily estranged from him, subsequently returned to their old admiration and affection; and a few weeks before his death, when he was old and broken, we find his friend Camden thus echoing the almost universal belief of his country: 'The 'reason why I wish to wait for the Earl of Chatham is that I 'see plainly the public does principally look up to him, and 'such is the opinion of the world as to his ability to advise as 'well as execute in this parlous crisis that they will never be 'satisfied with any change or arrangement where he is not 'among the first.' It is true his enemies took a different view, but they had only seen him from a distance. And the finest testimony to his character is that he was never parted irrevocably from a man who had once been his friend.

A characteristic of Chatham, never enough dwelt on hitherto, was his extraordinary industry and his persistent care in keeping himself thoroughly acquainted with all the questions which he might be called upon to settle. It is a comforting belief of the unlaborious that the great achievements of the world are performed by natural geniuses who have no need to labour and study. Chatham, by his extraordinary mastery of all the subjects he touched and by his genius flashing light into the darkest places, gave the impression to his contemporaries as well as to succeeding generations that his eloquence, his success in action, and his wise counsels were simply the result of inspiration. His granddaughter, Lady Hester Stanhope, who resembled him in features and somewhat in character, added further currency to this reputation by describing him as a kind of wizard with the power of diving into futurity. But this wonderful insight was gained at the cost of great labour, and if his natural genius was never dimmed save by temporary illness, it was by dint of constant study and alertness. The importance he attached to the training of mind and body may be seen in his letters to his nephew. Not content with prescribing the

books necessary to fit him for public life, he also gave him sound and noble advice as to the cultivation by constant practice of true religion, of dignity and a decent behaviour, and of politeness, which he happily defines as 'benevolence in trifles.' In his own note-book he repeats this Aristotelian idea in various forms, the most complete being the sentence, 'imperceptibly to 'ourselves, habits of the mind, like those of the body, are pro-'duced by repeated acts—viz. those of self-government, atten-'tion, industry; or of envy, wrath, revenge, &c., by indulgence, 'whether in outward act or in thought or intention—*i.e.* inward 'act.' Dr. von Ruville characteristically suggests that Pitt's insistence on the value of education and study is a sure indication that he was himself devoid of these advantages. The assumption is not merely gratuitous, but is disproved by the undesigned evidence of his papers. Among the letters to be found in his correspondence a large proportion are from people with whom Chatham obviously kept up relations because of the value which he attached to their information. It was his habit on all subjects in which he took a deep interest to collect materials throwing light not merely on the passing phase, but on the whole question. During his brief career as a cornet of horse he is stated to have fitted himself for his profession by reading every available military text-book. This knowledge stood him in good stead when called upon to direct the operations of the British forces throughout the world. Again, it is not the fact, as commonly asserted, that his charges against Walpole were the random utterances of disappointed ambition; or that his attacks on Carteret and the continental system generally were made at haphazard for factious purposes. The careful notes he made on the Secret Service Fund, on the Spanish claims, and on foreign alliances and subsidies, which are still preserved among his papers, destroy the probability of such a supposition. During his great Ministry, memoranda collected on the Colonies, on possible military expeditions, and on foreign relations gave him the sureness needed for his gigantic undertaking. When the East India Company's affairs occupied his mind during and after his last Ministry he evidently made exhaustive researches into the past history of the charter and finances of the company; and at the time of the American troubles he was always better posted by means of letters, spies, and other informants than Ministers themselves. Nor are his papers the undiscriminating collection of a Duke of Newcastle. All the notes and documents were evidently preserved with a definite purpose, and often take the form of exhaustive summaries. Thus it is possible to understand the Quaker Cumming's

remark, 'The first time I come to Mr. Pitt upon any business 'I find him extremely ignorant; the second time I come to 'him I find him completely informed upon it.' Indeed, his accessibility to all likely to supply information useful to the State is a remarkable and unexpected trait in a man whose arrogance was often spoken of as insufferable by incompetent colleagues. Some Carolina merchants once wrote complaining that their messenger had waited five hours to see him; he immediately replied that he had not known of this, apologised, and appointed the next day for them to meet him. In 1758 a clergyman wrote to say that he could give intelligence about Rochfort. Pitt thereupon sent for him in such haste that the poor man 'had not time even to dress with decency,' and was so dumbfoundered in the presence of one with such an 'unaccountable power over the minds of men' that he had to supplement his halting words by a further letter. Even his eloquence was not the outpouring of an untutored mind. He had studied his Demosthenes, his Virgil, and his Plutarch. Barrow's 'Sermons' and the more eloquent scenes of Shakespeare were familiar to him, though we are not surprised to learn that he cared little for the passages of buffoonery. Moreover, in his early days at least, he practised himself on paper before he ventured a speech in the House. Even in his recreations, when he loved to exercise what he called the 'prophetic eye of taste,' planning roads and laying out grounds for himself and his friends, he scorned not laborious details. The gardens of Wickham, Stowe, Hagley, and Ilam, besides his own at Enfield Chace and Hayes, attested his patient skill as a gardener; while Chatham's Ride at Chevening still bears witness to his capacity as a road-maker, not content with a track 'rounded up with earth, as the custom of making roads 'then was,' but insisting on 'making it all of stone, particularly 'through the field.'

It is not amiss to insist on this faculty of thoroughness in Chatham on account of the very different view of his capacity recently expressed by an author of deserved authority. Mr. Fortescue, in summing up Chatham's character, pronounces this verdict upon him: 'He was not a great minister of war, nor 'was he a great administrator; and his wild intemperance of 'speech, his incorrigible proclivity to faction, and his lordly 'contempt for all detail impair his claim to the title of a great 'practical statesman.' Great as Mr. Fortescue's work* is, it is marred by the defect that he treats the army as the be-all and the end-all of the British Constitution, and seems

* 'History of the British Army' by the Hon. L. Fortescue.

unwilling to take a broad view of strategical problems which include state-craft as well as strategy. Chatham's intemperance of speech and his proclivity to faction are matters of opinion, which Mr. Fortescue is as much justified in forming as anybody. It is, however, unfortunate for his authority that he should make definite statements about Chatham which can easily be disproved from accessible sources. To say that he was not a great minister of war and that he had a lordly contempt for detail shows either ignorance of the facts or an extraordinary inability to estimate the value of evidence. Miss Kimball's volumes were not published when Mr. Fortescue wrote those words, but their contents are among those easy to find at the Record Office; while the most important of them had already been printed by Thackeray. Indeed, in an earlier volume he had shown some acquaintance with them. It is therefore difficult to see how he could have formed such an opinion.

Chatham's most devoted admirers must admit that he frequently laid himself open to charges of inconsistency, both in personal and political questions. To examine into these satisfactorily would require more space than the present opportunity affords. A few considerations, however, may be offered for thinking that the basest motives are not the only possible explanation of all his inconsistencies. Pitt undoubtedly changed his view on many matters, and held language irreconcileable with previous utterances. After years of opposition to Carteret and Newcastle for their advocacy of the King's continental policy, and after treating with ridicule and obloquy the system of fighting the battles of England in Germany, during his own Ministry he gave to Frederick the Great the warmest and most active support that any German prince had yet received. In his maturer years he admitted that some of his youthful attacks on Walpole's Spanish policy were ill-informed and ungrounded. In 1748 he urged as strongly as Pelham the need of coming to almost any terms with France as the only issue from a calamitous situation, while thirteen years later he was the most unyielding adversary to peace with the House of Bourbon. His inconsistencies with regard to individual statesmen were in appearance even more glaring. For many years he was the Duke of Newcastle's humble servant, and looked to him with an almost pathetic expectation of help in overcoming the King's prejudice against him; at other times he treated him with contempt and brutality. After declaring that he could never work with him, he founded his only stable Ministry on the basis of a close union with him. On Temple, his jovial, blundering, and impracticably self-

sufficient brother-in-law, but nevertheless his generous friend and ancient ally, he turned, when stung by an act of treachery; though there is no proof that he was the author of the curt phrase which finally ended Temple's political importance. In Rockingham, for a time treated with ill-disguised scorn, he afterwards was glad to find an ally. Even Lord George Sackville, in spite of his conduct at Minden, was once thought worthy of a word of praise for his political activity. All this is true, and many other such instances could be found. Are they absolutely fatal to Chatham's claims on our respect?

No statesman, it may safely be affirmed, of any ability and success has entirely escaped the charge of inconsistency and change of attitude towards individuals and details of policy. Inconsistency is not itself a sign of weakness or dishonesty in a statesman, who must necessarily take into account the changing aspect of affairs and the fluctuations of men's minds. The inconsistency and crawling sycophancy of a Bubb Dodington, who changed his coat with his varying hopes of securing a rich post, are despicable indeed; but if one can trace a great scheme of life and policy animating a man's career throughout, if in his changes of method there is nothing dishonest and self-seeking, these changes may be excused, if not justified. Chatham never attempted to palliate his inconsistencies; he avowed and gloried in them; nor was he always careful to make them intelligible to those determined to decry him. He was content to leave his achievements to speak for their justification. Perhaps, by singling out a few of his characteristics it may be more easily decided how far Chatham's inconsistencies were vital and unpardonable, how far merely varying methods of dealing with the same problem.

Pitt was subject to violent prejudices, of which the most persistent was his hatred of the House of Bourbon. This was not unnatural. When he first came to the front in the political world the House of Bourbon seemed an overwhelming power. France and Spain were both under its sway, and after some preliminary sparrings had settled down to the intimate alliance which continued almost to the end of the century; while Parma and the Two Sicilies were also ruled by princes of the Bourbon House. After the treaty of Vienna in 1738, France, by taking in Lorraine, had extended her European boundaries to their utmost limit. In America she held Canada and Louisiana, and had inaugurated her policy of confining the British Colonies by a chain of posts connecting the two along the Ohio. In the West Indies she owned or claimed Grenada, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, half San Domingo, and the important islands of

Martinique and Guadaloupe, besides Cayenne on the mainland. In the East Indies the fine commercial centres of Pondichery and Surat were hers, while her establishments on the Iles Bourbon and Mauritius secured her approach to India. In Africa Goree and Senegal gave her excellent depots for the slave trade. It is true that to the end of Walpole's Ministry our old alliance with France nominally subsisted, but its ties had become very worn. Spain was obviously weaker than her neighbour; but by her command of the trade routes to America and the West Indies and by her provoking system of restrictions continually threatened to strangle our growing commerce in those regions. Constant friction on the subject of the Assiento trade and recriminations as to the misdeeds of buccaneers and *guarda-costas* had strained our relations with her almost to breaking-point. These circumstances coloured the whole of Pitt's political thought. In his first published letter in 1741 he lamented that 'France, by her influence and her arms, 'means, to be sure, to undo England and all Europe,' and in 1750 he fretted with anxiety at the menace of aggression from France in America. His great Ministry was one sustained and triumphant effort against the French branch of the Bourbon House; while in 1761 he resigned rather than forgo the opportunity of crushing both branches of the hated family at one blow. In 1766 'France,' he wrote, 'is still the object of my 'mind whenever thought calls me back to a public world 'infatuated, bewitched'; in 1773 he wondered 'what can France 'desire more than to see her Rival sinking every year from being 'mistress of the world, land and sea, into the Bubble of her 'enemies, and the Scorn of Nations?' And in his dying speech for the last time he sounded the old note of defiance. No doubt he exaggerated the strength of France and Spain, which was more apparent than real. Nevertheless he was right, and almost alone, in seeing that our real enemy was the House of Bourbon, and that its ambitions were the great menace to ourselves, and their curtailment the only foreign object worth pursuing. Though Walpole's convention with Spain in 1739 was, as he afterwards admitted, equitable from an abstract standpoint, he was fully justified in insisting at the time that it left our trade as much as before at Spain's mercy. During the war of the Austrian Succession he was maddened by the sight of England's energies frittered away in trifling expeditions on the continent of Europe, and her wealth in the payment to German princes of subsidies amounting to ten millions and a half solely to enable them to defend themselves instead of damaging France. One of the gravest inconsistencies brought

to his charge was that, after abusing this system of waging war, during his own Ministry he adopted it on a far more ambitious scale than any of his predecessors. He was careless to repel this charge by reasoning on the matter; though some of the most vigorous years in his life were spent in the almost inarticulate effort to prove that his apparent disloyalty to the King amounted to nothing more than a refusal to place the interests of a small German Elector before England's. But results have proved how vital was the difference between defending Hanover by raising a crowd of insignificant allies in Germany and his own policy of eating out the heart of France's resources by an adequate support of Frederic. This method enabled him to pluck off the French possessions outside Europe at leisure like the leaves of an artichoke, and to consolidate British commerce and colonisation. In the dark days of his declining years not the least of his objections to the Ministerial policy in America was that it was simply playing into the hands of France; nor was there any real inconsistency between his support of the colonists' demands and his refusal to acknowledge their independence when they had once cast in their lot with the traditional enemy.

In Chatham's dealings with his colleagues the least pleasing episode is his behaviour to the Duke of Newcastle. It is impossible, for example, whatever provocation there may have been in the delusive hopes of power held out to him, to defend his conduct in accepting a seat from the Duke in 1754 and then turning against him so bitterly. Again, the emphatic change in his attitude to the Duke in 1765, after his marked cordiality to him in 1763, can hardly be condoned by Newcastle's alliance with Lord George Sackville in the interval. But on the general question it is easier to acquit him. Throughout his life Pitt looked on politicians chiefly as instruments for carrying out measures which he regarded as necessary for his country. 'Stick to measures,' he wrote to Calcraft; 'connexions as to 'men are mean, but on measures commendable.' He never suffered fools gladly; and this may to some extent account for the comparative shortness of the period during which he ruled the destinies of his country. Moreover, he was, as Dr. von Ruville has observed, consistently determined to obtain the highest position in the State; not, however, for the reason which Dr. von Ruville assigns—from the desire of personal aggrandisement—but because he felt, to use his own words, that he alone could save this country and that nobody else could. 'I can't bear a touch of command,' he said on one occasion; 'my sentiments on politics, like my religion, are my

'own'; and to Sir Gilbert Elliot he owned that he felt in his breast a superiority and a right to lead: 'Show me the man 'that I ought to follow, and I am ready to do it.' In a smaller man such language would have been presumptuous; from the lips of one who alone and almost unassisted directed the war which consolidated our Empire it is bare truth. Yet it helps singularly to explain his incapacity for working with other men and the facility with which he left those who faltered in their support of his projects or fell short of his ideals.

The fact is that Pitt was so much in advance of his time and so supremely ahead of his colleagues, both in capacity and in political wisdom, that he never really tried and, at any rate, never succeeded in working cordially with any other Minister. They could not understand him, and the work in hand left him little leisure for explanation. In his first short Ministry under the Duke of Devonshire he was thwarted at every turn, and in the Duke of Cumberland found an adversary strong enough to unseat him, unsupported as he was by any great interest. When he was again carried to power by the aid of the Duke of Newcastle's battalions, he ruled because he ruled alone. The other Ministers were mere clerks, or at best experts whose sole business was to carry out his schemes. He fell in 1761 because his work was done, and all the petty jealousies which had been confined during the mighty storm were let loose again upon him by the King and Bute. It is a vain and profitless task to attempt to follow out the dreary and intricate meanderings of intrigue which preceded his return to office in 1766. Then he did not return as head of a party, for the good reason that he had none, but with the avowed object of reverting to his system of undivided rule which had formerly been so successful for England. In all the measures taken before his illness 'his 'point was to show that he had the absolute sole power, both 'in the closet and in the administration, and that he had not 'the least doubt of maintaining it to its full extent.'

Unfortunately, circumstances were then very different. Under Newcastle the Whigs had been an unbroken force. But during the first six years of George III.'s reign, partly by the King's manœuvres, partly by the selfishness of the Whigs themselves, and partly by the element of discord introduced by differences on the Wilkes case, the party had been split up into irreconcileable fractions, united only in opposing the motley collection of subordinates formed by Chatham for his Ministry. Even so it is possible that by sheer force of personality and prestige he might have succeeded where others must have failed. But a terrible illness removed the only power which could have held

the ill-assorted Ministry together; and before a year was out his colleagues were proposing measures diametrically opposed to his expressed intentions. He never again was called to the councils of the State, but in the brief respites granted to him from pain and loss of physical power he would reappear to awaken the elements of freedom and of generous progress to fresh hope. Unfortunately to the last he rarely could carry the whole forces of the diminished Opposition with him, not so much, as in earlier days, because he was careless to persuade, but because his lofty spirit soared above their limited views.

In spite of his prejudices and his self-sufficiency the keynote of Chatham's career was an intense patriotism, which showed itself in a passionate desire for the glory of this country and for the untrammelled developement of all her energies. From the moment when he first caught the ear of Parliament as a 'gentle-'man of a slender fortune, wanting the parade of birth or title 'and of no family alliance,' his whole life was devoted to England and he could think and talk of little else. At an age when most men make pleasures the most serious business in life, his talk and his letters chiefly consisted of laments over her state and high hopes for her regeneration. Purity in political life was one of the crying needs in his own view and that of his associates; but while other men were content with place-bills which had no effect on their own privileges, Pitt was the first to give a signal instance of disinterestedness by his conduct in refusing commissions and irregular profits as paymaster. His duties in that office were not arduous, but he evidently took them more seriously than was then the fashion; for he had hardly been two months in office before one of his subordinates writes with enthusiasm that 'the pleasure of obeying your commands gave 'me spirit that I have at other times wanted'; and unusual promptness in making payments earned him the praise and thanks of half-pay officers who had been wont to starve while previous incumbents of the office held back their pittances from negligence or from greed. His enthusiasm was not confined to this negative form of patriotism. He was determined to awaken his countrymen from the spiritless stagnation and sectional exclusiveness into which they had fallen. In choosing the agents for his projects he was moved by no considerations of family or position, but picked out men for their ability, whatever their station. Thus though he steadily refused to meddle with ordinary promotions in the army, saying that 'service would 'point a man out for preferment on Proper Occasions better 'than any other Recommendations,' he had a keen eye for the right men to carry out dangerous enterprises, and, once chosen,

gave them his full confidence. The same spirit appears in the courageous trust he placed in his countrymen generally, and in his efforts to evoke all the latent forces of the nation. From the outset he opposed the short-sighted prejudice against the Scotch on the ground that England needed all her sons. As early as 1745 he reaped the fruit of this tolerance; for during the panic from the Pretender's incursion many of the Scottish lords turned to him for advice. Afterwards he encouraged the enlisting of Highland regiments for general service, turning the freebooters of the north into the conquerors of Canada. Some sorry parson once thought in an evil moment for himself to curry favour with Pitt by praising Wilkes and tracing all the miseries and disgraces of England to Scotland, but was silenced by the uncompromising reply, 'Know, sir, that I revere the union, as the main 'foundation of the strength and security of this island, . . . 'that France may wish to dissolve it, but that all good English-'men will ever maintain it inviolate.' At a time when few Englishmen besides Chesterfield and himself thought of Ireland otherwise than as a happy hunting-ground for greedy sinecurists and pension-hunters, he treated her as having equal rights and an equal claim to justice with the sister kingdom. One of the great griefs of his life was that Anne Pitt should have been put upon the Irish pension list; he was the first to stipulate that his Lord-Lieutenant should reside in Ireland; and he supported octennial Parliaments and a fixed tenure for the Irish judges. In 1773 he risked alienating his friends and political allies by his disinterested advice to Shelburne that England had no right to veto a tax on absentee Irish landlords duly voted by the Irish Parliament.

In dealing with England he showed the same catholic trust in the people. Rather than rely solely upon the politicians at Westminster, he appealed for advice and aid to all the most vigorous elements outside. The country gentlemen deserted their hounds and their horses to support his Ministry, and the ever-growing commerce of this country, represented by rich City merchants like the Beckfords, the Cummings, and the Sullivans, rallied to him, counselled him in all his difficulties, and furthered his schemes. Moreover he was at once the first since the days of William of Orange to proclaim a national war, and the first since the days of the Rebellion to call out the manhood of the country to defend what they held dear. When he took office he found that foreigners had been drafted over in a sudden panic to guard our shores. He sent them away, and supplied their place by a county militia which he resuscitated. Unpopular at first as a novelty and for certain defects of detail, this militia

became so successfully organised that during the renewed alarm of a French invasion between 1759 and 1761, thirty-four counties mobilised battalions to guard prisoners, patrol the coast, and hold themselves in readiness for any emergency. The moral effect of the militia on the general spirit of the country was even more important than its military value, to judge from the opinion expressed by one well qualified to speak. 'This militia,' writes Lord Poulett, 'has in a great 'measure destroyed all distinction of Partys in this County, 'for none who voluntarily inlists in his Majesty's service and 'takes up arms in his diffence can go any longer under any 'denomination than friends to this government, and gentlemen 'now associate and act together who were very shy lately and 'scarce knew one another before.' And it was no empty patriotism with which he fed the people's minds. To the end of his life he remained the rallying-point of all that was best and most liberal in England, not by any unworthy complaisance to the popular breath but by a strong and consistent attitude. When the Nonconformists desired to have a Toleration Bill advocated in the House of Lords, they appealed not in vain to Chatham; but he chid Warburton warmly for his indulgence to the 'idola-'trous superstition' of Romanism, which from his earliest days had been to him the symbol of everything illiberal and stunting to the human mind. He had no scruple in reproving his City friends for their lack of public spirit in attempting to stop pressing for the navy at a time of national peril, but stood up boldly for their liberties and for all reasonable freedom of thought and expression. On the subject of parliamentary privilege, freedom of election, and the abuse of arbitrary arrest no man spoke more frankly, and it was chiefly owing to his eloquence that the arbitrary acts which marked the first ten years of George III.'s reign have never since been repeated. None the less he did not conceal his disgust at the personal character of the licentious demagogue who had been the object of oppression. Lastly he was the first practical statesman to advocate a parliamentary reform which should ensure a due representation of the people.

These principles of freedom and tolerance received from him an even wider application. He was something more to our Empire than the greatest War Minister we have ever had, and the statesman who laid down the territorial lines which our colonial dominion has followed; he also first proclaimed the true principles by which we could hope to maintain our sovereignty over the colonies and dependencies. He was not, for instance, one of those who thought that our task in India

was accomplished when we had driven out the French and annexed a large part of Bengal. His earliest thought was then of our new responsibilities to the subjects thus transferred to England. In the midst of the war he turned to this subject, and when he resumed office in 1766 made it his first care. Incapacitated by illness, he was forced to leave this and other problems to those less earnest and less capable, but it was never far from his mind. 'India,' he said in 1773, 'teems with 'iniquities so rank as to smell to earth and heaven. The re-'formation of them, if pursued in a pure spirit of justice, might 'exalt the nation and endear the English name through the 'world'; and, careless of the commercial interests, which his enemies declared that he courted at all costs, he asserted the notable doctrine that 'the hearts and good affection of Bengal 'are of more worth than all the profits of ruinous and odious 'monopolies.' Moreover he saw clearly that the abuses of which he spoke could only be guarded against by the modern precaution of separating the Administration from commercial undertakings. In America his conquests have chiefly riveted attention. But even in regard to them it has not been sufficiently noticed that the outburst of enthusiasm aroused in the American colonies by his measures during the Seven Years' War was not merely on account of the prestige of his victories and his name, but also because of the human and sympathetic manner in which he treated his American fellow-citizens. For years previously they had either been neglected, or subjected to orders and requisitions irrespective of their own wishes. In fact, they had been regarded more as alien subjects than as Englishmen and equal partakers in the Empire. Pitt changed this when he became Secretary of State. The colonial Assemblies were asked for as great and even greater sacrifices in men and money than before, but they were asked as if they had as much right to refuse them as the House of Commons. The rankling sense of grievance due to the subordination of all colonial officers to the youngest subaltern in the Regular army was removed, and Pitt urged his commanders to utilise colonial troops for the services in which they excelled. In the later years of trouble and civil war, Chatham never deviated from the same principles. His main contention was that the right finally secured at the Revolution for the House of Commons to be sole judges of the burdens to be imposed on their constituents applied equally to the Assemblies in America. He was not, indeed, blind to the difficulties of the problem, and appears to have seriously considered the possibility of an enlargement of the House of Commons by representatives of all the colonies; for his age a bold flight towards federation.

But meanwhile he was uncompromising on the just rights of America. At the same time, while willing to give more concessions to the revolted colonists than any of the other Whigs save a few personal adherents, he rejected with indignation their proposal to recognise the colonists' autonomy, and declared 'he would much rather be in his grave than see the lustre of the 'British throne tarnished, the dignity of the Empire disgraced, 'the glory of the nation sunk to such a degree as it must be, 'when the dependency of America on the sovereignty of Great 'Britain was given up. . . .'

As an orator Chatham was probably the greatest that England has produced. Others, such as Burke, Grattan, Sheridan, or John Bright, have doubtless made speeches surpassing any single speech of his, but none in England has so much impressed his contemporaries by the force of his eloquence or left so mighty a tradition to succeeding ages. Unfortunately, little that is absolutely authentic remains of Chatham's own words. Several speeches of his later years, however, were carefully reported, notably two by Hugh Boyd, and have their accuracy firmly attested. We may therefore take these reports as representing Chatham's sense, and in the main his language. Their distinction lies not so much in any extraordinary art or masterly arrangement of the subject or in any subtlety of argument, but in their personal directness. They have the sureness of a man who can act as well as speak, and almost every word seems to convey his individuality to a degree rare in any orator. Even in reading them one can understand something of what Charles Butler meant when he said that 'every hearer was impressed with the 'conviction that there was something in him even finer than 'his words, that the man was infinitely greater than the orator,' or Grattan's phrase: 'He lightened upon the subject and reached 'the point by the flashings of his mind, which, like those of the 'eye, were felt but could not be followed.' His voice, his eye, his whole figure, even his crutch were part of his eloquence. No wonder the House of Commons forgot all opposition when he spoke, and allowed him to speak seated, or to speak several times in one debate; no wonder the Lords sitting in that Chamber adorned with the tapestry which called forth one of his most famous invectives, after one brief spasm of rebellion, yielded to his mastery.

Chatham was above all our great War Minister. From the depths of despair and incompetence he roused the nation to a sense of its power and a proud confidence in itself. He not only called forth the storm and the whirlwind of national enthusiasm, he rode and directed them himself with unerring insight. He

saw what England needed, and he planned the strategy and carried out the diplomacy to reach the goal of her ambitions. All this he did alone, and probably he is the only instance of a man untrained as a sailor or a soldier, and unused to courts, who directed so vast a war, waged thousands of miles away and in lands which he had never seen. He almost killed himself by the Titanic task, and the sinister illness which incapacitated him for half the rest of his days was almost entirely due to his unceasing and unaided effort. But in the short intervals when he became himself, his spirit showed no dimness and the fire of his energy burned with unquenched vigour. And the teaching of these later years, when he fought no longer against foreign foes but against the internal cankers of oppression, intolerance, and selfish greed, though less immediately potent, has burned itself into the soul of the people. He, far more than the timid Rockingham Whigs, handed down and even inaugurated traditions of freedom of speech and thought, of the dignity of Parliament and of the wisest colonial government hitherto known, which were never entirely lost in the darkest days of George III.'s long reign. We have spoken of his love of pomp and his impatience. But he also, like all men conscious of greatness in their souls, had his moments of humility and self-collection. His innermost thoughts recorded in his private note-book prove this abundantly. A less-known passage is in a letter which he wrote on the day after he resigned the seals. It illustrates his noblest pride, his sense of the little even the greatest can do before God, and his intense glory in his countrymen : ' If, called to invigorate Government and to overrule the ' influence of feeble and short-sighted men, I have in any degree ' succeeded, I have barely done my duty and owe success to ' national virtue and to the favour of Providence.'

Art. IV.—A DUTCH BLUE-STOCKING AND QUAKER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

1. *Anna Maria v. Schürmann.* By G. D. J. Schotel. 1853.
2. *Descartes: Directeur Spirituel.* By Victor de Swarte. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1904.
3. *A History of the People of the Netherlands.* By P. J. Blok. Putnam & Sons. 1907.
4. *Eukleria.* By A. M. v. Schürmann. 1783.
5. *Opuscula.* By A. M. v. Schürmann. 1652.

To survive in the mind of the people is not always to be secure of an enviable fame; indeed, it most often implies remembrance for some uninteresting action or some unworthy trait. In this selective folk-memory Charles V., for example, figures as a clock-winder, Henry VIII. as Bluebeard, Peter the Great as a shipwright. But it is not kings alone who are the victims of these strange forms of immortality, lesser men and women have also been called upon to suffer. One woman in particular, of whom two portraits hang in our National Gallery, is chiefly remembered amongst her own country people for having died, not of eating lampreys like our King Henry I., but of swallowing live spiders. The chronicler Struvius, writing a short while after her death, alludes to the strange predilection with which she was then universally credited: 'De Maria Schürmann narratum 'est eam araneas pro deliciis habuisse'! After reading of such horrid tastes, it is pleasant to find that in narrower and more eclectic circles Anna Maria von Schürmann was celebrated for accomplishments less disgusting and more authentic; but though allusion has been made in this Review to her great attainments, and though accounts of her career and character in the works of several modern authors have tended to revive interest in her remarkable personality, yet even her name is still unfamiliar to many readers.

Anna von Schürmann lived and thought in a century in which a great number of women attained eminence, but in spite of this she managed to out-distance her contemporaries in achievement and her rivals in knowledge. True she did not write plays like Mrs. Centlivre or Mrs. Behn, or compose Maxims on Life like Queen Christina, or prove so apt a pupil of Descartes as Elizabeth of Bohemia, or pen letters as charming as those of Madame de Sévigné, yet in spite of these admissions she was more universal than any one of these her contemporaries, for

was she not philosopher, artist, musician, theologian, author, and pietist ?

Her life was lived in Holland's Golden Age, that epoch which, succeeding to many miserable years of war, produced the best as well as the worst results of peace in universities that equalled those of Bologna and Paris, and theological contests which embittered the lives of all that took part in them. It was the age of Vondel, Douw, and Rembrandt, but it was also the age of Gomarian and Arminian controversy, and just because Anna von Schürmann shared in the artistic and literary as well as in the religious life of her day, her life, if completely set down, would introduce us into the heart of the Dutch Renaissance.

The family of von Schürmann was of Netherland origin. Anna's grandparents had migrated, with many other Dutch refugees, including the Vondels, from Antwerp to Cologne to escape the Alva persecutions. Their son married a German lady, and in 1607, just twenty years after the birth of the great poet Vondel in the same town, Anna Maria was born. Her father soon realised that the child had an unusual ability, and taught her Latin by means of games, as he did her brothers, so that ' she tasted not the bitterness of the root of the plant ' of learning.' At three years old she could read German fluently and knew part of the Calvinist Catechism by heart. A little later she asserts that she took great pleasure in reading the Bible with her parents. Her father particularly liked the works of Seneca and expounded them to his daughter, excusing himself for introducing her at such an early age to philosophy by telling her that ' the eagle does not catch flies.' Such a horror of the unseemly was cultivated in Anna by him that she came to regard most Greek and Latin verse as ' poisonous drink,' and to restrict her study of ancient poetry to the works of Homer and Virgil. Later in life, when she was often the recipient of beautiful editions or rare works of undesirable classic authors, she naïvely tells us that she never soiled her mind by reading them, but, dipping into the ' *Thesaurus antiquitatis et eruditionis reconditissimæ*,' learnt enough about their contents to enable her to write a polite letter of thanks to the giver ! We are unfortunately obliged to gaze at her childhood with the retrospective eyes of age, for everything we can know about it is recorded in the autobiography* which she wrote as an old woman converted to a mystical piety, a woman who had long ceased to regard learning as anything but dross, or the arts and sciences except as hindrances to union with Christ. We cannot but regret that, instead of examples

* Eukleria.

of early piety and dissertations on the vanity of knowledge, she did not choose to bequeath to us a real narrative of events and thoughts set down daily as they were lived.

Anna grew up in the quiet country outside the city of Cologne, and according to her own story was always illumined by a sparklet (*Fünkchen*) of piety. One day, at four years old, while gathering flowers in the fields she was told by her nurse to sit down beside a brook and answer the first question of the Heidelberg Catechism. In repeating the words, ' I am not my own, ' but my true Saviour Jesus Christ's,' she was filled with such delight that in after years she was never able to forget the vividness of that moment. At eleven years old she brooded over a book illustrating the pains of martyrs, and was inexpressibly shocked by the remark of Erasmus ' that he did not yearn ' for the honour of martyrdom and would leave it to others.' It seemed to her a saying unworthy of any Christian, for had not she herself, a mere amateur of religion, on reading of those who had been tortured for their beliefs, ' experienced a vivid ' desire for martyrdom ' ?

A great manual dexterity distinguished Anna from other children. She could cut pictures out of paper and make the most elaborate and fine silhouettes with easy skill ; she was also particularly clever at needlework, tapestry, and the painting of flowers and insects. All these facilities are recorded in ' Eukleria ' in no boasting spirit, but rather with regret at having gained the esteem of men through such miserable attainments. Men, she reflects, always bestow praise for what is unworthy of praise, and therefore in a sense their judgements are worth nothing, and she is able to assert conscientiously that ' when painting flowers and insects her spirit was no less occupied ' with heavenly thoughts than was her hand by earthly practice.'

In 1622 the von Schürmanns moved from Cologne to the university town of Franeker in Friesland, a town that now proudly preserves the artistic and literary remains of the famous Anna. The Thirty Years' War had begun, and the United Provinces were a safer refuge than the valley of the Rhine, despite the fact that the Dutch truce with Spain had ended in 1621 and that Dutch troops under Prince Maurice of Nassau were once more engaged on battlefields. Anna's father died shortly after their arrival in Franeker, and in dying urged his daughter to keep herself free from worldly interests and if possible to remain unwed. His widow, wishing to be in a more accessible and sociable province than Friesland, moved with her family to Utrecht (1623). To console herself in her grief and loneliness Anna tells us that she did a great deal of artistic work.

In the manner of artists she continually made fresh discoveries about her powers. One day, 'with no better instrument than 'a common penknife and no previous instruction,' she began carving the portraits of her family in boxwood. Gerard Honthorst was delighted and astonished when shown these very carvings by her brother, and Anna felt much flattered at his approbation, considering him as a great judge of art. He had established a school of painting at Utrecht which was attended by one or two of the daughters of the 'winter king,' and it seems probable that Anna learnt drawing and painting from him, as in 1643 she became a member of the Lucas Guild of the town. Wax also attracted her as a medium for her talent, and in thirty days she made a wax portrait of herself from a reflection in a mirror.

'I had learnt this art from no one, and so had to find everything out. The miniature was not only like me, but it almost seemed on account of the lively shine and roundness of the eyes when we moved it to and fro that the eyes of the picture moved of themselves. The wax hairs were delicately adjusted and hung down in natural locks.'

The artist confesses to great trouble and patience in dibbling in the eyelashes and eyebrows, and also declares that the pearl necklace with which she ornamented the neck was so realistic that the Duchess of Nassau was completely taken in by it and refused to believe the pearls were not true ones, until Anna Maria allowed her to pierce one of them with a needle. To this portrait she affixed a modest verse :

'Fern sey der Vorsatz von mir, das Loos der Menschheit zu tauschen,
Oder in daurendes Erz einzugraben mein Bild.
Sieh hier meine Gestalt in Wachs gebildet, so weih ich
Was bald untergehen muss, mein gebrechlichen Stoff.'

One of her aunts, admiring this work of art very much, took it into her hands and dropped it so that it was reduced to fragments. Anna admits that she was dreadfully annoyed by the accident, which may have been the cause of her abandoning this particularly fragile material for that metal which she had in her verse scorned to use. At all events, she took to etching and engraving on copper, and at least half a dozen different portraits made by her of herself are in existence. The early ones show us a girl with short thick hair, finely crimped and standing away from her head, clad in a richly brocaded dress adorned with valuable Flanders point lace ; the later ones portray a face surrounded by flat smooth hair and a figure clothed in a simple stuff dress with

large plain linen collar ; the still later ones reveal a head covered with a linen hood, and still plainer costume. These portraits correspond with the three periods of her life, the artistic, the learned, and the religious, and all testify that Anna was greatly interested in herself. On several engravings after pictures of 'La Demoiselle von Schürmann' executed in Paris in the seventeenth century we find the words 'se ipsa pinxit,' which indicate that she must have painted as well as etched her own lineaments. These pictures appear to be lost, though perhaps in time they may reappear as so many lost pictures have done. Her ivories, glasses, and paintings of flowers and insects are scattered up and down Europe, and examples of her silhouettes, wood-carving, caligraphy, and engraving are to be seen at Franeker. Her scissor-work included patterns of the finest 'point d'Alençon,' nasturtiums, many-legged insects, forget-me-nots and asters, and anyone who has seen much of this work, in which the Japanese to-day are the only proficients, must realise how steady and accurate a hand is required for it. Her caligraphy was considered beautiful and is said to have rivalled that of the great master of *Schönschrift*, Coppenol, and to have surpassed the writing of Lely, Gadelle, and van de Velde in freedom, precision, and beauty of line. Exquisite specimens of her copper-plate script with delicate and fantastic flourishes are to be seen in many European museums, in both large and small hand writing, and they astonish us by their balanced scroll-work and ornamental curves. Another art which seems to have belonged peculiarly to the seventeenth century in Holland was that of engraving upon glass with a diamond. It was an elegant and fashionable accomplishment for many years amongst ladies, and the three daughters of Roemer Visscher, a merchant of Amsterdam, were accounted particularly clever at the work. Hartshorne, however, says that 'Anna Maria von Schürmann excelled even the productions 'of the sisters Visscher,' * and she must have been thought a good artist by her contemporaries as she was entrusted with the ornamentation of a glass of historic interest—that presented full of wine to Charles Quint on the occasion of his state entry into Utrecht. This glass, which is kept at the Ryks Museum, is engraved with bees, a distich, the date, and the name of the artist. It was considered a pretty compliment for ladies to engrave these glasses for their friends, and when Cats was made Pensionary of Dordrecht in 1623, Anna Maria sent him a congratulatory glass.

* Hartshorne, 'English Glass,' p. 43.

At the British Museum is kept a charming example of the work done by these ladies with their diamonds, which is ornamented with figures of the four seasons. A pale sea-green glass at the Ryks Museum bears upon its surface a wild rose, a carnation, a marigold, with the date 1621 and Anna Visscher's name upon the stem. There exists, too, a 'Roemer' by her sister Maria, who seems to have been of a less conscientious disposition than Anna von Schürmann, since after drawing some pretty scrolls upon a glass she added the motto 'à Demain 'les affaires.' Blok gives an interesting account of the way in which works of art were prized in all ranks of society, describing the beautiful stained glass inserted in the wooden houses, and the pictures by masters, great and small, which decorated the homes even of the peasants. 'Art had penetrated deep into the popular 'life and formed a more indispensable element of society than 'was the case in any other country. . . . The love of art existed 'in the whole people.' * It was seen in domestic architecture, in the binding of books, in the clothes of the women, in tapestries and metal-work, in carving and textile fabrics. The vivid life of the Renaissance interpenetrated every human activity in Holland, making up for the long tarrying of its advent by a vigour, originality, and universality unequalled in any European country.

In the very stream of this variegated life, and in friendly intercourse with painters such as Douw, Lievens, Van Ceulen, and the Honthorsts, Anna von Schürmann lived for several happy years practising her own arts and crafts, sitting to many excellent artists, and interviewing illustrious strangers. As time went by she became snared in the nets of religious controversy, and through Voetius was induced to interest herself more in theology than in art. Eventually this professor of Oriental languages and divine science persuaded her to live the erudite rather than the æsthetic life, much to the disgust of many of her friends.

Theology, he assured her, was the crown of all learning, but to attain that crown deep study and constant work were required. Under his guidance she began to add the Hebrew and Greek languages to her educational equipment of English, French, Italian, Spanish, and Latin, and this was followed by an attack upon the Syriac, Chaldean, and Arabic tongues. It is, of course, impossible to judge how far Voetius' pupil really mastered these languages. The master was very learned, and expressed himself as delighted with the progress made by his pupil, and though to-day it is rather the fashion to be sceptical about

* Blok, 'History of the People of the Netherlands,' iv. 246.

universal attainment, there are, in the museum at Francker, examples of all these languages penned by A. M. von Schürmann, of which the characters are written cursively and with assured ease. Criticism is disarmed by such simplicity as hers, for she tells us that she toiled at the less usual Oriental languages, which she called ' handmaids of Hebrew,' merely in order to read the Scriptures with truer understanding. Many people thought it a pity she did not marry, and friends tried to persuade her to adopt a form of life more suited to her age and to her sex. The poet Cats, a man of property and position, who was the leading spirit of a school of literature at Middelburg, was an eager suitor for her hand, and other men with whom she came in contact at Utrecht were greatly attracted by her gentle demeanour and good sense. Her father's dying advice was, however, observed, and in spite of all the poetry and compliments showered on her by her admirers, she went on quietly with her work at home and attended the university lectures and debates, saying that her only object was to learn to live more wisely and to make her life a completer whole. In vain did poets praise her as the Sappho of Holland, and rhymers inquire :

> ' Quel sera le midy de cest illustre dame
> Dont l'orient ainsi tout l'univers enflamme ?
> Que pourra l'age meur adjouster au défaut
> Pour que sa jeune fleur resplendit au plus haut ? '

She took but scant notice of such blandishments and continued to lead her single-hearted life, regarding no difficulties as too baffling, no pains too great to endure, if only she might secure her end. It was an encouragement to her to think of Cato, who had learnt Greek at sixty, but a discouragement to reflect that even if she were to work for the whole of her life she would hardly attain any perception of divinity. Learning seemed to her at this time the only means of reaching after God, but later, in the light of a greater illumination, she knew that any soul, however uneducated, that is filled with Christ-love is more in sympathy with the spirit of the Bible than was she with her immense erudition.

In spite of the difficulties of travel and the slowness of posts, Anna Maria became celebrated throughout Europe, and eminent foreigners used to pay her their respects. Descartes was one of the first who realised her capacity and spoke with enthusiasm of her pictures, sculpture, engraving, pure French, and exquisite Latin, and with awe of her modesty, love of solitude and prayer. He thought it a pity that she was not a Catholic and that all her fresh energies should be imprisoned

by Voetius in the arid channels of theology. One day he went to call upon her in her home opposite the cathedral, and, finding her sitting before an open Hebrew Bible, he asked why she wasted her time in such a manner; as for himself, he had been as much bewildered by the Mosaic account of creation in Hebrew as he had in Latin, and had quite put it on one side. Anna von Schürmann, who at this time regarded the Bible as inspired in every word, was terribly shocked by such conversation, and never afterwards could be persuaded to take any interest in Cartesianism, which she felt must be vilely tinctured with infidelity. Never again did she invite the French philosopher to sit in her box at the university disputes held in the nave of the cathedral; and he, much piqued by the incident, wrote:

'Voetius a gâté la Demoiselle Schürmann car au lieu qu'elle avait l'esprit excellent pour la poésie, la peinture et les autres gentillesses de cette nature il y a déjà cinq ou six ans qu'il la possède tellement, qu'elle ne s'occupe plus qu'aux controverses de la Théologie. Ce qui lui fait perdre la conversation de tous les honnêtes gens.'

Her Latin verses won her considerable renown, especially a set written at the request of Voetius on the inauguration of the university at Leyden. Balzac, whose judgment was greatly thought of, wrote to a friend who had given him an introduction to her:

'Il faut avouer que Mlle. de Schürmann est une merveilleuse fille et que ses vers ne sont pas les moindres de ses merveilles. Je ne pense pas que cette Sulpitia que Martial a si hautement louée en fit de plus beaux, ni de plus Latins. Mais qu'il y a de pudeur et d'honnêteté parmi les graces et les beautés de ses vers. . . . Je vous suis bien obligé de m'avoir fait connaître cette merveilleuse fille.'

Cardinal Richelieu wrote to compliment her on her learning, and Gassendius, Vossius, and Salmasius all treated her as their intellectual equal. Letters came from England, too, expressing warm admiration of her power and character. To one of these she replied by telling how 'sweetly she passes her time away 'with the Muses'; to another she talks of the crafts of which she is mistress and of 'effigies done to the life with my own 'hand.' Answering Gassendius, she wrote: 'You have lately in 'your most courteous letters given such a favourable character 'of me and described me after the pattern of Virtue herself that 'I would not desire any statue to be decreed to my eternal 'memory, if your good will had not carried you beyond the 'bounds of truth.' She begs Beverovicio not to dedicate his

treatise ' of the excellency of the Female Sexe ' to her, ' as men ' are so jealous of praise meted out to a woman, and think they ' require pardon not praise for aspiring to higher studies.'

The unsolicited praises which flowed in from all parts of Europe were always acknowledged with a charming grace, for at one time Anna felt that any honour paid to her was ' a ' tribute to the Republic of Letters,' whilst later in life she counted all compliments as odious.

Anna always thought that her great friend and spiritual adviser, Dr. Rivet, was responsible for putting on her shoulders so great a burthen of celebrity as made her the victim of the complimentary and curious visits of endless strangers, since he, together with others of her friends, had persuaded her to publish a small volume containing some of her letters, which the Elzevirs brought out at Leyden under the title ' Opuscula.' It had a certain vogue, as several editions quickly followed each other. The book contained Latin letters to Salmasius, Rivet, Spannheimius, and Gassendius, mostly on the subject of religion, and French letters to various women friends, such as Princess Anne de Rohan, Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, Mme. Coutel, Mme. de Merveil, and Mlle. de Moulin. It also included her plea for women's education and her treatise on the end of life, as well as various poems and odes. The defence of female learning was translated into English as ' The Learned ' Maid, or whether a maid may be a scholar, a logick exercise ' written in Latine by that incomparable Virgin Anna Maria a ' Schürmann of Utrecht, with some epistles to the famous ' Gassendius and others.'* The introduction says :

' The Low Countries show you a virgin excellent not only in the learnéd languages, but almost in all kinds of Literature ; whose admirable wit and mind capable of all things you may justly call the utmost essay of Nature in this sex. So largely hath the Divine bounty poured forth itself upon one person. If she hath a vast understanding piercing into all things she hath also a skilful hand marvellously obedient to that guide, executing and expressing in all materials whatsoever that commands. But these gifts are far inferior to those which she accounteth chief : Piety without ostentation, Modesty beyond Example and most exemplary holiness of life and conversation. And though she most deserveth praise yet (which is above all praise) she desireth nothing less.'

The defence is set forth by her in a number of syllogisms, which were supposed to carry conviction to the people of that day, but which appear to us as rather lifeless exercises in ingenuity. The conclusion of the defence is

* London : Printed by John Redmayne, 1659.

'that Maids may and ought to be excited by the best and strongest Reasons, by the Testimonies of wise men; and lastly by the examples of illustrious women to the embracing of this kind of life, especially those who are above others provided of leisure and other means and aides to their studies. And because it is best that the mind be seasoned with learning from the very Infancy therefore the parents themselves are chiefly to be stirred up, as we suppose, and to be admonished of their duty.'

Attracted by Anna von Schürmann's widespread reputation, the Queen of Poland went to pay her a visit, and her secretary gives a most vivid account of the interview. It was winter time, and all the Dutch people skated along the canals to greet the foreign queen outside Utrecht. Welcoming her warmly with a salvo of artillery, they installed her in the episcopal palace. The next day 'she did a deed worthy of the majesty 'of letters.' She went privately with two or three friends to 'the home of the tenth muse, the marvel of her century and 'her sex,' and there, having greatly admired her painting, illuminating, and engraving, was astonished to hear her discourse in so many languages on such a variety of subjects. The tenth muse answered the Bishop of Orange in Italian and discussed subtle theological points with him in Latin. She spoke Greek to the Queen's doctor, and Jean de Laboureur says:

'would have spoken in other languages with us if we had known them, for besides Greek and Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and her native Flemish, she is well acquainted with Hebrew, Syriac, and Chaldaic, and a little practice would enable her to speak them. She also knows the maps of all those countries, and she may boast that she could travel without guide as without interpreter.'

One shudders to think what would have happened to Anna had she acted on de Laboureur's suggestion and set forth in lonely self-sufficiency upon Arabian travel.

Another Frenchman, who was travelling as chaplain to Madame de Longueville, also paid a visit of curiosity to the Star of Utrecht, and saw the portraits of the Queen of Bohemia and the Queen of Poland; she had made both so like that he recognised them at sight. He was also shown pictures of her friends engraved on mirrors with a diamond. It seemed to this priest that Mlle. von Schürmann spoke as one who 'listened to 'herself.'

Christina of Sweden also paid her a visit of respect. Anna had previously written verses in the Queen's praise, and had sent her a work of art of her own making. During the visit she

sketched Christina's portrait, and presented it to her when she left with a graceful compliment. Although it was distasteful to Anna to receive visitors, she felt bound to entertain all those who came with letters of introduction to her from friends and acquaintances of her own; and, as a matter of fact, no foreigner of any importance ever dreamt of not making an effort to see this renowned person while in her country. A contemporary says 'It would be like going to Paris without seeing the King!' This gentle and admired life was suddenly broken into by death. Anna's mother, who had been her shield against all domestic cares, died, leaving her daughter in charge of two aged aunts, both of whom were blind. This responsibility, together with the inheriting of all her mother's philanthropic activities, roused her from her contemplative and literary life to an activity of kindly duties. It became part of her daily round to visit the sick and sorry of the town; to teach the ignorant; to give alms; and 'to reprove those who forget 'their duties'! So busy was she that book-learning and intercourse with learned strangers had to be abandoned for the common duties of human love. Her two aunts, who had fled for shelter during the German wars to their sister at Utrecht, were not only blind but terribly infirm, so that Anna was obliged to do for them all the duties of sick-nurse as well as read to them and amuse them in their darkness. After a while she, her brother Gottschalck, and the two blind and weakly women left Utrecht for Cologne in order to secure an estate which had been confiscated during the German wars. This journey, Anna says, had the effect of diminishing her 'excessive love for 'Utrecht.' It was peaceful, too, after the religious strife that was continually waged in Dutch towns, to live quietly for two years, worshipping God as they chose. When the two aunts died, Anna was escorted home by her brother; but he soon left her alone there and went on a prolonged tour through Germany and Switzerland.

Anna was over fifty when the burden of looking after the two aunts dropped from her shoulders, and when she had once more settled down in Utrecht she devoted all her energies to leading a religious life. She had thought up till the time of her mother's death that learning was necessary to the knowledge of God and the Bible, and her preparation for the understanding of Scripture would have overreached the bounds of earthly life 'except that God mercifully showed to her her 'mistake.' The plea she had put forward for learning as a goal for women as well as men seemed to her almost shameful, for, after all, were not some of the saints who led men to God ignorant

and even idiotic? She describes her earlier religion as merely formal. 'I set great value on prayer and fasting . . . on 'the model of the prophet Daniel, I recollected myself three 'times a day. . . . I made a Jewish rule of keeping 'Sabbath.' All these things fell from her gradually and 'life 'itself became to her a Sabbath.' Like many other persons whose chief desire is to lead a spiritual life, she read the 'Imitatio Christi'; but by degrees even this book became to her unsatisfying.

In order to keep the fading image of Christ before her she proposed to write down her own experience of Him. This work she never could accomplish because the 'Dazzling 'Example' blinded her eyes and spirit; it seemed to her like attempting 'to paint the sun with a coal.' Man she felt to be the only adequate shadowing forth of Christ, and so she began to seek among her acquaintances and among those more distant peoples of whose virtue she knew but by hearsay, lest haply she might find that fleshly 'Imitation' which would supersede the little book. This search increased her distaste for her learned admirers and for scholastic intercourse, for in no one of her circle could she discern 'any drop, any scent, of that balm 'which Christ pours into the heart of those who are His own.' Her taste for letters melted away before the sun of piety, just as her love of art had disappeared with her enthusiasm for learning. It seemed to her almost wrong to care about pictures when it was possible that people might be so much more beautiful; or to prefer painted wood and canvas before the vision of Christ engraved upon the human soul—that incarnation in the flesh which alone could be the tangible living Saviour of men. The books, she felt, might burn and the pictures perish, so far as the inner source of religion was concerned, for they had no kinship with it. She made an inward resolve to spend her life 'in the studio where souls are as canvas to be painted on by 'the Great Master.' Outer objects, once so much admired, seemed less and less substantial; things of sense became to her but veils for divinity, 'from every blade of grass streamed ever 'present God.' Just at the time that Anna was going through this transforming religious experience her brother Gottschalck wrote to her from Geneva saying he had met a man of God full of sanctity, unworldliness, eloquence, asceticism. This enthusiastic letter was followed by the return of the brother in a holy and exalted state of mind. He did not live long, and Anna soon had the mingled agony and joy of seeing him die a beautiful and saintly death. Love of him and regret over his untimely end caused her to think often of the Genevese pastor,

whom he had so genuinely admired. Labadie's reputation had spread throughout Holland, and when the Walloon Church at Middelburg found itself in need of a minister, its congregation called him from Geneva to come and take charge of it. It was supposed that he would not be willing to accept this curacy, so Anna was begged to use her influence to induce him to come. So long as Gottschalck was alive Labadie had been in constant communication with the von Schürmann family, so she had no compunction in writing to ask him to leave Switzerland. He consented, and was accompanied on 'his 'long and dangerous journey' by his two coadjutors, Yvon and Dulignon. Anna welcomed him to her house at Utrecht, surrounded by professors and doctors of theology, and realised with dumbfoundering certainty that this was the Christly incarnation she had longed for. Labadie spent ten days in Utrecht, dazzling and convincing all who came in contact with him by his radiant spirituality and eloquence.

This frail yet impressive man had begun life as a scholar in the Jesuit College of Bordeaux. Later he entered their novitiate at Perigueux in order to get out of the world. Instead he found himself *in* it surrounded by people who followed Machiavelli far more than Jesus Christ. Primarily, owing to ill-health, he left the Order when he was thirty years old to become a lay priest. His preaching attracted the persecution of his old community, but the Bishop of Amiens, greatly touched by his sermons, offered him house and home at his palace. He was made canon of the cathedral, and everyone raved about his eloquence. Heresy and scandal were soon, however, coupled with his name, and down the easy slope of Jansenism he slid into membership of the French Protestant Church. Receiving offers of pastorates in Westminster and other places, he chose to settle in Geneva and there inaugurate a régime severer than that of Calvin. Wine-shops were closed, merchants were reproved, women's dress simplified, and magistrates compelled to be honest. His success at Geneva made him more than ever desired by the Independent congregations of Europe, and the inhabitants of Middelburg thought themselves exceedingly fortunate when he consented to come and minister to them.

Middelburg was a thriving town, the centre of the French wine trade and the home of one of the numerous congregations of 'Independents' or 'Brownists' existing at that date. 'Brownism' meant a belief that the only organisation recognised in the primitive Church was that of the voluntary association of believers into local congregations, each choosing its own office-bearers and managing its own affairs. It was main-

tained that other religious bodies had become institutional, that the office-bearers had gradually usurped all power and had formed themselves into a hierarchy, so that the true principles and original independence of each voluntary Christian society were lost to sight. The synods and councils of the Reformed Churches seemed to Brownists nearly as bad as the sacerdotalism of Rome, and they despised the Presbyterians for retaining synodal and throwing off episcopal authority. In 1592 they were persecuted in England; some went to the English scaffold; others fled to Dutch sanctuaries.

Although Holland has always been distinguished for its love of freedom and human rights, its church affairs during the seventeenth century were not administered with any overflowing measure of charity. The disputes at the opening of the seventeenth century between two theological professors at Leyden, Gomarus and Arminius, had begun by interesting the intellectual world and had ended by becoming a fighting matter for the mob. It is not possible in the space of an article to enter into all the subtleties of that dispute, but, speaking generally, Gomarus represented the formal Calvinist view and taught fore-damnation; while Arminius protested against this hideous doctrine and taught that all who repented could be saved. The holders of the latter belief were called Remonstrants, while the orthodox Calvinists styled themselves Counter-Remonstrants. The question interested everyone, and James I. of England entered the lists with a pamphlet against the Arminians, while other kings ordered their ambassadors to take sides in the controversy. By the time the Synod of Dort (1618) was convened to settle the matter it had become a question not of religious but of grave political significance, and since the Synod was composed of seventy Gomarists and fourteen Arminians, it was not to be wondered at that its verdict was in favour of the maintenance of a rigid Calvinism.

It is sad to think that Anna von Schürmann up to the time of her inward conversion was a Gomarist of a most severe type, as were her chief friends, Voetius and Rivet. A story is told of her by Yvon to show how orthodox her former ways had been. When her mother took her to the cathedral at Utrecht as a girl, during the time that the Remonstrants had seized the public churches, she could hardly endure to listen to the sermon, so disgusted was she with hearing 'the great truth of Predestina-'tion' spoken against! After her conversion she avoided listening to all prepared discourses, because she thought there could be no efficacious preaching unless the Spirit of Christ spoke through the mouth. All other sermonising seemed

to her as the crowing of Peter's cock. From the time of Labadie's arrival in Holland, Anna's interest in him and his community was unbounded. When he left Utrecht her ordinary life lost its flavour, nothing seemed worth doing; so, together with a few friends and their respective maids, she set out to follow him to his pastorate. The little flock spent two months at Middelburg, and but for the pest which was raging all round their lodging, and for home duties at Utrecht, they would not, Anna tells us, 'have allowed themselves to be 'called away from those living waters.'

Labadie spent four years at Middelburg in charge of the Walloon Church, and then, owing to religious dissensions, left for Amsterdam, whither he was followed by the greater number of his disciples. The municipality gave him no welcome, but despite discouragement he took a spacious house for himself, his assistants, and his church. In the beginning, Gassendius, Voetius, and others of Anna's friends had admired and been influenced by Labadie, but seeing her entire devotion to him and to his teaching they began to disapprove, and when her admiration had crystallised into a determination to be his follower in deed as well as in word, their old friendship turned to enmity. Anna paid no heed to their complaints or their laughter, and resolved together with 'a 'dear sister in Christ' to take rooms in Amsterdam, in order to be near the preacher. When they came to house-hunting they found the old houses already overcrowded and the new ones not yet ready for use. So they consulted Labadie, who offered them rooms in the dwelling he had taken for his community. Anna remarked that if they accepted his kind offer it would be necessary for them to stop their ears, because there would 'immediately gush forth from their enemies a raging torrent of 'scandal.' It is almost amusing to think of Anna's regard for the conventions, because she was sixty-three at this time and Labadie was sixty, but she managed to outrage everyone by her action, and was evidently severely blamed by the learned world for her stupidity and bigotry in abandoning the things that really mattered for such an infatuation. The opening of her autobiography is entirely given up to the theme that all things but Christ become dross to the believer, and it was written as a justification of her devotion to Labadie.

'I have said farewell to all my phantasies, for after all the 'spider is more ingenious than I, and the bee more industrious,' wrote Anna, who, after long thought had discovered holiness to be 'the one essential and distinguishing characteristic' of humanity. To develope this pre-eminently human quality became

her only concern. She ceased to heed the voices of her detractors, and was able to smile at the recollection of a talk with her tutor Voetius, in which they had discussed the story of Paula and Jerome; she had admired the Roman lady's single-heartedness, but Voetius had thought it wrong to give an occasion for slander. The parallel between herself and Paula was easy to draw, but, knowing her motive to be as good as that of her predecessor, she did not allow herself to be discouraged by scandalous whispers from following Labadie any more than if 'they had been a swarm of flies. I had been renowned for 'virtue, my whole life witnessed to the integrity of my 'purpose. . . . I thank God that he has given me a good name 'that I may render it back to Him.'

The decision once taken, Anna did not delay in entering the house in Amsterdam which Labadie had hired. The inmates were Anna and her friend, her nephew of eleven, two widows, their children, and two girls. These people lived in the lower stories of the house. The two top floors were occupied by Labadie, Dulignon, Yvon, and one or two young men. There were often guests in the house who came from all parts of Holland to learn more of Christ.

The clergy of Amsterdam disapproved more highly than ever of the Labadist household when they found that many of the more orthodox Protestants forsook the churches and neglected the Lord's Supper in order to attend Labadie's preachings. Anna says in apostolic language that the house was blessed to the faithful within it, and that they were sensible of a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Labadie continued daily to exhort them to exercise a perfect charity one toward the other, and to depend for strength and help on God only.

Many stories were told by the orthodox against the community, and an unfortunate accident contributed to their unpopularity. One day a very pious old woman arrived in Amsterdam from Middelburg to receive the blessing of her pastor before leaving the world. She lodged in the house of the community, and three weeks later 'changed life for death.' All witnesses were edified at the manner of her passing. The day following, the coffin containing the body was set, covered with a black cloth, beside the door into the street. Coincidently the house-owner sent workmen (who had been expected daily for a month past) to conduct drainage operations in the garden at the back of the house. They began to dig a trench, and when it was about four feet long and a great heap of earth had been cleared out of it, two women happened to pass by the open door, through which they could see into the garden. One said to the other: 'This

' must be a new church, for I am told they preach here.' ' Of ' course,' said the other woman, ' for see, they bury the dead ' here.' These words were taken up by the men in the street, and soon shouts were heard of ' Murder ! ' and a fanatical crowd surrounded the house crying out ' They murder people here and ' bury them in the back garden ! ' Angry people stood on both sides of the canal throwing stones at Labadie's windows. Anna says that the uproar of the people affected them as little as the noise of a waterfall, for they had cast all their cares upon God, but nevertheless the community had to remain within doors for three days and three nights. Then the funeral took place under a military escort, and the body of the poor old woman was accorded as much honour as that of a dead general. Unluckily, too, for his community's safety, one of Labadie's assistants went mad and died of some brain affection, and it was commonly said that the frail little pastor had kicked his deacon to death. So persistent was this rumour that Labadie was publicly cross-examined and publicly exonerated from all blame. After a year of persecution and calumny it became evident to the Labadists that they would have to migrate from Amsterdam. Various asylums were suggested to them, but the most attractive was that offered by Anna's old friend and faithful admirer, Elizabeth of Bohemia, who was Protestant Abbess of Herford.

Before receiving the pilgrims she had written to her suzerain, the Elector Frederick William, asking his consent to her project, and telling him that

' an opportunity occurs, without doing injury to anyone, of much benefiting this Abbey and your Grace's state. Your Grace will have surely heard how the learned Anna Schürmann, with certain Dutch ladies, commenced the foundation of a convent of Amsterdam. Two preachers, however, are with them whom the people of Holland hate and pursue them with calumnies although they have submitted to the Council of Dordrecht.'

The Elector gave a favourable answer to the Abbess's request ; but his letter was not the only one that she received on the subject of her guests. One Walloon preacher wrote to her making shameful accusations against the Labadists ; others sent information on the terrible practices of these Quakers. The Princess, with considerable spirit, became more determined than ever to offer them hospitality, and wrote to Anna von Schürmann saying that she hoped she had not forgotten her old friendship, and that she really meant to come to Herford. Dulignon was sent on ahead of the community to make arrangements for their

reception, and presently a party of fifty disciples and five pastors left Amsterdam for Bremen. Many people came down to the quays to see the ships bearing the pilgrims set sail. They set off in great spirits, but some among them were soon 'grieved 'by the sea-winds,' and made sick by the rough journey down the coast. Anna, though she was suffering from fever all the time, thoroughly enjoyed the experience, and the hymns and songs with which they shortened the journey. From Bremen the party drove in carriages till they caught sight of the little walled town of Herford, situated at the meeting of the rivers, which made such a charming outline against the sky to the eyes of the approaching band. Four slender spires and a number of other towers and steeples made the town resemble those miniature cities which are so frequently introduced into the background of mediæval pictures. The Princess welcomed her guests graciously and installed them in the old Abbey of Witikind. The building and its demesne lay without the walls, and the Princess had cherished an idea of making it a retreat for all men and women of letters, no matter of what nation or religion they happened to be. She had not sufficiently reckoned on the temper of the townspeople when she offered to harbour these Quakers, for being of a fanatical temper, and ready to believe any evil stories about the strangers, they instituted a systematic persecution of the Labadists, appealing at the same time to the Elector for support in their contention that they were unsuitable citizens for Herford. No one who is unacquainted with the religious history of the seventeenth century can have any notion of the abhorrence in which Quakers were held at that time and of the horrible practices with which they were credited. The municipality of Herford tried to cut off all supplies from the inhabitants of the Abbey and to prevent their drawing water from the wells. Elizabeth appealed to the Elector for protection for her guests, and the Elector agreed that they should be protected until such time as his councillors had examined into and condemned their conduct. All went well for a while, and the community installed its printing presses and held religious meetings and set up such a *Christliches Jauchzen* as astonished the staid people of Herford. Hackenburg tells of a visit made to the Abbess Elizabeth during the stay of the Labadists, and of an interview with Labadie. Calling on Anna von Schürmann, they were received by her in very shabby clothes, and were led to a room filled with her own paintings and with her work in wood and wax. Presently 'an old frail man' came with dragging steps into the room and began to discourse upon the love of God. The days spent at Herford were, according to

Hackenburg, devoted to religious exercises and interminable preachings early and late.

The months dragged on from spring to summer, and still the burghers saw no legal way of getting rid of the unwelcome guests, so they appealed to the Imperial Tribunal at Spires to vindicate their wishes. Elizabeth meanwhile went off to plead the cause of the pilgrims with the Elector, and during her absence persecution became so acute that the Labadists decided to leave Herford of their own free will. A few of their company were left behind to arrange for the transfer of their property to some other place, and the rest, mounting into their travelling carriages, set out along the road, not knowing whither the Spirit would lead them. A house on the outskirts of Hamburg was their first sojourning-place, and there Labadie becoming dangerously ill, they had to spend five months in considerable discomfort. Those left behind at Herford joined them, and when Labadie was convalescent they all moved on to Altona. There they were harried by the clergy of the Augsburg Confession, and the king of the country ordered them to leave the town before Christmas. They represented to him how hard a winter journey would prove on the numerous sick and old of their following, and begged for a reprieve until the spring. This was granted, and they joyfully resumed their religious exercises.

Labadie's preaching was all of the independence of the soul in its relation to outward things, and of its dependence, absolute and uninterrupted, upon God. He urged his disciples to lean in no degree on each other or on him. 'Live alone among 'your fellow-men,' he continually said to them in persuading them to strive for greater resemblance to the pattern Christ. He never regained his real strength after the illness at Hamburg, and the cold Danish winter undermined still further his rather feeble health. A chill caught while preaching in a damp, fireless hall resulted in gastritis, and after short sufferings he died praising God and saying 'Thy will be done for ever and 'ever.' All who were present were caught up, as it were, into his mysterious and beautiful sacrifice. Anna, in her autobiography, compares him to all the Patriarchs, and says that though men say that their community was held together by the personality of its founder, their true bond is Christ, and not that beloved pastor who had penetrated into the unseen. The plot of ground in which Labadie's body was laid to rest was regarded by the community as holy, and henceforth, for Anna, at least, Altona became the dearest spot on earth. War drove some of the Labadists back to Holland, and a Frisian family of the name of Sommersdyck, 'people of great breeding and

'inheritances,' offered the refugees their estate Wiewert, near Leeuwarden. 'In this mansion, as in a college,' the community lingered for half a century after their founder's death.

One of the last people who tells us about Anna is William Penn, who, having heard of the sanctified common life lived at this mansion-house in Friesland, went to visit there. He talked with 'an ancient maiden lady of the name of Anna Maria 'Schurmans . . . who was of great note for learning.' * She gave him an account of her former life and of her conversion. For nearly two years before she died she was unable to put foot to ground, and suffered agonies ; but in spite of this disability she had an extraordinary power of attracting converts up till the time of her death. Fräulein von Dunkelmann brought her great possessions to the community, and Frau Merian, the insect-painter, left her husband and joined the Labadists with her mother and daughters through her influence. It is to be deplored that out of modesty Anna von Schürmann burnt the greater part of her large and interesting correspondence. No doubt if it had been possible she would have recalled 'Opuscula' and all her works of art, and would have destroyed those portraits of herself by Vandyck, Douw, Janssen, and Lievens that still exist, and would have left us nothing but that 'Eukleria' which is a justification of her abandonment of all that men account valuable. The motto of the autobiography as of her converted life is that of Ignatius Loyola, 'Amor meus crucifixus est,' and it is more easy to believe her to have been a saint who gave up delightful occupations, celebrity, adulation, wealth for 'the divine folly of the 'Gospel' than to think of her as an old woman in love with an old man, for what to the Greeks was foolishness and to the Jews a stumbling-block has often seemed to the elect the true Cross of Christ.

It is strange that anyone so universal as Anna von Schürmann should have attracted no attention except amongst her contemporaries. Her works of art deserve recognition, her learning has been equalled by few if any of her sex, and her piety and unworldliness (which, as biographers, we may deplore) show her to have been as unspoilt and gentle by nature as a nun cloistered from the flatteries of men.

* Thomas Clarkson, 'Memoirs of the Private and Public Life of W. Penn,' i. 196–7.

Art. V.—THE MODERN ANGLER.

1. *Fly Fishing.* By Sir Edward Grey. London : Dent & Co., 1899.
2. *Dry-Fly Fishing.* By Frederic M. Halford. Fourth edition, revised. London : Vinton & Co., 1902.
3. *Dry-Fly Entomology.* By Frederic M. Halford. Second edition, revised. London : Vinton & Co., 1902.
4. *Making a Fishery.* By Frederic M. Halford. London : Vinton & Co., 1902.
5. *Fishing and Shooting.* By Sydney Buxton. London : John Murray, 1902.
6. *The Trout.* By the Marquess of Granby and others. London : Longmans & Co., 1898.
7. *Trout Fishing.* By W. Earl Hodgson. London : A. & C. Black, 1904.
8. *How to Fish.* By W. Earl Hodgson. London : A. & C. Black, 1907.
9. *The Book of the Dry-Fly.* By George A. B. Dewar. London : Lawrence & Bullen, 1897.
10. *The Science of Dry-Fly Fishing and Salmon Fly Casting.* By Fred G. Shaw. London : John Murray, 1907.

The pleasures of fishing, which Byron called 'a solitary vice,' have provided a subject for numberless writers. Byron himself was not a man to whom the amusement of angling would be likely to appeal. He described Izaak Walton, whom all subsequent authors had combined to praise, as 'a quaint, old, cruel 'coxcomb.' The charge of cruelty, which may be brought with more or less truth against all field-sports, is rarely urged against fishing and scarcely ever against fly-fishing. We need not pause to inquire the reason, but it is a fact that many men whose humane feelings revolt against shooting and hunting still find delight in fishing. Dignitaries of the Anglican Church, who would think it most unseemly to shoot pheasants or to join in a fox-hunt, see no harm in fishing for salmon or trout. It may be because fish are cold-blooded creatures and low in the vertebrate scale. Or perhaps, since the 'vice,' as Byron pointed out, can be practised in solitude there is less fear of shocking the feelings of others.

Fishing is almost the only field-sport that can be indulged in of a Sunday without giving offence ; and many an honest angler who never fishes except upon the Lord's Day remembers the

rule with which Dennys ended his 'Secrets of Angling': 'Pray 'to God with your heart to blesse your lawfull exercise.' * Fishing on the Sabbath has not, however, ceased to shock the old Puritan feelings of Scotland, and we have heard a story of a well-known fisherman who sat for a Scottish seat in the House of Commons. His constituents often questioned him at meetings as to his alleged habit of fishing on Sunday and always received this reply: 'By the rules of the club to which I belong 'Sunday fishing is not allowed.' But he did not think it necessary to add that on Sunday, when the club water was closed, he generally secured an invitation to fish with a neighbouring riparian owner.

Mr. Sydney Buxton, whose most entertaining book we have placed at the head of this article, thinks that when Sunday fishing is not allowed the trout soon recognise the day of rest. 'Soon as ever the church bells begin to ring on Sundays,' as an observant friend of his remarked, 'the trout begin to rise.' 'But,' he added, 'one time I dodged them. It was a Good 'Friday, but they thought it was Sunday, and when they began 'to rise I was there.'

We may add that round London, where most anglers, having fished on the day of rest, return to their work at the beginning of the week, the same superstition exists in regard to Monday.

Trout fishing, which demands the greatest manual skill though not perhaps the greatest knowledge of the ways and habits of fish, stands easily first before every other form of 'fly-'fishing.' Indeed we may be allowed to doubt whether salmon fishing, however delightful and exciting, deserves to be included under that name. The rod and line of a skilful trout fisherman become, as it were, a part of himself and a prolongation of his arm, with which he can place his fly within an inch of the desired spot. The lure is a copy of the natural food of the fish, and in dry-fly fishing at all events imitates an insect, though it may not be strictly classed in the order known to entomologists as *Diptera* or flies. The pleasures to be derived from the exercise of this art, when it has been painfully acquired; the excitement of deluding a shy trout into taking the fly; the delight of slipping the landing net under a big fish, and the joy excited by all the surroundings among which one fishes cannot be imparted to those who have not felt them. Like the old keeper, if we may be pardoned for expressing such pagan sentiments, when we endeavour to form the idea of Paradise we always suppose a trout stream going through it.

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* J. Dennys, 'The Secrets of Angling,' 1613.

The fascinations of fly-fishing, moreover, seem to have been felt by distinguished men of the most varied temperaments. We need but mention the names of Nelson, Paley, Davy and Chantrey. Lord Nelson was a fisherman, as all our readers doubtless know, though, if we remember rightly, the fact is not mentioned in Southey's life of him. There is an authentic anecdote of a visit which Nelson paid to the Naval Hospital at Yarmouth when he landed in England after the battle of Copenhagen. He came to the bed of a wounded man and was informed that he had lost his right arm. 'Well, Jack,' said Nelson, 'then you and I are spoiled for fishermen. Cheer up, 'my brave fellow.' The sailor's eyes sparkled with delight and the great man passed on briskly to the next bed.*

Dr. Paley, the famous divine, found his chief amusement through life in fishing.† Though, according to all accounts, a poor angler, the picture in the National Portrait Gallery, which is attributed to Sir W. Beechey, depicts him with a rod in his hand. He was, however, wedded to his sport, and when the Bishop of Durham took him to task for delaying the completion of one of his most important works, he answered: 'My lord, 'I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over.'

Sir Humphry Davy, on the other hand, found time to fish in the intervals of his scientific labours, and was, it is said, a skilful fisherman. He is, unfortunately, the only one of the four we have mentioned who has left us anything in writing about his sport.

Of Sir Francis Chantrey's merits as a fisherman we know nothing; but when Madame Malibran, the famous singer, paid him a visit in his studio and cried out with enthusiasm, 'How 'happy you must be in the midst of this your beautiful creation!' it is reported that the famous sculptor answered 'I'd rather be 'a-fishing.'

The voluminous literature of fly-fishing has received some noteworthy additions within the last few years, for they include a work by Sir Edward Grey which must be placed among the most charming and delightful books on fishing ever published. With few exceptions modern books on trout fishing have been devoted to the 'dry-fly.' But it may be that some of our readers are already asking: And what does dry-fly fishing mean? We cannot do better than let Mr. Buxton give his description:

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* Quarterly Review, vol. xxxviii. p. 521.

† The distinguished author of 'The Evidences of Christianity' was very fond of animals and, in his younger days, devoted to cock-fighting.

'Armed with a light rod, a fine cast, a single fly carefully selected, the exact counterpart of some insect that is or might be on the water, you carefully scan the stream. A "great old trout, both subtle and fearful," is seen to be on the feed in the narrow space between two beds of weed. Up-stream you stalk him, crouching or crawling. More than a cast-length below the spot you pause, until again the ring of the rise is seen. A further cautious approach, a further kneeling wait when in position. Again the black nose appears; a fly is sucked down. The brain judges the distance to an inch and simultaneously instructs the hand and eye. A preliminary cast is made across the stream, another wave of the rod and the tiny fly alights jauntily on the water like a living thing, yet easily distinguished from the natural insect as the two move side by side. It floats lightly over the desired spot where lies the fish. Half turning lazily on his side, lazily he opens his great white mouth and sucks in the fly, scarce dimpling the surface of the water the while. A half turn of the wrist and he is fast. The reel makes merry music while rapidly runs the line. Soon is the first rush over; cautiously the line is recovered, the fish appears to yield; another rush, again he yields; then, turning sharply, headlong he bolts down stream, for one anxious moment slackening the line. Another rush, a leap into the air, the strain is increased; he turns slightly on his side, but, quickly recovering himself, shakes his jaws; again he rolls, and again, at each roll showing more of his silvery side, and now like a log he lies motionless. The right hand has grasped the landing-net, the left holds the rod with shortened line; the net sinks in the water, and, yielding to the gentle pressure, nearer he rolls; then, with a cautious, almost imperceptible movement, it is under him, and he lies gasping for breath upon the bank.'

But there may be another side to the picture, when fish after fish dashes madly away with undulating wave; when we crack off fly after fly in trying to cast a long line over fish rising in impossible places; when no hatch of fly appears and the trout lie like stones upon the bottom or among the weeds. On one point we cannot agree with Mr. Buxton, who writes rather disdainfully of the man who merely fishes for what he can catch. We must confess that we wish to fill our basket; that when we sit down to rest we turn out the contents and gloat over the size and beauty of the fish; that a heavy creel and a strap that cuts into the shoulder makes us light-hearted; and that last of all we enjoy showing our bag when we get home to those who, as we set out in the morning, predicted we should have little sport.

There are, doubtless, many among our readers who have never had a rod in their hands or seen a trout caught, but who have heard of 'dry-fly fishing.' Some have perhaps only the vaguest notion what the expression means. There are, on the other hand, others who are skilful anglers but whose flies

have been only cast in northern streams and highland lochs. They know about dry-fly fishing by repute only as a wonderful art practised in the south. Some may affect to despise it, but others frankly confess (as Mr. Thackeray did when he wrote about the Whigs) that they are not dry-fly fishermen, but oh! how they would like to belong to that select body. It is for such as these rather than for experts in the highest branch of angling that the following pages are intended. We shall endeavour to describe the mysteries of the dry-fly and possibly remove some misconceptions as to the novelty and the efficacy of the method.

Now, reduced to the simplest terms, dry-fly fishing means presenting a floating fly to the trout as opposed to a wet or a sunk-fly. As a rule, though this is not absolutely essential, the dry-fly fisherman will cast upstream. To float a fly down to a fish is a very difficult and exceptional manœuvre. The wet-fly fisherman may fish indifferently upstream, allowing his fly to drift down towards him, or downstream, pulling his fly back against the current. Moreover the dry-fly angler generally tries for a specific fish which is already feeding or which he can see in the clear water of a chalk-stream, and judges by its expectant demeanour to be ready to feed. There is, however, no reason, though the purist considers such a thing most obnoxious, why the dry-fly man should not float his fly over likely bits of the stream on the chance of tempting an unseen trout to take it. And the wet-fly man must be simple if he has not discovered that to cast into the rings left by a rising trout often results in hooking a fish. It would seem then on a little reflexion that the difference between what are frequently believed to be two opposing schools is less than is commonly supposed. Even if we go back to what is thought to be a fundamental distinction, that in one case the fly floats on the surface and that in the other it is sunk under water, it is hard to draw the line between dry and wet. A new fly always floats for a time whether it be cast by a professor of the dry or the wet-fly style. So, too, an old fly gets sodden and water-logged and refuses to float. Yet trout may be caught by the one or the other, and who shall say whether the fly is 'dry' or 'wet'? Perhaps it will be safest for the angler to answer, as the young wife replied to the inspector who asked whether the gas meter were a wet or a dry meter, 'I think it is rather 'damp.' Is it then a fact that the so-called discovery of the dry-fly is worthless and the much vaunted efficacy of the method a delusion? By no means; but a great deal more depends on the skill of the fisherman in fishing *upstream* than upon the

floating properties of the fly; and quite as much upon selecting particular feeding fish, and cautiously trying for them, which practice in chalkstream fishing encourages. Trout in running water, as most persons probably know, invariably lie with their heads to the current. The angler who fishes upstream has the enormous advantage of approaching from behind and is therefore unseen. His fly, whether it floats or sinks, comes downstream towards the fish as the natural food does, instead of being jerked against the current as no fly would move. And lastly, when his fly has passed once unnoticed over the trout without scaring it, the fisherman can pick his line up unperceived and try another cast, which is rarely possible in fishing downstream towards a shy trout.

We believe, then, that a really skilful wet-fly fisherman who fishes upstream with a long line will find very little difficulty in acquiring the art of fishing with a dry-fly as it is practised on the Test and the Itchen. But he will find, if his experience has been gained on the rocky streams of the north or the peaty burns of Scotland, that he has much to learn about the habits, food, and behaviour of the trout in South of England chalk streams. A chalk stream differs from other waters usually inhabited by trout in several respects. The flow of the current is gentle, the surface smooth and glassy, the water of crystal clearness. The even height is maintained by springs and is undisturbed by drought or rain. Aquatic weeds flourish in great profusion, and the trout are big, fastidious, cunning, well-fed and in most cases much fished for. The chalkstream fisherman reckons his bag by the brace; the northern angler counts fish by the dozen or the pound.

It is under such conditions that the so-called 'dry-fly' has supplanted the older method of fishing the water at random with sunk-flies. But the real discovery, as we have all through endeavoured to point out, was not the use of a floating fly but the huge advantage obtained by casting upstream. Colonel Hawker, the famous sportsman of Longparish, used to fish the Test from the back of a pony. Of course he fished downstream with a long line, and there are plenty of dull, rough days when a fair bag may still be got by that method. But for one trout fit to kill, a dozen undersized fish will be caught and many more touched, pricked, and lost. It is for this reason, and not because too many fish are caught, that some clubs and even owners of well-preserved bits of chalk-stream make rules directing the use of 'dry-fly only.' In fact what is objectionable, though they do not say so, is downstream fishing and not fishing with a wet-fly; and as long as a man directed his efforts when

fishing downstream to one particular killable trout we do not suppose his conduct would be seriously resented. To fish at random with a sunk-fly downstream is rather like firing into the middle of a covey of partridges instead of picking your bird. And so it would seem that some heat might have been avoided and some cries of 'poacher!' silenced if every critic explained that by wet-fly he meant downstream fishing.

It is somewhat strange that fishing with a floating fly did not become more general many years earlier than it did; for no one can be upon the banks of a chalk-stream without noticing a hatch of duns, as the sub-imago forms of the *Ephemeridæ* are called. A great hatch of mayflies is one of the most extraordinary scenes in nature. Even the little olive and iron blue duns are conspicuous, sitting erect upon the glassy surface of the stream, their wings closed above their backs and their tails cocked in the air. Nor can any observer of the habits of fish fail to notice the movement among the trout when the hatch of fly is on. Every fish takes up his position to suck down the living morsels as they pass over his head. No doubt the vast bulk of the trout's food is found beneath the surface and among the weeds. Floating flies, as some one said, are only caviar; the sunk food is beef and mutton. But a trout feeding at the surface cannot fail to attract attention, and it is, therefore, not surprising that the first mention of fly-fishing in literature, and, apparently, also the first artificial fly should have been suggested by this spectacle. Claudius Ælianus, who taught rhetoric at Rome in the third century A.D., describes the *ephemeræ* (which apparently are mayflies) and gives an account of the catching of fish (believed to be trout) that are taken by anglers with a rod and line in the river Astræus. It is clear from his description that floating flies led to the invention of the artificial.

'When a fish observes one of these flies floating on the surface, he advances quietly swimming underneath as he fears to disturb the upper water lest his quarry be scared away, draws nearer into its shadow, and then, opening his mouth, sucks down the fly, as a wolf snatches a sheep from the flock or an eagle a goose from the yard, and then sinks under the ripple.'

According to the classic author, fishermen cannot handle these flies because of the delicacy of their wings. So they wrap crimson wool round the hook, attach two cock hackles, and with some wax make up the semblance of a fly. Six feet of line is attached to the rod, and the fly is cast to the fish. They gulp it down; 'and bitter does their feasting turn out.' *

* De Natura Animalium.

We must pass on somewhat hastily to Hampshire, where dry-fly fishing is now universal. Indeed, it has been proved by experience to be the most effective method of deluding the large shy trout of all limpid, gentle-flowing streams when fish are taking the floating insects. That there are exceptional cases we shall presently show.

A great deal of useful knowledge may no doubt be acquired by reading fishing books. Mr. Halford's works are all learned and instructive. Mr. Dewar's 'Book of the Dry-fly' is pleasantly written. For those who wish to discover how severely practical a fishing book can be, Mr. Shaw's dry and didactic volume should be consulted. For entertainment the older writers are unsurpassed. We have a very amusing picture of mid-Victorian angling methods in Kingsley's 'Chalk-stream Studies.' The description of the chalk-stream on a June day is charming; the habits of the fat trout and the natural history of the various insects on which they feed are, with some important exceptions, accurately observed. Kingsley was fully imbued with the essential importance of casting upstream. He constantly dwells on the advantage which an angler on a clear stream thereby obtains. The first thing is to remain out of sight. 'The next mistake natural 'enough to the laziness of fallen man is that of fishing down-'stream, not up.' It is when we come to the flies and the method of presenting them to the trout's notice that we find the divergence from modern dry-fly practice.

A brace of noble fish are 'spotted' in the swirling clear water beneath a hatch-hole. The tiro who is receiving instruction is adjured to 'take off that absurd black chimney-pot' and crawl up to the fish.

'One of them you may be sure of, if you will go the proper way to work and fish scientifically with the brace of flies I have put on for you—a governor and a black alder. In the first place you must throw up into the little pool, not down.'

The fish will take fright soon enough if you do not do so. The advice about stooping and crawling is frequently repeated. Kingsley knew well how tiresome and ignominious the beginner finds it. 'If you wish to catch large trout on a bright day, I 'should advise you to employ the only method yet discovered.' The next advice is to fish with a short line; you cannot fish with too short a line upstream.

'Make your fly strike the brickwork and drop in.' 'Then don't work or draw it, or your deceit is discovered instantly.' 'There! you have him. Don't rise! Fight him kneeling; hold him hard, give

him no line, but shorten up anyhow. Tear and haul him down to you before he can make to home, while the keeper runs round with the net. . . . There, he is on shore. Two pounds, good weight.'

It is plain from this description that the hooks must have been large and the gut stout. Indeed, Kingsley speaks of 'our large 'chalk-stream flies,' and asks 'why are the flies with which we 'have been fishing this morning so large—of the size which is 'usually employed on a Scotch lake?' On the north country clear streams anglers were already using the smallest gnats, but he argues that 'a large fish does not care to move except for a good mouthful,' and propounds the theory, 'the bigger the 'bait, the bigger the fish.' He admits, however, that on some chalk-streams 'midges' were needed, and that on the Itchen at Winchester hardly any flies but small ones were used after the green drake was off. But the Winchester fishers confessed that they lost three good fish out of four on their very small flies.

The artificial flies to which Kingsley pinned his faith were four in number, but all copies of live insects: the caperer or caddis fly; the March brown; the governor; the black alder; and various large palmers or hairy caterpillars. Nowadays over nine-tenths of the chalk-stream trout fall victims to flies which are more or less perfect copies of the little duns or sub-imagos of the *Ephemeridæ* which float over them as naturally as the real insect does. The governor, alder, and palmer are not insects which are found upon the water unless they have been blown by the wind or fallen from the bank. It is strange that an observant man like Kingsley should not have discovered that the vast bulk of the floating insects at which chalk-stream trout rise are duns. Yet he pronounces the duns to be 'uncertain flies,' and asks 'did you ever see any large fish rise at these *ephemeræ*? And 'even if you did, can you imitate the natural fly?'

The mayfly or green drake does not come on until five o'clock, and in the meantime the anglers rest and comfort themselves with sherry, biscuits, and cigars. So far there has been no mention of the dry-fly or of fishing for rising fish. But when the trout are glutting themselves with mayflies he advises throwing wherever you see a fish rise. 'Do not work your flies 'in the least, but let them float down over the fish or sink if they will; he is more likely to take them under water than on the top.' So much, then, for the dry-fly in the mid-Victorian era. Kingsley, at all events, had not discovered its efficacy.

Anglers seem to have practised fly-fishing for trout for some two hundred years before discovering the advantage of casting

upstream. Charles Cotton published his 'Instructions how to 'Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream,' in 1676; and though there is little to be learnt from it, the curious fly fisherman will be rewarded by a careful study of this immortal classic.* Cotton, of course, was writing of downstream fishing when he recommended a very long line as a mighty advantage. 'To 'fish *fine and far off* is the first and principal rule for trout angling.' This often-quoted phrase contains good advice for those who search the water with a sunk-fly fished downstream; but for the dry-fly fisherman and all who have acquired the art of throwing upstream, the best advice would be *fine and close behind your fish.* It is surprising how near one can approach a trout from behind and with what courage one may cast over him by keeping out of the limited range of his vision.

As Mr. Buxton points out, Mr. W. C. Stewart in the middle of the nineteenth century was the pioneer of upstream fishing. In his 'Practical Angler' (1867), a book which has never received the praise it deserves, he argued at great length the now self-evident advantages of fishing upstream where the pace of the current admits. But for a long while after that the literature of fly-fishing only contained incidental references to dry-fly fishing. Then in 1889 appeared Mr. Halford's 'Dry-fly Fishing,' a book which for learning and practical advice left little to be said. Mr. Dewar's 'Book of the Dry-fly' was published in 1897, and these were the first two authoritative works on the subject.

The exact date when the dry-fly was discovered is uncertain; but there is no doubt that it is very much older than is commonly believed. We are inclined to think that it first came into general use on the Itchen, where the trout are more cautious and the water is clearer than on most other chalk-streams. Like many other discoveries, its evolution was gradual, and its spread was slow, until it became recognised as the most effective method of capturing the biggest and shyest monsters of the chalk-stream. Perhaps the first stage was to cast where a trout had been seen to rise. In the 'Angler's Desideratum,' by Captain Clarke, which was published in 1839, we find instructions for fly-fishing in a calm or in sunshine.

'This mode of fishing is by dropping the fly in the centre of the circle a trout describes on sucking down a fly. . . . Keep a sharp look-out for a circle to enable you to drop your fly with quickness and precision in the centre. . . . The largest trout are taken this way.'

* This formed Part II. of the fifth edition of 'The Compleat Angler,' the last that was published in Izaak Walton's lifetime.

Here we have the rudiments of what is now called ' fishing the ' rise ' as opposed to fishing the water at random. The next stage, perhaps, was the practice of throwing upstream, which has such enormous advantages with shy trout, that it seems incredible that it should not have been general long before Mr. Stewart enlarged upon its merits. When fishermen had come to casting upstream and to directing their efforts to rising fish, it was but a step to let the flies float down over the trout. There, then, is the fully developed dry-fly system.

Some little while ago an article in ' The Field ' on the origin of the dry-fly evoked some very interesting letters from old Wykehamists, who remembered the Itchen half a century ago. We have the evidence of one, whose memory went back to the years 1844 to 1848, that the systematic use of the dry-fly, as we know it, was unknown at that time on the Winchester College water. The boys had only a short time for fishing, but they used to look for a rise and made a point of putting their fly, while it was still dry, over the trout. After a few casts it got soaked, and they went on fishing in the usual way. On changing flies they gave the new fly a similar chance by floating it over a rise. Occasionally a man would change flies merely to get a dry one.* The extraordinary thing is that, having got so far, no one discovered that by whisking the fly briskly through the air it was possible to keep it dry and make it float.

About this time (1851) there appeared the ' Vade Mecum of ' Fly-fishing for Trout.' The author's name was Pulman, and he gives the most precise instructions for the use of a dry-fly.

' When trout lie near the surface waiting for flies, a wet one sinks beneath their line of vision ; so let a dry one be substituted for the wet one, the line switched a few times through the air to throw off its superabundant moisture, a judicious cast made just above the rising fish, and the fly allowed to float towards and over them, and the chances are ten to one that it will be seized as readily as a living insect. This dry-fly, we must remark, should be an imitation of the natural fly on which the fish are feeding.'

We come back to the Itchen in the sixties, by which time, if we are to believe old Wykehamists, no one thought of employing any other method than dry-fly. Flies were got from Hammond in those days, and they were tied to float with upright wings. Mr. Francis, the well-known author of ' A Book on Angling,' writing a little after this, recommends Ogden's floating may-flies, and a floating fly sold by Hammond of Winchester. In the third edition of his work, published in 1872, he recommends,

* ' The Field,' March 3, March 24, April 7, 1907.

when a fish has risen and missed, that the angler should ' try a ' dry-fly over him.' The fly should be cast about a yard above the fish, and caution must be used to avoid the drag. Mr. Francis had discovered that the dry-fly does wonders, ' no ' weather and no water being proof against it.' At the same time he was far removed from the pedantry of the modern dry-fly purist who would rather catch nothing than use a sunk-fly. For our own part we cannot too strongly approve of the sentiments which Mr. Francis gives vent to in the following passage. ' The judicious and perfect application of dry, wet, and mid- ' water fly fishing stamps the finished fly-fisher with the hall- ' mark of efficiency.'

Mr. W. Earl Hodgson up to a certain point poses as the champion of the wet-fly against the more modern school. He makes rare sport of ' the dry-fly purist,' and appears to think that the reason three sunk-flies are not used on chalk-streams is that too many fish would be caught. He gives us extremely pretty illustrations of innumerable patterns of artificial flies tied on hooks with gut, though every other rational being has discovered the vast superiority of eyed hooks. He thinks that every fly, in the most richly stocked fly-book, has its day or days, its hour or hours ; and to these times alone is it opportune.

Now it is apparent from many things in Mr. Hodgson's books that he has fished more on northern rivers and lochs than on south country chalk-streams. He labours under the disadvantage of being so little acquainted with entomology that he is led into making the most ridiculous statements. More knowledge of natural science would have saved him from getting out of his depth when he discusses the effects of temperature and light on fishing. We must confess frankly that we cannot follow him when he plunges into theology and metaphysics which seem but remotely connected with trout fishing. But what after all does Mr. Hodgson's championship of the wet-fly come to ? It has excited criticism, and in a note to the second edition of his ' Trout Fishing ' he explains himself. It seems that the critics all thought that he was advocating down-stream fishing in what is sometimes called the ' Scotch style.'

' All the three writers who have been quoted seem to assume that by wet-fly fishing I mean casting to the other side of the water and allowing the flies to be borne down stream and across. In rapid waters a good many trout, most of them very small, may sometimes be caught on flies thus used ; but in relation to trout of mature instinct the method is against the suggestions of Nature. As Mr. W. C. Stewart wrote many years ago, a fly that could swim across a heavy current, instead of being carried straight down the

rapids, must seem to be a monster gifted with the strength of an elephant, not an insect to be lightly tampered with even by the rashest trout. In examining the dry-fly doctrine I did not think it needful to mention that such a mode of fishing as the "Practical Angler" ridiculed was not the basis of the alternative doctrine which I had in mind. Between dry-fly and wet-fly fishing there is no such wide difference as that which is assumed by the reviewers whom I have cited. Indeed, in going to fish on an ordinary water, I should, in as far as my knowledge and agility enabled me, act precisely as a dry-fly angler would. I should move upstream, keeping behind the trout, and as much as possible out of their range of sight; if the dry-fly man and I were agreed as to seasonable insects, I should use lures exactly the same in patterns and in textures as his own; I should cast over rising fish, and over any place in which one might be on the watch; and certainly I should not allow the lures to dip so far that I could not see a rise at one of them. What then is the difference between the dry-fly man and me?'

So it appears, as we have pointed out throughout, that the real difference is between upstream and downstream, and not between wet- and dry-fly. And when writers like Mr. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy seriously tell us 'that wet-fly fishing on a dry-fly stream is often forbidden, and always regarded as somewhat akin to poaching,' it is obvious that he means raking the water with sunk-flies worked against the stream. So, also, when Mr. Buxton discusses the pleasures of wet-fly and dry-fly, and declares that he would rather catch one fish on a dry-fly than a dozen on a wet-fly; or that he would rather try for a rising fish, even if he does not catch him, than catch a fish whose presence is first announced by a tug at the fly, it is plain that he is comparing up- and downstream casting, and not floating and sunken flies.

Let us then assume that every angler who is skilled enough, who places size of fish killed above numbers, and who is fishing in water not too rough and rapid, will throw upstream like Mr. Hodgson. What are the respective merits of wet- and dry-fly in such a case? It will depend a great deal upon the weather and upon what the trout are doing.

The first concern of every fisherman is the weather. The first matter that occupies his attention by the riverside is the force and direction of the wind. The next question that he asks himself is: 'What are the fish doing?' Now trout on an ordinary chalk-stream may lie like stones at the bottom, or, if they are stirring, they may be doing a variety of things. They may be 'rising,' 'bulging,' 'tailing,' 'smutting,' 'min-'nowing,' or, as an old Irish poaching fisherman who recognised no close-time said, they may be 'spawning.' When they are 'rising,' which means taking (from the surface of the water) floating insects, for the most part *Ephemeridæ*, the dry-fly

angler has his chance. This generally comes at same time during the day, frequently in the forenoon or between twelve and two ; sometimes not until the disk of the setting sun touches the horizon. It may be a very short opportunity, but the dry-fly purist, of whom we read in the books, is content to remain idle and observant until the moment arrives. Trout are said to be ' bulging ' when they are taking the hatching insects under water as they cast off the shucks, or pupal envelopes, and rise to the surface. Then the wet-fly fisherman has his chance, casting of course upstream to the feeding fish, and if he succeeds he may be proud, for there is, to our mind, no more difficult fishing. When trout are ' tailing,' they break the surface with their caudal fin as they grub with their noses for water-shrimps and similar food. Here again the skilful fisher with a sunk-fly may be congratulated if he can catch them. The beginner is often deluded into wasting his time and offering the ' tailing ' fish a floating fly at the wrong end of its body. ' Smutting ' fish are taking little black, almost invisible dipterous insects from the surface, and the dry-fly again comes in. Trout chasing minnows often make a great commotion on the gravelly shallows. Sometimes they will come open-mouthed like sharks at any big sunken fly dragged across their line of vision, and when caught vomit the undigested minnows. But is this fly-fishing ? We very much doubt whether the trout did not take the lure for a minnow.

There is one great distinction between dry-fly fishing and wet-fly fishing in the old style downstream. In the former case there can be no doubt that the trout takes our artificial fly for one of the natural insects which we can see him feeding on. It does not follow that we need offer the same species as he happens then to be rising at. A change may be welcome, and a fish which has been taking duns will sometimes rise voraciously at some chance or fancy fly. But when a feeding fish fails to rise at our fly and goes on feeding, undoubtedly we must discover what he is taking and suit his taste. In ordinary wet-fly fishing we are, as it were, in the dark, for we see neither the trout nor what they are feeding on. We try one pattern after another until we find what best suits the fish. It may well be that our large sunk ' flies ' are taken for crustaceans or the larvæ of water insects.

The small flies dressed on eyed hooks which are used by modern dry-fly anglers are the most perfect imitations of the natural insects that can be seen. The tendency among dry-fly fishermen has always been to imitate as closely as possible the fly on the water which they see the fish taking, whilst some of the old school have been content with certain standard patterns, which

sometimes resemble no living insect, but which experience proves generally catch fish. There is among dry-fly fishermen, as we are credibly informed, an extreme school who are believers in what is called the exact shade theory. The *Ephemeridæ* for some unexplained reason vary somewhat in colour when they emerge from the pupal state; the same species of insect apparently assumes a lighter or a darker shade. There are days when we have a hatch of dark olive duns, and days when light olive duns appear. Those who support the theory above referred to believe that the greatest success among the trout will be secured by him who can most exactly match the shade of the fly on the water. With this object they carry magnifying glasses to examine the natural insect, and a paint-box to colour the artificial fly.

At the other extreme are those who believe that fish are colour-blind. Sir Herbert Maxwell, who doubted the capacity of fish to distinguish difference in the colour of objects presented to their view, tried the effect of scarlet and blue mayflies on the Gade and the Beane in Hertfordshire.* With these he caught trout, and no doubt, as he said, could have caught more. But the experiment is hardly conclusive. Two days in the mayfly season are not enough to establish even partial colour-blindness; and Mr. Buxton, who happened to fish one of the same bits of water on the following day, declares that the fish were for the time being simply silly, and had lost all discrimination. There are many reasons for thinking that size and shape in a floating fly which passes over the trout's head must be more important than colour. Whether fish are colour-blind has not yet been satisfactorily determined. They certainly seem to be deaf. Though they possess olfactory pits, which look like nostrils, but do not communicate with the pharynx, it is doubtful whether they have a sense of smell. Their sight is keen, and this the angler has to reckon with; for these reasons we cannot help believing that the fisherman will increase his chance of deluding the trout by imitating as nearly as possible the natural insect. We do not know what the natural insect looks like to the trout: so all we can do is to make a good copy from our point of view. This does not involve carrying a paint box or numberless patterns of different shades.

It is evident that a fly which is to be used floating high and dry on the water must be more skilfully tied if it is to deceive the trout than one which is fished wet and sodden, or dragged sharply before the fish's nose. On chalk-streams a trout will often come up and inspect a floating fly, follow it some yards

* See 'The Field,' June 19, 1897.

downstream, and after a critical examination make up his mind to open his mouth or return to his place and wait for something more tempting to pass over. These are the supremely exciting moments of dry-fly fishing, when the angler, crouching behind the sedges, trembles in every limb and feels his heart beat against his ribs as he waits, expectant and ready to strike. Enormous progress has been made in the beautiful art of tying trout flies, as may be seen by comparing the plates in Ronald's 'Fly-fisher's Entomology' with those in Mr. Halford's book.* It is probable also that Will Wimble 'who makes a mayfly to a 'miracle and furnishes the whole country with angle rods,' would be vastly astonished with the modern products of the fishing-tackle industry.† It is satisfactory to know that in this we have nothing to fear from foreign competition. We cannot refrain from transcribing a passage from Mr. Shaw's book on this point. 'It is a pleasure to draw the attention of my readers 'to the fact that, with one exception, the articles I mention are 'English-made, and to think that in my favourite sport we are almost entirely independent of foreign manufactured goods.' This is, indeed, good news for anglers; and the pleasures of fishing will be enormously increased for fishermen who are also Tariff Reformers.

This brings us to the important question of the number and variety of the patterns with which the modern chalk-stream angler must provide himself. It is a matter that has led to endless discussions. Izaak Walton mentioned twelve 'kinds 'of artificial flies to angle with upon the top of the water.' Charles Cotton began adding to the list, and every subsequent authority did likewise, until by the middle of last century the unfortunate angler did not think his outfit complete unless he had about a hundred different patterns. 'Ephemera' in 1847 described ninety-two varieties of artificial flies as essential. This was of course in the days of downstream wet-fly fishing, when three, four, or even more flies were used on the same cast. Mr. W. Earl Hodgson, representing the old school, gives us coloured plates of patterns too numerous to count. But among dry-fly fishermen the tendency has been to reduce the varieties. Mr. Halford, though he gives a hundred patterns, does not for a moment pretend that anyone need squander his fortune in laying in such a stock. He probably would not consider more than a dozen absolutely essential. Mr. Dewar thinks eleven, including mayfly and spent-gnat, enough. Lord Granby gives

* The first edition of Ronald's book appeared in 1836 and the tenth in 1901.

† 'The Spectator,' No. 108.

a list of twelve flies, excluding the mayfly. Sir Edward Grey puts his faith on four patterns for ordinary days on a chalk-stream, namely, the olive quill, the iron blue, the red quill, and the black spider. To these he would add the mayfly and the sedge fly in their season. Mr. Buxton adds a few patterns to this, including, for Hertfordshire streams, the alder. He truly says that, in the experience of most dry-fly fishermen, the necessary variations are small, that day after day but one pattern has been used, and during the whole season not more than half a dozen different flies have been tried.

We are, however, convinced that dexterity in casting is of vastly greater importance than correctness in choosing the artificial fly. Accuracy in delivering the first cast, as Mr. Halford says with truth, is more important in the case of a shy trout than anything else. Always remember, says Mr. Buxton, that your artificial fly is competing with the real article. Mr. Shaw is convinced that the greatest success will attend the man who can with certainty cast the lightest and most accurate fly.

To this we are tempted to add a few more maxims for dry-fly fishermen. Firstly, never be in a hurry, and do not cast too often. It is much better to wait an opportunity, when the trout is likely to take your fly, than to make repeated casts when his attention is distracted by the natural flies. Secondly, keep yourself and your rod out of sight, which is not very difficult if you approach your trout from behind, and do not think it undignified to stoop and take covert behind the sedges. Thirdly, fish with as short a line as you find convenient, and never use smaller hooks or finer gut casts than are absolutely necessary. Sometimes one can stalk a fish so successfully that it becomes difficult to cast so short a line accurately; it is much better to scare a few fish than to use such fine gut that you get broken as soon as your fly is taken. Fourthly, do not out of laziness go on fishing with a sodden old fly, nor with a pattern which is evidently unattractive to the trout, and do not refrain from testing your cast with a good pull, for fear lest you should discover it to be rotten. Fifthly, when you have made a bad cast let the fly float well past or below the trout before you pick your line off the water and try again. There is an old maxim that he who keeps his fly longest in the water will catch most trout. This may be true of the wet-fly in a rapid stream or on a loch; but it does not apply to dry-fly fishing where luck is reduced to a minimum and skill brings the greatest reward. Lastly, it is a great thing not to waste time over small trout because they happen to be rising in an easy place. The first thing to determine before trying for a fish is whether he is worth catching. At the end of the day a brace of

good big trout killed will give a much greater feeling of satisfaction than any number of small ones caught and put back into the river.

In fishing, when dusk is coming on, and the excitement of a mad evening rise makes us distracted, or the desire of securing another trout before the day ends induces us to hurry, it not unfrequently chances that we crack off the fly and go on casting without discovering it. It then happens that our angling companion a little way off is getting one fish after another whilst we are in despair at our want of success. It is, indeed, a repetition of what regularly happened in the days of the Georges, when the fish in Virginia Water showed a wonderful preference for the royal hooks. The mystery was explained when it became known that the hooks of all the rest of the courtly party were unbaited. We cannot too strongly impress on the beginner that it is absolutely useless to go on fishing when the fly is cracked off. An old writer recommends, when it gets too dark to see, that we should quickly draw the line through our fingers at frequent intervals. Unless the fisherman wears gloves he will immediately make sure of the presence or absence of the hook.

We ought perhaps to say something on landing and losing fish. A Fellow of the Royal Society has left the following among some maxims which he composed for anglers.

'XXXV.—Lastly, when you have got hold of a good fish which is not very tractable, if you are married, gentle reader, think of your wife, who, like the fish, is united to you by very tender ties, which can only end with her death or her going into weeds. If you are single, the loss of the fish, when you thought the prize your own, may remind you of some more serious disappointment.'*

The reader who is not a fisherman will probably think there is some exaggeration here. But the pang of losing a really big trout, perhaps the only fish hooked after toiling all day, perhaps the prize of a lifetime, is so great that hardly any words can describe it. There is a sensation of despair, when we perceive we have lost touch with our fish and the fly comes back, that makes us feel us though we must burst into tears. We feel that some evil demon is mocking us, and that everything in this world after all is vanity. Sir Edward Grey has an excellent passage on playing and landing trout:

'The chief point is to keep below the fish and fight always with the stream on your side. After the first few moments you should be able with skill and care first to guide and then control any trout up to three pounds weight if you work steadily downstream with it. There is no need for hurry, for time is then on the angler's

* Richard Penn, F.R.S., 'Maxims and Hints for Anglers,' 1839

side, but there comes a point at which the landing-net should be got ready for possible chances. A moment of apparent exhaustion generally seizes a trout before it is really exhausted, and if this happens when the fish is within reach it is well to take the opportunity of landing it. On the other hand, at the actual moment of getting the net off the strap the angler may be taken at a disadvantage, and he should not expose himself to this risk till he is pretty sure that the trout is no longer capable of anything very sudden or violent. With a very large fish, the thought of losing which is really dreadful, I always have a secret fear of getting the net ready too soon, lest the act should be noticed by some unseen influence and treated as a sign of that pride which deserves a fall. No attempt should be made to net a good fish till it has turned on its side and ceased to struggle or splash, and till the net is right under it.'

It is a strange thing that not one keeper in a hundred can be trusted with a landing net, except at the cost of most fearful emotions to the fisherman. The larger the trout the more rash and reckless does the angler's attendant become. He makes wild scoops at the fighting fish ; to knock the fly from its mouth is not uncommon ; and when the fish is safe upon the bank the angler may well murmur thanks to the gods and vow that he will never again let another man use the landing net if he can possibly avoid it.

The outfit of the modern angler varies according to his taste. A stiff rod not longer than ten feet is needed for dry-fly fishing. Indeed, it can hardly be too stiff. The line should be greased to make it float, and may be heavier than the ordinary trout line. The gut cast should be tapered, and as stout as the trout will stand. There are difficulties enough without adding to them by using a finer cast than is necessary. The little paraffin bottle tied to the button-hole has now become the badge of the dry-fly fraternity. To the dry-fly purist a trout killed upon a paraffined fly dies in all the odour of sanctity. Mr. Hodgson would naturally gibe at paraffin. Mr. Halford, who was one of the first to spread the discovery, swears by it. Mr. Buxton has little to say. Lord Granby calls the oiling ' a ceremony ' which has to be observed. Sir Edward Grey, we have always been pleased to think, sets his face against the paraffin bottle. His innate conservatism has prevented him from taking to it. He does not think trout mind the oil, but he does not believe that he would land more trout by using it. ' Well-made dry-flies used ' to float very well before paraffin was adopted ; they do so still ; ' and I resent the intrusion of the odious little bottle and oil amongst my fishing tackle.' On the other hand, any grease which makes the line float is a real blessing. There is a belief, fostered no doubt by the vendors of this preparation in expensive pots, that nothing is more effective than fat from the kidneys

of red-deer. Mutton-fat is just as good, and nothing is more convenient than a tube of lanoline, used in nurseries as an emollient for the chapped faces of infants.

There have always been anglers who delight in carrying about new tackle and useless paraphernalia of endless variety. To these some of the articles recommended by Mr. Shaw may be welcome : field-glasses to discover what fly the trout is feeding on ; ' the fly fisherman's fly-catching net,' costing 30*s.*, and folding up to go in the creel, used for securing, examining, and matching the fly on the water ; a portable electric light for evening fishing, ' can be suspended round the neck, lies flat on the breast, and, ' when turned on by means of a switch, sheds a bright and constant beam of light full on the hands, etc.' ; a watchmaker's eye-glass for scrutinising the gut and deciding whether it is sound ; a file for sharpening hooks! There will always be anglers who like to carry the special patented ' fisherman's knife,' with a dozen different tools, and others who unpick knots with their nails, disengage the fly with their finger and thumb, bite off ends of gut with their teeth, and kill a fish by tapping its head against the toe of their boot. It is, after all, a matter of taste, as to which each one must please himself. We are quite certain that the man with most tackle does not always catch most fish. Neither does the man who can throw the longest and straightest line, whose action is graceful and pleasing, always prove most successful. Some men are fine fishermen and others are fish-catchers. The truth is that angling is both an art and a science ; skill and knowledge both help, and the fisherman may possess them in various proportions. The fish-catcher uses his experience and has an instinctive insight into the trout's mind which enables him to delude the fish. It is one of the charms of fishing that almost each day by the river we learn something new. There is no limit either to the possible improvement in our skill. In dry-fly fishing, where the angler is bent on capturing a particular trout under peculiarly difficult conditions, the element of sport is present in its noblest form. The man matches his art or skill against the natural cunning of a timid fish. The poets disagree about angling. Byron, as we pointed out at the beginning of this article, denounced it as a ' solitary vice.' Wordsworth called it ' the blameless sport.' For our own part we do not believe that there can be a greater pleasure than to find oneself on a May morning in the sweet water-meadows through which a gentle chalk-stream flows ; to feel that the whole day is yet before one ; to kneel, rod in hand, and unperceived, behind a rising trout.

> ' And lightly on the dimpling eddy fling
> The hypocritic fly's unruffled wing.'

Art. VI.—DANTE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE, FROM CHAUCER TO CARY.

1. *The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer.* Edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat. In 6 vols. Oxford : at the Clarendon Press, 1894.
2. *The Commedia and Canzoniere of Dante Alighieri.* With Translation, Notes, Essays, &c. By Dean Plumptre. In 2 vols. London : Wm. Isbister, 1886–7.
3. *The Vision of Dante Alighieri.* Translated by Rev. H. F. Cary. Fourth Edition. London : W. Smith, 1844.

Whether Dante ever visited England *in propria persona,* as Boccaccio and Giovanni da Serravalle, and, in our own days, Mr. Gladstone and Dean Plumptre, would have us believe, is likely to remain an open question ; but that the fame of the Italian poet reached these shores at an early date there is abundant evidence to prove.

The name of Dante occurs for the first time in English literature in the first book of Chaucer's ' House of Fame,' which was written some sixty years after Dante's death, probably in 1384. But this is not the earliest indication of Chaucer's acquaintance with Dante. It seems to be generally accepted that none of the poems of Chaucer in which references to, or quotations from, Dante occur is likely to have been written before the date of his first journey to Italy ; that is, before the year 1373. Some Chaucerian scholars hold that his acquaintance with Italian literature dates only from his second visit to Italy in 1378–9, and that any reference to Dante in poems avowedly written earlier than this period are later additions. That this was the case with the ' Invocacio ad Mariam ' in the ' Second Nun's ' Tale ' (which is, in fact, a more or less youthful poem, the ' Lyf ' of Seynt Cecile '—composed probably in 1373, and afterwards embodied in the ' Canterbury Tales ') there can hardly be a doubt. But there are several indications that Chaucer was already to some extent familiar with Italian some years before his second journey to Italy. For example, in the ' Compleynt ' to his Lady,' which is generally supposed to have been written in 1373 or 1374, and which consists of a series of metrical experiments, are inserted two fragments in *terza rima*—the earliest instance of the use of this metre in the English language. Whether Chaucer adopted it from Dante, as seems most probable, or from Petrarch (whose ' Trionfi ' are written in *terza rima*) or from Boccaccio (who used it in his ' Amorosa Visione '), it is

impossible to say, but that he took it from one of the three is certain, and it is consequently equally certain (if the date assigned to the 'Compleynt' be correct) that he must have had some knowledge of Italian literature when he returned from his first visit to Italy in 1372–3. Again, in his 'Anelida and 'Arcite,' which is assigned to about the same period as the 'Com-'pleynt to his Lady,' there are passages which appear to be reminiscent of Dante—one phrase especially, 'the poynt of 'remembrance' (l. 211), being an exact echo of a phrase of Dante, 'la puntura della rimembranza' ('Purg.' xii. 20).* On the whole, therefore, the view that Chaucer's so-called 'Italian 'period' dates from his first Italian journey, that is, from the year 1373, seems the more reasonable one, though no doubt it was not until after the second visit that he was influenced by Italian literature to any appreciable extent.

At whatever period Chaucer first became acquainted with the 'Divina Commedia,' it is evident that the acquaintance once made he soon familiarised himself with all three divisions of the poem. Dante is mentioned by name, each time in connexion with the 'Commedia,' six times in Chaucer's works, the first mention occurring, as already stated, in the 'House of Fame' (1384). The earliest undoubted imitation of Dante occurs in 'Troilus and Cressida,' which was written probably between 1380 and 1382. In later works we find passages, sometimes of considerable length, representing in all more than thirty *terzine* of the poem, translated direct from the 'Divina Commedia.' It is not unreasonable to suppose that at the time Chaucer was engaged upon these works he was in possession of a copy of the 'Commedia' of his own, acquired perhaps during his travels in Italy in 1378–9—the first copy, we may pretty safely assume, to find its way into England. In the 'House of Fame' the influence of 'the grete poete of Itaille' is plainly perceptible throughout; in fact, there can be little doubt that the poem was written while Chaucer was fresh from a reading of the 'Divina Commedia.' But it is easy to overrate the extent to which Chaucer was indebted to Dante in this poem.† Many of the alleged imitations are among the commonplaces of literature, and are just as original in Chaucer as they are in Dante.

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* Cf. also the invocation (ll. 15–20) with Par. xxiii. 56; and Par. i. 16, 36; but it is quite possible, of course, that these are mere coincidences.

† See, for instance, the article by A. Rambeau, 'Chaucer's "House of Fame" in seinem Verhältniss zu Dante's "Divina Commedia,"' in 'Englische Studien' (1880), vol. iii. pp. 209 ff.

It is consequently by no means so certain as Professor Skeat, for instance, supposes, that this poem furnishes the explanation of Lydgate's statement that Chaucer wrote 'Daunt in English.'

To Chaucer's contemporary and friend, Gower, Dante appears to have been little more than a name. He is mentioned once in the thirty thousand lines of the 'Confessio Amantis' (*c.* 1390) as 'Dante the poete'; not, however, in connexion with the 'Divina Commedia,' or any other of his works, but merely as the subject of an anecdote about flatterers, in a passage * which was omitted by Gower from the latest recension of his poem. There are besides two passages, one in the 'Confessio Amantis' † which is repeated in the 'Mirour de l'Omme,' ‡ and one in the 'Vox Clamantis,' § which may possibly be reminiscences of Dante. But this is very doubtful. Lydgate, who was Chaucer's junior by about thirty years, several times mentions Dante in his most important work, the 'Falls of Princes,' which was written probably between 1430 and 1438; and on one occasion (in the prologue to the fourth book) he refers to the 'thre 'bokes' of the 'Commedia,' which

> 'the great wonders tell
> Of hevyn above, of purgatorie and of hell.'

But though in an early account Lydgate is credited with having studied at the University of Padua, and with having read 'Dante 'the Italian,' there seems hardly a doubt that he had little, if any, knowledge of Italian, and that his acquaintance with Dante was not much more extensive than that of Gower.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century occurred an important incident in the annals of Dante literature with which two distinguished Englishmen were intimately connected. While attending the Council of Constance (1414–18), Giovanni da Serravalle, Bishop of Fermo, at the instance of his two English colleagues, Nicholas Bubwith, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Robert Hallam, Bishop of Salisbury, undertook and completed (1416–17) a Latin translation in prose of the 'Divina Commedia,' together with a Latin commentary. In this commentary Serravalle, who had himself visited England,‖ makes the inter-

* Book vii. ll. 2329–37.

† Book ii. ll. 3095–7, with which compare Inf. xiii. 64–6.

‡ Ll. 3831–4.

§ Book ii. ll. 67–8, with which compare Inf. v. 121–3.

‖ This we know on his own authority. In his comment on Inf. xx. 126 he takes occasion to mention the Straits of Gibraltar, through which he had himself passed once, he says, on his way back to Italy from England by sea :—'Prope Sibiliam, forte per centum leucas,

esting but not otherwise authenticated statement (already alluded to) that Dante came to this country and was a student at Oxford. What was no doubt a copy of this commentary was presented to the library of the University of Oxford in 1443 by Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, together with a copy of the Italian text of the 'Commedia.' A copy of Serravalle's commentary, doubtless the same, was seen and described a hundred years later at Oxford by John Leland, the antiquary, who also records that he saw a Latin translation of Dante in the Cathedral Library at Wells. As this library was founded and endowed by Bishop Bubwith it is more than probable that this was a copy of Serravalle's translation, which Bubwith had himself presented. These facts, together with Serravalle's statement as to Dante's having studied at Oxford (whether or not it was made to gratify the two English bishops, one of whom, Hallam, had been Chancellor of the University), are significant of the interest aroused by Dante among men of learning in England at that period.

But this interest was not destined to be enduring. With the decline of letters in England in the fifteenth century, during the Wars of the Roses, the name of Dante disappears from English literature for more than seventy years. The next mention of it does not occur until the year of the accession of Henry VIII., in the prologue to Barclay's 'Shyp of Folys,' which was translated from Locher's Latin version of Sebastian Brant's 'Narrenschiff.' Barclay's reference to Dante, however, was not original, it being merely a reproduction of a remark made by Locher in his Latin preface. This second-hand reference of Barclay's is characteristic of a large number of references to Dante in English literature in the sixteenth century. It was an age of translation from the Italian; and as many of the works translated contain mentions of Dante, Dante's name naturally reappears in the English versions. Among the most important of these translations, the majority of which belong to the second half of the century,* were Barker's 'Fearful Fansies of the 'Florentine Couper' (1568), from Gelli's 'Capricci del Bottaio,' in which the word 'Dantist' occurs for the first time in English literature, as well as the earliest reference to Dante's 'Convivio'; Peterson's 'Galateo of Maister John Della Casa' (1576), in which occurs the earliest specimen of the Italian text of the 'Commedia'

est mons Giubelcar, juxta quem montem mare Oceanum per angustum spatium septem leucarum fluit et vadit, et ingreditur mare mediterraneum; et ego jam transivi per illud angustum spatium, quando redibam de regno Anglie ad partes Ytalie per mare.'

* An interesting list of these is given in Dr. Mary Augusta Scott's 'Elizabethan Translations from the Italian' (1895–9).

printed in England ; Pettie's ' Civile Conversation of M. Stephen ' Guazzo ' (1581) ; T. K.'s ' Housholder's Philosophie ' (1588), from Tasso's ' Padre di Famiglia ' ; and Keper's ' Courtiers ' Academie ' (1598), from Romei's ' Discorsi Cavallereschi,' which contains the earliest specimen of English translation from the ' Canzoniere ' of Dante. In most of these translations Dante's name recurs repeatedly, with or without quotations from his works; but it is probable that the translators themselves, as a rule, had little if any independent knowledge of Dante.

How far the English poets of the sixteenth century were acquainted with Dante it is difficult to determine. What some regard as unmistakeable reminiscences of the ' Commedia ' occur in the prologues of the first and eleventh books of Gavin Douglas's translation of the ' Aeneid ' (1512–13), and in the ' Dreme ' (*c.* 1528) of Sir David Lyndsay, which, like the ' In- ' duction ' (1563) of Sackville (whom Pope classed as a poet of the school of Dante), is supposed by some critics to have been written in imitation of the ' Inferno.' On the other hand, Wyatt and Surrey, whom Puttenham, in his ' Art of English ' Poesy ' (1589), claims as disciples of Dante, almost certainly owed nothing to Dante, their models having been Petrarch and Alamanni. Whether Spenser, again, was indebted to Dante is a much debated question, which it seems impossible definitely to decide. It is certain that he nowhere mentions nor even alludes to Dante. The ' sad Florentine ' of sonnet xiii. of the ' Visions of Bellay,' whom many have taken to be Dante, is undoubtedly Petrarch. Spenser's expression is simply a translation of Du Bellay's ' triste Florentin,' and the allusion is without doubt to Petrarch's *canzone*, ' Standomi un giorno, ' solo, alla fenestra,' which Spenser translated in his ' Visions of ' Petrarch.' In the Epistle of E. K. to Gabriel Harvey, prefixed to the ' Shepheardes Calender,' in which are enumerated the writers ' whose foting this Author everywhere followeth,' we find mention of ' Mantuane, Petrarque, Boccace, Marot, Sana- ' zarus, and divers other excellent both Italian and French ' Poetes,' but not a word of Dante. In Spenser's own Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, expounding the intention of the ' Faerie ' Queene,' he states that the poets he has followed are Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, and Tasso. If Dante had been one of the authors to whom Spenser was indebted it seems hardly likely that his name would have been omitted from both of these Epistles. Spenser, who has been described as ' one of the most ' learned of English poets,' must have known of Dante ; but in spite of such emphatic assertions as those of Lowell, for instance,

who states that Spenser had 'read Dante's works closely,' and was 'familiar with the "Divina Commedia,"' it is difficult to trace an undoubted connexion between the two poets. Coincidences of thought and expression not a few are not unnaturally to be discovered in two lengthy works which have so much in common as the 'Divina Commedia' and the 'Faerie Queene.' For instance, Cary compares the eyes of Spenser's Disdain (VI. vii. 42) with those of Dante's Charon ('Inf.' iii. 109); Spenser's simile of the meeting of two billows (IV. i. 42) with the kindred simile in 'Inferno' vii. 22–3; the backward gait of Ignaro (I. viii. 31) with that of the soothsayers in 'Inferno' xx. 13–15; and Spenser's iteration of the word 'new,' 'So new this new-borne knight to battle new did rise' (I. xi. 34), with Dante's 'piante novelle Rinnovellate di novella fronda' ('Purg.' xxxiii. 143–4). That there are points of resemblance, sometimes very striking resemblance, between some of the parallel passages adduced by Cary, Lowell, and others cannot be denied, but that they are more than mere coincidences remains to be proved.

Several English writers of this century, however, unquestionably had some first-hand acquaintance with Dante, though their knowledge may not have been very extensive. Among the most famous of these is Sir Philip Sidney, who several times refers to Dante in his 'Apologie for Poetrie' (1581). In this work occurs the first undoubted mention in English literature of the name of Dante's Beatrice. At the end of the book Sidney conjures his readers

'no more to scorne the sacred misteries of Poesie; no more to laugh at the name of Poets; but to beleeve with Aristotle that they were the auncient Treasurers of the Graecians Divinity. Thus doing,' he concludes, 'your name shal florish in the Printers shoppes; thus doing you shall be of kinne to many a poetical Preface; thus doing, you shall be most fayre, most ritch, most wise, most all, you shall dwell upon Superlatives. Thus doing, your soule shal be placed with Dantes Beatrix or Virgils Anchises.'

A 'Maddame Beatrice' had been mentioned a few years earlier (1577) in a poem by Gabriel Harvey, but the identification of this lady with the Beatrice of Dante, as in the case of the 'Bietris' of Villon's 'Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis,' is somewhat problematical.

Other contemporary writers who show a knowledge of Dante are William Thomas, author of a 'Dictionarie for the better understandynge of Boccace, Petrarche, and Dante' (1550), with which is incorporated an Italian grammar, the earliest attempt

of the kind in English, and of a 'Historie of Italie' (1549), in which reference is made to Dante's account in the 'Inferno' (xx. 55 ff.) of the founding of Mantua; John Foxe, the martyrologist, who in all probability saw through the press, while a refugee at Basle, the 'editio princeps' of Dante's 'De Monarchia,' from which, as well as from the 'Purgatorio' and 'Paradiso,' he quotes in the second edition (1570) of his famous 'Book of 'Martyrs'; Sir John Harington, translator of 'Orlando Furioso' (1591), who refers to the meeting of Dante and Virgil, and to Dante's description of Envy, and translates in *terza rima* the opening lines of the 'Inferno'; and John Florio, author of the 'Worlde of Wordes' (1598), an Italian-English dictionary, which contains sundry references to Dante and to the 'Divina 'Commedia,' among them the statement (in the 'Epistle Dedica-'torie') that 'Boccace is prettie hard, yet understood: Petrarche 'harder, yet explaned: Dante hardest, but commented. Some 'doubt if all aright.' A couple of alleged quotations from Dante are introduced by Greene in his 'Mamillia' (1583) and 'Farewell to Follie' (1587). These are not to be found anywhere in Dante's works, but the fact that Greene fathered them on Dante is significant, as showing that Dante's name had a certain vogue among English men of letters at this time. The author of 'Tarlton Newes out of Purgatory' (1590), which has been attributed to Nash, knew Dante's 'Purgatorio,' at any rate by name. In a discussion as to whether heaven and hell are '*contraria immediata*, so contrarie that there is no meane 'betwixt them,' he makes one of the speakers exclaim: 'Yes, 'yes, there is *quoddam tertium*, a third place that al our great-'grandmothers have talkt of, that *Dant* hath so learnedly writ 'of, and that is Purgatorie.' At the Reformation, curiously enough, Dante was claimed as a champion on behalf of the Protestants. This was due to the fact that in certain well-known passages of the 'Divina Commedia' Dante vigorously denounces the corruptions of Rome and of the Church; hence he is frequently quoted by English reformers in this and in the next century as 'an Italian writer against the Pope.' In this capacity he is appealed to by Bishop Jewel and John Foxe, among others. At the close of this century we have the earliest recorded description by an Englishman of Dante's tomb at Ravenna, the inscriptions on which were transcribed in 1594 by Fynes Moryson, who afterwards printed them, together with an English translation, in his 'Itinerary' (1617).

The question as to whether Shakespeare had any knowledge of Dante has been discussed of late years at great length, and, it must be confessed, with a certain lack of sobriety, by sundry

Italian and Shakespearean scholars. Shakespeare's works have been ransacked for traces of Dante's influence, and considerable ingenuity has been expended in attempting to prove his indebtedness. Many parallel passages and so-called imitations have been adduced, as in the case of Spenser, but the result is far from convincing. Some of the parallels are fairly close, and one or two are striking: as, for example, between Shakespeare's 'top of 'judgement' in 'Measure for Measure' (Act II. Scene ii.) and Dante's 'cima di giudizio' ('Purg.' vi. 37), or the expression 'ape of Nature' applied by Shakespeare to an artist in 'The 'Winter's Tale' (Act V. Scene ii.) and Dante's similar use of 'scimia di natura' ('Inferno' xxix. 139); but the majority are wholly illusive. What can be more absurd, for instance, than to suppose, as one of these 'curious indagators' would have us do, that Shakespeare could not have written such a line as 'I drink, I eat, array myself and live' ('Measure for Measure,' Act III. Scene ii.) without going to Dante's 'E mangia e bee e 'dorme e veste panni' ('Inferno' xxxiii. 141) for it? Few who have examined the evidence, such as it is, will have any hesitation in endorsing the conclusion of the well-known Shakespearean scholar, who expressed his belief that 'if Shakespeare 'had known Dante, he would have so used him, and so often, as 'to leave no doubt on the point.' *

If a knowledge of Dante must be denied to Shakespeare, to the next greatest name in English literature Dante was undoubtedly familiar. Milton not only displays an intimate acquaintance with the 'Divina Commedia,' but he had also read at least one of Dante's *canzoni*, as well as the 'De Monarchia,' which he is the first English writer to quote by name, though Foxe, as has been mentioned, had quoted from it some seventy years previously. Milton had a great admiration for both Dante and Petrarch. In a letter written in 1638 from Florence, where he spent four months, he expressly names these two among the Italian authors whom he read with eagerness; and four years later, in the 'Apology for Smectymnuus,' he speaks of the 'sublime and pure thoughts' of 'the two famous renowners 'of Beatrice and Laura.' That he had closely studied the 'Divina 'Commedia' is evident. He makes no fewer than eight direct references to the poem, and quotes from all three divisions of it. In 'Lycidas,' which was written before he went to Italy, his indebtedness to the 'Commedia' is very marked, while more or less striking reminiscences have been traced in every book of 'Paradise Lost,' as well as in the masques of 'Arcades' and

* Dr. F. J. Furnivall, in 'Notes and Queries,' 5th Series, x. 396.

'Comus.' The reference to Casella in the sonnet to Henry Lawes is well known to everyone. The original draft of this sonnet, which was written in 1646, is preserved among the MSS. at Trinity College, Cambridge. In its earlier form, especially in the last three lines, which contain the allusion to Dante, it is greatly inferior to the final version with which we are familiar. For

> 'Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
> Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,
> Met in the milder shades of Purgatory'

Milton originally wrote :

> 'Fame, by the Tuscan's leave, shall set thee higher
> Than old Casell, whom Dante won to sing,
> Met in the mildest shades of Purgatory.'

Milton's obligations to Dante in 'Paradise Lost' were no doubt considerable, though Milton was probably not always conscious of his debt. The two poets wrote on kindred subjects, and to some extent covered the same ground, and used the same authorities; it would consequently be idle to assume that in every instance where Milton's language recalls that of Dante the English poet was deliberately borrowing from the Italian. Many, perhaps the majority, of the resemblances which have been pointed to as evidence of Milton's indebtedness are rather general than particular; but in some cases there can hardly be a doubt that Milton had a particular line or phrase of Dante in his mind as he wrote. To give a single instance, the line

> 'And with desire to languish without hope'
> ('P. L.' x. 995)

is so close to Dante's

> 'Senza speme vivemo in disio'
> ('Inf.' iv. 42)

as to be almost a literal translation.

Some of the most interesting of Milton's references to Dante's works, including the 'De Monarchia' and 'Canzoniere,' as well as the 'Commedia,' occur in his commonplace book. This book, which is written partly in Latin, partly in English, was discovered in 1874 among the MSS. of Sir Frederick Graham of Netherby, and has been reproduced in facsimile. The subjects in connexion with which the 'Commedia' is quoted, or referred to, are avarice ('Inf.' vii.), suicide ('Inf.' xiii.), sloth ('Inf.' iii.), the education of children ('Par.' viii.), usury ('Inf.' xi.), and

religion in its relation to the State (' Purg.' xvi.). In the note on usury Milton refers to and quotes the commentary of Daniello da Lucca on the ' Divina Commedia,' the only edition of which was published at Venice in 1568. Under the heading ' Rex ' the ' De Monarchia ' is appealed to as evidence that Dante considered the authority of the King to be independent of the Pope ; and under ' Nobilitas ' a reference is given to Dante's *canzone* on the subject, that which is prefixed to the fourth book of the ' Convivio,' a treatise of which Milton is known to have possessed a copy.* In his tract ' Of Reformation touching ' Church Discipline in England ' (1641), Milton has introduced a translation of three lines from the ' Inferno.' The vehicle he selected is blank verse, the first specimen of English translation from Dante in that metre, which not improbably suggested to Cary, nearly two centuries later, the employment of blank verse for his translation of the ' Commedia.'

Other English writers in the seventeenth century besides Milton had some knowledge of Dante, though it was not to be compared with his. Thomas Heywood, the dramatist, in the seventh book of his ' Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels ' (1635), prints, or rather woefully misprints, twenty-seven lines of the Italian text of the ' Commedia,' containing the description of Lucifer, from the last canto of the ' Inferno ' (xxxiv. 28–54), the earliest specimen of any length of the Italian text printed in England. In the same book he gives a list of ' the names of ' Divels according to Dantes,' which he took from the twenty-first canto of the ' Inferno.' Heywood must have made use of an edition of the ' Divina Commedia ' containing the commentary of Landino, for the whole of his expository disquisition on the first passage, as well as his interpretations of the devil's names, is translated almost literally from Landino's ' Comento,' though he does not give the reader any hint as to the source of his information. Jeremy Taylor quotes and translates in his ' Great Exemplar ' ' the elegant expression,' as he calls it, of Dante in the ' Paradiso ' (xxiv. 101–2) with regard to miracles :

> ' a cui natura
> Non scaldò ferro mai, nè battè ancude,'

a quotation which does not appear in the original edition (1649), but was added as an afterthought, along with other ' additionals,'

* It was a copy of the third edition (Venice, 1529) : with it are bound up Della Casa's ' Rime et Prose ' (1563) and Varchi's ' Sonetti ' (1555). Milton has written his name in the book and the date, 1629. The volume belonged to Heber, and was sold at his sale in 1834.

in the second edition (1653). A few years later another English bishop, Stillingfleet, quotes a dozen lines in his 'Origines Sacrae' (1662) from a Latin translation of the 'Commedia,' which is closely akin to, but not identical with, the translation of Giovanni da Serravalle mentioned above. Sir Thomas Browne, who resided for a time in Italy, and was presumably a good Italian scholar, has four or five interesting quotations from the 'Com-' media.' His earliest and best known work, the 'Religio' Medici,' contains no reference to Dante. The first mention occurs in 'Hydriotaphia,' which was published in 1658. In the third chapter of this work he quotes three lines from the 'Purga-' torio' (xxiii. 31–3), in which Dante describes the starved appearance of the Gluttons in the sixth circle; and in the next chapter he comments on the fact that while Plato, Socrates, and Epicurus are placed in Dante's Hell, Cato is found in no lower place than Purgatory, and Pythagoras escapes altogether. In his 'Christian Morals' (1671), in a passage which exists in MS., but does not form part of the printed text, he refers to Dante's punishment of diviners, and in the 'Letter to a Friend' (1672) he refers again to the passage in the 'Purgatorio' already quoted in 'Hydriotaphia.' Lastly, in the sixth edition (1672) of 'Pseudodoxia Epidemica,' originally published in 1646, he inserted a reference, *à propos* of the tradition that John the Evangelist did not die, to Dante's account in the 'Paradiso' of his meeting with the soul of St. John, three lines of which (xxv. 124–6) he quotes in the original.

Sundry illustrations from the 'Commedia' are introduced in the critical works of Thomas Rymer, notably in his 'Short' View of Tragedy' (1693), in which he quotes from the 'Purga-' torio' and 'Paradiso'; while Dryden, 'the father of English' criticism,' who in the lines prefixed to Roscommon's 'Essay on' Translated Verse' (1684) speaks of 'Dante's polish'd page' as having 'Restor'd a silver, not a golden age,' and who in several of his prefaces refers to Dante as the first refiner of the Italian tongue, shows in his 'Dedication of the Aeneis' (1697) that he had read at least some part of the 'Inferno,' for he gives a precise description of the place assigned by Dante to Brutus 'in the great Devil's mouth' in Hell (xxxiv. 61–7).

Among writers belonging to this period who mention Dante, but evidently knew him only by hearsay, are Ben Jonson, who in his 'Volpone' (1605) says that Dante is hard, and that few can understand him, an opinion no doubt echoed from Florio; and John Ford, who in his 'Love's Sacrifice' (1633) makes the poetaster Mauruccio boast that in comparison with himself 'Petrarch was a dunce, and Dante a jig-maker.' Robert

Burton in the 'Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621) more than once couples Dante with Virgil and Lucian as having described Hell, and he repeats one of the numerous anecdotes about 'the famous 'Italian poet.' Another anecdote about Dante crops up in an unexpected quarter at this time, namely, in a letter written in 1624 by Lord Keeper Williams to the Duke of Buckingham, in which he tries to persuade the Duke to accept the office of Lord Steward:

'I will trouble your Grace,' he writes, 'with a Tale of *Dante*, the first *Italian* Poet of Note: who, being a great and wealthy Man in Florence, and his Opinion demanded, who should be sent Embassador to the Pope? made this Answer, that he knew not who; *Si jo vo, chi sta, Si jo sto, chi va*; if I go, I know not who shall stay at Home; if I stay, I know not who can perform this Employment.' *

That Dante was not held in high estimation in England at this period may be gathered from the following characteristic specimens of contemporary criticism. William Burton, Robert Burton's elder brother, in his 'Description of Leicestershire' (1622), compares his friend Michael Drayton with 'olde Dante,' and other Transalpine poets, by no means to the disadvantage of the author of 'Poly-Olbion'; and Henry Reynolds in 'Mytho-'mystes' (1632) classes Dante with Bembo and Guarini, as 'men of rare fancy,' but prefers Marino above him. Rymer, echoing Rapin, complains of Dante's want of modesty 'in 'invoking his own wit for his Deity'—a reference no doubt to the invocation at the beginning of the second canto of the 'Inferno'—and condemns him as being lacking in fire and obscure. Sir William D'Avenant, in his preface to 'Gondibert' (1651), regards Tasso as 'the first of the moderns,' and sooner than admit Dante, whom he couples with the author of the 'Adone,' into the 'eminent rank of the Heroicks,' he excludes even Ariosto. Not less significant is the fact that travellers in Italy like Evelyn and Addison express no interest whatever in Dante or his works, although they visited places intimately associated with his name, and were shown buildings and other objects described by him. Evelyn, for instance, writes in detail in his 'Diary' (1645) of the Garisenda tower at Bologna, and the bronze pine-cone at Rome, both of which figure conspicuously in the 'Divina Commedia,' yet the sight of them evokes no mention of Dante. Addison spent more than a year in Italy, and visited among other places Pisa, Florence, Ravenna, and Rimini. But at Pisa, where he admires 'the great church, baptistery, and 'leaning tower,' and at Rimini, which 'has nothing modern to

* This story is told by Boccaccio in his 'Vita di Dante.'

'boast of,' he gives not a thought to the tragedies of Ugolino and Francesca; while Florence and Ravenna mean nothing to him as the birthplace and burying-place of Dante. Addison, in fact, as Macaulay observes, knew little and cared less about the literature of modern Italy. Dante's name, for example, not only is not mentioned in the narrative of his travels in Italy, but it does not occur anywhere in the 'Spectator,' nor in any other of Addison's works. In like manner Sir William Temple, who in his 'Essay upon the Ancient and Modern Learning' (1692) gives a catalogue of the greatest writers among the moderns, altogether ignores Dante in his list of Italians. However, that Dante should have been neglected in England is not surprising, seeing that even in his own country his reputation was at a low ebb during this century, in the course of which, for example, only three editions of the 'Divina Commedia' were printed in Italy, as against some forty in the previous century.

During the eighteenth century the position of Dante in the world of letters began slowly to win recognition in this country. Pope recognises a 'school of Dante' in his scheme for a history of English poetry; and before the century was out of its teens the first specimen of English translation from Dante, produced avowedly as a translation, made its appearance. This was a rendering in blank verse of the Ugolino episode, the forerunner of many English versions of the same piece, which was published in 1719 by Jonathan Richardson, the artist, in his 'Discourse on 'the Dignity, Certainty, Pleasure, and Advantage of the Science 'of a Connoisseur.' Richardson's attempt, which is not a brilliant performance, was followed about twenty years later by a translation of the same episode, also in blank verse, and of not much higher merit, being no doubt a youthful exercise, by Thomas Gray, to whom subsequently, as to Chaucer and Milton before him, Dante was to become an object of 'lungo studio e grande 'amore.' About the same time an anonymous writer published in 'Dodsley's Museum' (1746) a graceful rendering of 'the 'three first stanzas of the twenty-fourth canto of Dante's '"Inferno," made into a song, in imitation of the Earl of 'Surry's stile.'

Dante now began to attract the attention of commentators and editors of Milton, Spenser, and Chaucer, who took to studying the 'Divina Commedia' in order to discover traces of indebtedness to the Italian poet on the part of their authors or to furnish illustrations. It is remarkable that Addison's famous papers on 'Paradise Lost' in the 'Spectator' (January to May 1712) contain no reference to Dante. But Addison, as we have seen, was not interested in modern Italian literature: he was chiefly

concerned with Milton's classical imitations, though he does not exclude the Italian poets from his purview. Dante is equally ignored by Dr. Johnson in his 'Life of Milton,' published sixty years later (1779). He merely observes that 'Milton, being 'well versed in the Italian poets, appears to have borrowed 'often from them.' The first apparently to point out Milton's indebtedness to Dante were the two Richardsons, father and son, the portrait-painters, who in 1734 published 'Explanatory 'Notes and Remarks on Milton's "Paradise Lost,"' in which attention is drawn to several imitations, or alleged imitations, from the 'Divina Commedia.' Peck, Lauder, Thomas Warton, Bowle, and others followed in the same track. Upton in his edition of the 'Faerie Queene' (1758) prints a number of passages in which he thinks Dante was imitated by Spenser; and Chaucer is illustrated by Tyrwhitt, in his edition of the 'Canterbury 'Tales' (1775–8), by quotations not only from the 'Commedia,' but also from the 'Vita Nuova,' the 'De Vulgari Eloquentia,' and the 'Canzoniere' of Dante. English critics, too, begin to take count of Dante. Thomas Blackwell, for instance, in his 'Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer' (1735), speaks of Dante as having 'made the strongest draught of men and 'their passions that stands in the records of modern poetry'; Akenside, in his 'Ballance of Poets' (1746), ranks Dante with Pindar and Sophocles; and Joseph Warton, in the first volume of his 'Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope' (1756), places the 'Inferno' next to the 'Iliad' 'in point of originality 'and sublimity.' But this juster appreciation of the Italian poet was by no means universal among English men of letters at this time. Lord Chesterfield writes to his son that he is fully convinced that Dante 'was not worth the pains necessary 'to understand him'; while Goldsmith, in the 'Enquiry into the 'Present State of Polite Learning in Europe' (1759), though he realises that Dante was the first poet of the modern school, the first who followed Nature, regards him as little better than a barbarian, who 'addressed a barbarous people in a method 'suited to their apprehensions,' and 'owes most of his reputa- 'tion to the obscurity of the times in which he lived.' 'As in 'the land of Benin,' he observes, 'a man may pass for a prodigy 'of parts who can read, so in an age of barbarity a small degree 'of excellence ensures success.' A little later Horace Walpole characterises Dante as 'extravagant, absurd, disgusting, in short 'a Methodist parson in Bedlam'; and Thomas Warton affects to be shocked by his 'disgusting fooleries' and 'gross im- 'proprieties.' Opinions such as these were no doubt more or less conscious echoes of the flippant and contemptuous criticisms

of Voltaire, of which the article on Dante, first published in 1756, and afterwards inserted in the 'Dictionnaire Philosophique,' furnishes the most flagrant examples.

'Vous voulez connaître le Dante; les Italiens l'appellent *divin*, mais c'est une divinité cachée: peu de gens entendent ses oracles. Il a des commentateurs, c'est peut-être encore une raison de plus pour n'être pas compris. Sa réputation s'affermira toujours, parce qu'on ne le lit guère.'

Elsewhere he speaks of Dante's 'imaginations stupidement 'extravagantes et barbares,' and says, 'Le Dante pourra entrer 'dans les bibliothèques des curieux, mais il ne sera jamais lu.' In the third volume of his 'History of English Poetry' (1781) Warton quotes, with approbation, Voltaire's 'lively paraphrase' (which is a mere burlesque) of the Guido da Montefeltro episode ('Inferno' xxvii.), and remarks: 'Dante thus translated would 'have had many more readers than at present.' In a similar vein Martin Sherlock, who had visited Voltaire at Ferney, describes the 'Commedia' in his 'Letters from an English 'Traveller' (1780) as 'the worst poem there is in any language,' and 'a tissue of barbarisms, absurdities, and horrors.' Voltaire's ignorant criticisms provoked indignant protests from several of Dante's countrymen who were domiciled in England. The most conspicuous of these was the fiery Joseph Baretti, whose vigorous counter-attacks upon Voltaire in defence of Italian literature, and of Dante in particular, in his 'Dissertation 'upon the Italian Poetry' (1753) and his 'Discours sur Shake-'speare et sur M. de Voltaire' (1777), undoubtedly played an important part in making Dante better known to the English reading public, and helped before the century was out to bring about a reaction the results of which manifested themselves both in English literature and in English art. Thomas Warton, though, as we have seen, he professed to approve Voltaire's cynical treatment of Dante, yet thought it incumbent on him to give 'a general view' of the 'Commedia' in his 'History of 'English Poetry,' in which he describes the poem as 'a wonder-'ful compound of classical and romantic fancy, of pagan and 'Christian theology, of real and fictitious history, of tragical 'and comic incidents, of familiar and heroic manners, and of 'satirical and sublime poetry.' But while he laments Dante's 'Gothic and extravagant innovations,' he has to allow that his 'grossest improprieties discover an originality of invention,' and his 'absurdities often border on sublimity.' Dr. Beattie, in his 'Dissertations Moral and Critical' (1783), refers in eulogistic terms to Dante's 'descriptions and allegories,' many of

which, he says, ' are highly finished, and in particular passages ' enforced with singular energy and simplicity of expression.' And Hayley pays a tribute to the ' sublime painting of Dante ' in his ' Triumphs of Temper ' (1781), several passages of which are imitated from the ' Inferno ' ; while in his ' Essay on Epic ' Poetry ' (1782), in the notes to which he inserted a biography of Dante and a translation in *terza rima* of the first three cantos of the ' Inferno,' he gives a long appreciation of Dante's style, with especial reference to the episodes of Ugolino and of Paolo and Francesca.

English translations from Dante, which, as has been noted above, had already begun to make their appearance in the first half of the century, now became the fashion. Stimulated no doubt by the example of Baretti, who in his ' Dissertation upon ' the Italian Poetry,' already mentioned, ' literally Englished ' (in prose) the story of Ugolino, Joseph Warton, in his ' Essay on Pope ' (1756), gave a prose translation of this same ' inimitable ' episode. ' I cannot recollect,' he says, ' any passage in any ' writer whatever so truly pathetic ' ; and to make sure that the pathos shall not escape his readers, he adds that ' it was thought ' not unproper to distinguish the more moving passages by ' italics.' Four years later (1760), in the ' British Magazine, or ' Monthly Repository for Gentlemen and Ladies,' was printed an anonymous version, in heroic couplets, of the first seven *terzine* of canto xi. of the ' Purgatorio,' being Dante's paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer. This was by William Huggins, the translator of Ariosto, who before his death, in 1761, completed a translation of the whole ' Commedia.' In that same year, as Madame D'Arblay informs us, Dr. Burney made ' a sedulous, yet energetic, ' though prose translation ' of the ' Inferno.' Neither this, however, nor Huggins's version ever saw the light. In 1772 the Earl of Carlisle printed privately a version, in rhymed couplets, of the Ugolino episode, which was published in the following year. A third prose version of this now hackneyed episode appeared in 1781 in Thomas Warton's ' History of English ' Poetry,' together with a rendering of the inscription over the gate of Hell. In the next year (1782) Hayley published the translation, in *terza rima*, of three cantos of the ' Inferno,' already referred to, this being the first serious attempt in English to translate Dante in the metre of the original. In this year also was published anonymously, in blank verse, or rather in prose printed as verse, the first complete English translation of the ' Inferno,' the author of which was Charles Rogers, a well-known virtuoso and art-collector. A second translation of the ' Inferno,' in six-line stanzas, appeared in Dublin in 1785. This work,

by Henry Boyd, who at the beginning of the next century (1802) published the first English translation of the whole of the 'Commedia,' is not so much a translation as a paraphrase, in which, to adopt the words of contemporary criticism, the translator 'dilates the scanty expressions of his author into 'perspicuous and flowing diction.' The last and perhaps the most curious specimens of eighteenth-century English Dante translation were the versions by the eccentric Constantine Jennings, in blank verse, of the Ugolino episode, and what he calls 'the little Novel of Francesca,' which were privately printed in 1794, and published in his 'Summary and Free 'Reflections' in 1798. Jennings assures his readers that Dante's poem 'is certainly *Poetry*,' but he warns them that it is 'a pain-'ful undertaking to read it regularly through'; so for their benefit he weaves into 'a consistent *ensemble*,' after his own fashion, portions of the fifth and thirty-second and thirty-third cantos of the 'Inferno.' The translation is accompanied by notes, of which the following—on the catastrophe which befell 'the 'lovers of Rimini' through their reading the story of Lancelot and Guenever—may serve as a sample :

'This melancholy Event seems to be recorded by Dante, with the sole View of illustrating by actual, and then recent Example, the dangerous Practice of young People's reading Romances together in Private ; and still more so, when there already exists an inclination between the Parties, as in the present Instance.'

In art, as well as in literature, the influence of Dante began to make itself felt in the eighteenth century in England. It was an artist, Jonathan Richardson, who at the beginning of the century (1719) first translated into English the Ugolino episode, in illustration of his theory as to the relation between painting and poetry ; and it was this same episode which some fifty years later furnished the subject for the first picture painted by an English artist from the 'Divina Commedia.' This was the famous oil painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds of 'Count Ugolino 'and his Children in the Dungeon, as described by Dante in 'the thirty-third Canto of the Inferno,' which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1773. So great was the admiration and interest excited by this picture, the subject of which is said to have been suggested to Reynolds by Burke, and which was marked at the time by Horace Walpole in his copy of the Academy catalogue as 'most admirable,' that a writer in the 'Quarterly Review' at the beginning of the next century (1823) declared that 'Dante was brought into fashion in England by 'Sir Joshua Reynolds' Ugolino.' This, of course, was an exaggera-

tion. Dante, as we have shown, was 'in fashion' in England many years before the appearance of Sir Joshua's picture; but that the picture greatly stimulated the interest in Dante in this country is evident from the frequent references to it in contemporary literature. The next artist in England to select a subject from Dante was Henry Fuseli, whose 'Francesca and 'Paolo' was exhibited at the Academy in 1786. A few years later William Blake, who in his old age produced a series of coloured designs from the 'Commedia,' painted a portrait of Dante; and at about the same time Flaxman executed at Rome his celebrated outlines from Dante, which were shortly afterwards published in England.

It is somewhat surprising to find that of the most eminent English men of letters of the eighteenth century only two, besides those already referred to, so much as mention the name of Dante. These are Johnson and Gibbon. Johnson casually refers to Dante in his 'Life of Gray' in order to controvert a statement of Gray's; and he is reported by Boswell to have remarked upon the similarity between the beginning of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' and that of Dante's poem; while Gibbon has one solitary reference in the sixth volume of his 'Decline and Fall.' Neither Swift, nor Hume, nor Fielding, nor Richardson, nor Sterne, we believe, anywhere mentions Dante; nor, strangest of all, does Burke, in whose 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful' one would certainly have expected to meet with some reference to the 'Divina Commedia.' Boswell was so ignorant of Dante that in his 'Life of Dr. Johnson' he actually quotes three lines from the 'Inferno,' at second hand from Redi, as 'by an Italian writer,' without knowing who was the author, though Redi calls him 'divinus poeta.' The one man in England in the eighteenth century who appears really to have known and appreciated Dante was Gray, who was regarded by his contemporaries as 'perhaps the most learned man in Europe.' As a young man, while still at Cambridge, Gray made the translation already referred to of the Ugolino episode, and in his later years he was a close student of Dante. His friend Norton Nicholls in his interesting 'Reminiscences' tells us that Gray 'had a 'perfect knowledge of the poets of Italy of the first class, to 'whom he certainly looked up as his great progenitors, and to 'Dante as the father of all.' The direct influence of Dante upon Gray as a poet no doubt was small, his one acknowledged debt being the famous first line of the 'Elegy'; but that he read and studied Dante's works attentively is evident, not only from his references to the 'Canzoniere' and 'De Vulgari 'Eloquentia' (which he was the first English writer to quote)

in his 'Observations on English Metre' and on the 'Pseudo-'Rhythmus,' but also from the manuscript notes in his copies of the 'Divina Commedia' and of Milton's 'Poetical Works.'

It was from Gray, we have little doubt, that Cary,* who for our present purposes may be regarded as the connecting link between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, caught the enthusiasm for Dante which led him to undertake and accomplish the task to which he owes the lasting association of his name with that of Dante.† Cary's earliest attempts at translation from Dante date from his undergraduate days at Oxford. In 1792 he writes from Christ Church to Miss Seward advising her to read the works of the Florentine poet, and enclosing a prose rendering of two passages from the 'Purgatorio.' He received scant encouragement from the Swan of Lichfield, but he persevered with his study of the 'Commedia,' and in the last year of the century he began his blank-verse translation. The 'Inferno' was published in two volumes, together with the Italian text (now for the first time printed in England) in 1805–6; and six years later Cary completed the translation of the whole, which he published, at his own expense, in three diminutive volumes in 1814. The work was received with indifference, and lay neglected and forgotten until 1818, in which year it was warmly praised by Coleridge in a lecture on Dante, and was favourably reviewed ‡ in the Edinburgh Review. In less than three months a thousand copies of the book were disposed of, and a new edition was called for, which was published in three handsome octavo volumes in the following year. A third edition was issued in 1831, and a fourth, in a single volume, in 1844, the year of Cary's death. This last edition was issued in two forms, the cheaper of which was sold out within a fortnight of publication.

Besides Coleridge—Southey, Moore, Rogers, Landor, all spoke with admiration of Cary's performance, and Wordsworth went so far as to declare that he considered Cary's translation 'a great 'national work.' By Miss Seward, to whom Cary had sent his translation of the 'Inferno,' the work was brought to the notice of Scott, who visited the poetess at Lichfield in the spring of 1807. Scott testified to Cary's 'power and skill in having

* Cary was a warm admirer of Gray, both as a poet and as a scholar, as may be gathered from his letters and journal. In a sketch of Gray's life he says 'England had not sent abroad so elegant a scholar since the days of Milton' ('Life of Cary,' vol. ii. p. 293).

† The slab above the spot where Cary is buried in Westminster Abbey bears the inscription 'The Translator of Dante.'

‡ By Ugo Foscolo, assisted by Mackintosh and Rogers.

'breathed so much spirit into a translation so nearly literal,' but confessed that Dante did not appeal to him. He complained of Dante's 'tedious particularity' and declared himself unable to find pleasure in the 'Commedia,' 'the plan of which appeared to 'him unhappy as it was singular,' while he was repelled by 'the 'personal malignity and strange mode of revenge,' which he considered to be 'presumptuous and uninteresting.' But if Dante meant little to Scott, to whom 'the bard of chivalry' was naturally more congenial than 'the bard of hell,' the case was otherwise with some of Scott's most illustrious contemporaries. Among these Coleridge, whose appreciation of Cary's translation has been already mentioned, deserves especial recognition, for having been the first, as Dean Plumptre puts it, to show the way to a more critical study of Dante, and to attempt an estimate of the poet from the standpoint of a higher wisdom than that of the critics of mere similes and phrases. In his lecture on Dante, delivered in London in 1818, Coleridge discusses Dante's relation as a Christian poet to the scholastic philosophy of his age. His chief excellences as a poet are summed up as follows:

'The vividness, logical connection, strength, and energy of Dante's style cannot be surpassed. . . . In picturesqueness he is beyond all other poets, modern and ancient. . . . For his power—his absolute mastery over, although rare exhibition of, the pathetic—I can do no more than refer to the passages on Francesca di Rimini and on Ugolino. The first is the pathos of passion, the second that of affection.'

Byron, in spite of some rather theatrical protestations to the contrary, which have been recorded by Medwin, had a real regard for Dante, witness the indignant outburst in his 'Journal' (January 1821) occasioned by the depreciatory criticism of Frederick Schlegel.*

'This German fellow says that Dante's chief defect is a want, in a word, of gentle feelings. Of gentle feelings!—and Francesca of Rimini—and the father's feelings in Ugolino—and Beatrice—and 'La Pia'! Why, there is gentleness in Dante beyond all gentleness, when he is tender. . . . Who *but* Dante could have introduced any 'gentleness' at all into *Hell*? Is there any in Milton's? No—and Dante's Heaven is all love, and glory, and majesty.'

Of all English poets Shelley perhaps was the most deeply appreciative of Dante. Dante, he says,† 'perhaps created 'imaginations of greater loveliness and energy than are to be

* In his 'Lectures on the History of Literature,' translated by Lockhart in 1818.

† In his 'Discourse on the Manners of the Ancients relative to the Subject of Love.'

'found in the ancient literature of Greece.' In what other writer, he asks,* could be found 'all the exquisite tenderness 'and sensibility and ideal beauty, in which Dante excelled 'all poets except Shakespeare?' The 'Paradiso' he describes† as 'a perpetual hymn of everlasting love,' and Dante's apotheosis of Beatrice as 'the most glorious imagination of modern poetry.'

Wordsworth regarded Dante very much from the same point of view as did Scott. In a letter to Landor he speaks of Dante's style as being 'admirable for conciseness and vigour, without 'abruptness'; but adds that he found 'his fictions offensively 'grotesque and fantastic,' and that 'he felt the poem tedious 'from various causes.' To Keats Dante in the original was a sealed book. His knowledge of the 'Commedia' was derived from Cary's translation, a copy of the first edition of which, in three tiny volumes, he carried in his knapsack on his tour in the north in 1818. In one of these volumes, the 'Inferno,' which Mr. H. Buxton Forman, the present owner of them, states is marked throughout with pen and ink, Keats inscribed the rough draft of the sonnet entitled 'A Dream,' which was inspired by a recollection of the episode of Paolo and Francesca. He gives an interesting appreciation of Dante in a letter to Haydon.

'How few,' he writes, 'are the names, from the great flood which may justly be catalogued with Dante! He has not, indeed, left one of those universal works which exact tribute from all sympathisers. There is an individuality in his imagination which makes those whose fancies run wholly in another vein sensible only of his difficulty or his dulness. He is less to be commended than loved. With those who truly feel his charm he has attained the highest favour of an author—exemptions from those canons to which the little herd must bow.'

Leigh Hunt, whose 'Story of Rimini' is taken from the fifth canto of the 'Inferno,' where the episode 'stands,' he says, 'like a lily in the mouth of Tartarus,' describes the 'Inferno' as 'a kind of sublime nightmare'; while Landor, with characteristic vehemence, expresses himself in language which is even more vituperative than that of the most intemperate of the eighteenth-century critics. In the 'Pentameron' he calls Dante 'the great master of the disgusting,' and declares the 'Inferno' to be 'the most immoral and impious book that ever 'was written—the filthiness of some passages would disgrace the 'drunkenest horse-dealer.' But he was equally emphatic in his praise. Thirty lines of the Ugolino episode ('Inf.' xxxiii.

* In a letter to Leigh Hunt.
† In the 'Defence of Poetry.'

46–75) he pronounces to be ‘ unequalled by any other continuous thirty in the whole dominions of poetry ’; while of a passage in the ‘ Paradiso ’ (xx. 73–5) he exclaims, ‘ All the verses that were ‘ ever written on the nightingale are scarcely worth the beautiful ‘ triad of this divine poet on the lark ! ’ Hazlitt, who recognises Dante as ‘ the father of modern poetry,’ and Hallam strike a more sober note in their criticism, a note which has become familiarised to our ears through the well-known essays of Macaulay and Carlyle. On the advent of Dante as ‘ the morn- ‘ ing star of modern literature ’ Hallam has a fine passage in his ‘ Europe during the Middle Ages.’

‘ Italy, indeed, and all Europe, had reason to be proud of such a master. Since Claudian, there had been seen for nine hundred years no considerable body of poetry . . . that could be said to pass mediocrity : and we must go much further back than Claudian to find anyone capable of being compared with Dante. His appearance made an epoch in the intellectual history of modern nations, and banished the discouraging suspicion, which long ages of lethargy tended to excite, that Nature had exhausted her fertility in the great poets of Greece and Rome. It was as if, at some of the ancient games, a stranger had appeared upon the plain and thrown his quoit among the marks of former casts which tradition had ascribed to the demigods.’

Of some of the other great names in English letters in the nineteenth century we get little more than a glimpse within the period covered by this article. Tennyson, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Ruskin, for instance, had published comparatively little before the year 1844, our *terminus ad quem.* Tennyson already at the age of eleven quotes Dante in a letter—the same passage from the fifth canto of the ‘ Inferno ’ which subsequently suggested the familiar lines in ‘ Locksley Hall ’ (1842) :

‘ This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow’s crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.’

‘ Grim Dante ’ finds a place in the first published version of ‘ The Palace of Art ’ (1832), with Milton, Shakespeare, and Homer, the last of whom is ousted from the stanza in the later version (1842) in order to make more room for ‘ world-worn Dante.’ Tennyson’s finest tribute to Dante in his early years is the poem of ‘ Ulysses,’ inspired by the account of the death of Ulysses in ‘ Inferno ’ xxvi. Browning’s earliest references to Dante—

‘ the pacer of the shore
Where glutted hell disgorgeth filthiest gloom ’—

occur in ‘ Sordello ’ (1840), which owes its genesis to Dante’s mention of the troubadour in the ‘ Purgatorio.’ Elizabeth Barrett

introduces 'the sublime Dante' in her earliest published work, the 'Essay on Mind' (1826), and conjures up 'Dante stern 'and sweet,' and 'poor in mirth,' in her 'Vision of Poets' (1844). Ruskin, whose works probably contain more quotations from the 'Divina Commedia' than those of any other English writer, has but one solitary reference to Dante before 1844. This occurs in a letter to Samuel Rogers, written from Venice in 1842 (the year before the publication of the first volume of 'Modern Painters'), in which he suggests the addition of another scene to the 'Inferno,' for the especial benefit of the indolent Venetians, who were to be driven at full speed up a tower with red-hot stairs and dropped from the top 'into a lagoon of hot '*café noir*'—a flippancy which Ruskin certainly would not have allowed himself in connexion with Dante a few years later, when he had begun seriously to study the 'Commedia.'

Much of the more intelligent appreciation of Dante, and of the livelier interest in his works displayed by English writers in the early decades of the nineteenth century, was due no doubt to the writings of cultivated Italian political refugees like Foscolo, Gabriele Rossetti, Mazzini, and Panizzi, who settled in England and supported themselves by teaching, and by contributing articles on Italian literature to the 'Edinburgh,' 'Quarterly,' and other English reviews. Foscolo especially did a great deal in this way to further the study of the Italian poets, and of Dante in particular, in this country. It was an appreciative article of his in the Edinburgh Review which, as was mentioned above, helped to secure recognition of the sterling merits of Cary's epoch-making translation of the 'Commedia,' and was thus largely instrumental in bringing Dante within the reach of every educated reader in England.

Cary was not allowed to hold the field unchallenged. Two other versions of the 'Inferno,' both in blank verse, appeared within a year or two of the publication of his 'Hell,' viz. one in 1807, by Nathaniel Howard, a west-country poetaster, and a second in 1812, by Joseph Hume, 'the Radical.' Both speedily fell into oblivion. A much more serious rival was the translation, in 'bastard' *terza rima*, of Ichabod Charles Wright, published in three instalments in 1833–40—the work of an accomplished scholar. It went through several editions, and is even now held in considerable esteem; but it has not succeeded in supplanting Cary, whose popularity has been maintained to the present day, notwithstanding the twenty versions, in every variety of metre, which have since appeared. Cary made Dante an English possession, and in so doing won for Dante, as well as for himself, a permanent place in English literature.

Art. VII.—MR. HARDY'S 'DYNASTS.'

The Dynasts: a Drama of the Napoleonic Wars. By Thomas Hardy. Macmillan & Co. 3 vols.

It has been disputed whether in his lifetime Shakespeare held the doctrine of purgatory. If his ghost has been privileged to follow all the commentaries on Shakespeare, all the 'explanations' of his genius which have appeared during the last three hundred years, he must, one thinks, believe in purgatory now. One of the latest, a popular 'explanation' of Shakespeare, is very characteristic of our time. It is founded on the most material of all the elements of Elizabethan drama: the form of the Elizabethan stage. Take account of that, it is said, and you will at once see why Shakespeare and his contemporaries wrote a particular kind of verse, a special form of prose; why they interpolated rhetorical passages (if they did so); why they left so many loose ends in their dramas. For the reader who runs while he reads, it is a simple and obvious solution of many difficulties; as simple and obvious as would be the explanation of the form of a snail by the shape of its shell.

And yet biologists will not accept the latter; nor will the man, who has both historical knowledge and historical and literary imagination, accept the former. It may serve those for whom a work of art is a manufactured article, designed to fill a definite and 'felt want.' It will not pass with whosoever understands that a work of art is a growth; that its analogy is a tree or a forest—which last is Johnson's image for the art of Shakespeare—and not a house. But the former, the mechanical school of critics, are much the commonest in these days, as might be expected. Theatrical things, they tell us, are to be explained by a 'sense of the theatre': and it is one of the first deductions of their criticism that the play for the study—the play written to be read, not acted—is a non-sense, a contradiction in terms. Thus they account for the failures of Darley and of Beddoes; not by the simpler fact that neither Darley nor Beddoes had original genius.

Now and again genius, which is Nature, comes like a *deus ex machinâ* to defeat the best-laid schemes of mechanical critics. And just at the moment when they have decreed that the 'study-drama' is an impossibility, here steps down to them Mr. Hardy with his 'Dynasts,' a play in three volumes, 'nineteen 'acts and one hundred and thirty scenes' (to quote the title-page), which no one will pretend could by any possibility be

presented. Yet 'The Dynasts' is not only not a non-sense, but is perhaps the most notable literary achievement of the last quarter-century. It is certainly unlucky for our critic of the mechanical school that at the very moment when he has decided that the 'study-drama' could not exist, the most remarkable and most absolute example of such a thing which has ever been written should see the light.

It is too early yet to decide the exact place in literature which 'The Dynasts' is destined to take. All the critic can say at present is that it is entirely a thing apart; there is nothing beside which it can be placed for the sake of comparison. Though in dramatic shape, it has in many regards more in common with some of the epics of the world. It is in form a poem. Yet it must be owned that what we are wont to reckon the essentials of poetry are, over large tracts, very plentifully lacking, and that the fine essence of this poem is to be extracted from its interspersed prose passages. No wonder that the reviewers have been non-plussed, that certain of them have given utterance to judgements inept enough; others have preferred the non-committal—as that 'The Dynasts' is a 'notable production'; while one of the inept kind has said that it was wise of the author not to use his materials for an historical novel. Non-committal even was it to write that the subject was the greatest any author had chosen since Milton. But the critic recognised the fact that, though a drama, 'The Dynasts' must be looked upon as an epic also.

Let us try—no easy task—to give what seems to us the general scope and object of the book. The subject is the Napoleonic wars. We begin with the preparations in England to meet an expected invasion from Boulogne. We end with Waterloo. Mr. Hardy professes as one of his objects that of keeping alive in memory the part which England played in these dynastic struggles. He has many other objects: at any rate he has many other theories which force themselves to the front in the course of his work. We used the word 'dynastic' struggles: for they are that to our author, not national struggles. Oddly enough he writes throughout with complete detachment, in an apparent lack of moral or intellectual sympathy with the whole concern. Fortunately his artistic and dramatic sympathies are so great that they override the other want. Of Mr. Hardy's philosophic theories we will speak later. On his work their influence is chiefly negative, so they can be put aside for the present. What is positive, and a positive gift almost unique, is Mr. Hardy's instinct for realistic drama, or we might say for heroic drama which is touched by the spirit of the novel, and

can at once, without an effort, shift the point of view from some field of public action to note the effect thereof on insignificant private persons. The skill with which Mr. Hardy shifts his point of view is without any parallel, we believe, in any literature. It is the parts of his work where he displays this gift that form its most sure title to immortality. Now we pass with him into the clouds and see armies like caterpillars slowly wending from opposite sides of Europe to meet each other, or (as in the third part) to join in the invasion of France. Even when we gaze from these ethereal heights the object of view is not necessarily a great action. It may be only the escort which is bringing the young Austrian Princess Marie-Louise to France to wed with Napoleon. Again we drop to earth and behold a field of battle: next moment (maybe) we are merely in one room of one of the thousand houses of Berlin waiting for news of the same battle—Jena; we are with passengers in a coach discussing the news of the day; we are with Napoleon and his Minister of the Navy; we are on the high seas; we are in a London drawing-room, or at a great reception at Carlton House, or upon the 'Wessex' downs. We are in a cellar with some stragglers and their doxies, and watch from thence Moore's army in its retreat; and we are in the lone cemetery at Coruña and hear the talk of the sappers who are digging the leader's grave and the hurried funeral rites. We are at the famous ball in Brussels, or in a bedroom where a girl has got up early in the morning to see her hero march out, and then throws herself weeping on the bed; and we are on the field of Waterloo. It has been said that all this is not dramatic; that it wants the juxtapositions, the dramatic moments of old heroic drama. But in the true sense it is highly dramatic, in that it gives not the deeds of isolated heroes, but a touch of the *tragédie humaine* as Mr. Hardy sees it. For all this is a tragedy to our author. He is a Schopenhauerian: all action of the Will is tragic. But every artist has a right to present life as he sees it—nay, he is bound to present life as *he* sees it, and in no other way. And though this poem is (as we have said) in its kind an absolutely new experience in literature, it is yet in line with an observable tendency in modern literature, as may easily be seen when we take account of certain essential features in the growth of modern fiction. Of these we will speak hereafter. They will be further evidence of the permanent value of 'The Dynasts'—at any rate to such as understand that a writer must follow the impulses of the Time Spirit, which are not in his individual control.

By a pleasant little personal note Mr. Hardy's beloved

'Wessex' figures for a good deal in this drama. We could wish, indeed, that he had dropped that word. To make Captain Hardy and Wellington himself talk about 'Wessex' is too much like making them contribute to the apotheosis of Mr. Hardy. But as the writer explains in his preface, Dorsetshire, both by the residence of the king at Budmouth, and by the part which all the south coast took in preparations against invasion, was brought into close touch with these dynastic struggles. We know from 'The Trumpet Major' and the 'Wessex Poems' that Mr. Hardy's thoughts have long dwelt on this subject—the Napoleonic wars. The first scene of the first volume opens upon 'a ridge in Wessex' over which the coach is passing while the inside passengers (by a fiction which would be impossible of presentment) talk the politics of the day, the rupture of negotiations with 'Boney.' Then we are wafted to Paris with Bonaparte and Decrès his Minister of Marine; thence back to the old House of Commons, where the debaters speak in blank verse yet keep very near to the 'Parliamentary History'; in Boulogne harbour next, to see in dumb show, and from far above, the 'army of England' exercising, the English men-of-war lying on watch outside the bay; to a fashionable reception in London; then to the crowning of the Emperor in Milan, the act which made Napoleon in his own eyes 'the successor not of Louis XIV. but of Charlemagne.' So ends Act I. In the second act we pass from Gibraltar and a dialogue 'twixt Nelson and Collingwood, through two French scenes—scenes we mean from the French side (Villeneuve at Ferrol and the Boulogne camp once more)—back to Wessex to listen to a Dogberry and Verges (too near, unhappily, their prototypes) who are in charge of Rainbarrows beacon. In Act III. we begin at Boulogne, but pass suddenly to the Austrian frontier, and see in dumb show the preparations which are being made to strike at Bavaria, the ally of France. The next act is chiefly concerned with the great blow at Ulm and Mack's capitulation. Then in Act V. we have Trafalgar in various scenes, and Nelson's death; and then pass suddenly back to London streets, and to hear Pitt's Guildhall speech—'England has saved herself by her exertions and will save Europe by her example.' Last act of all (in this part) gives us Austerlitz in many scenes of the fight, the bringing of the news to Pitt while in Somersetshire, and Pitt's death at Putney. Such is the general scheme of treatment throughout all the parts. But no enumeration like this can give any notion of their vividness, the ingenious fashion in which dialogue alternates with description, the still greater ingenuity with which world-shaking episodes are interspersed with scenes from common life. These

last are intimately connected with the mighty episodes and with the whole movement of the drama.

On the excellence of all these things there cannot be two opinions. It is when he comes to consider the medium through which these effects are conveyed that the critic finds all the rules of his art and his own past experience more or less at fault. Brandes, in the second volume of his study of Shakespeare, supplies an instance to prove that, as he says, in art the form is everything. The example is from a poem by Count Sterling written earlier than 'The Tempest,' and containing in very tolerable verse all the substance of the famous 'cloud-capped towers' passage in Shakespeare's last drama. Yet, though Sterling's verse is tolerable, we feel at once that it has not in it the stuff of immortality, which stuff of immortality must, it follows, lie not in the ideas of Prospero's speech but in the mould into which the ideas have been cast. The proposition seems established; yet it falls to the ground in the case of Mr. Hardy's 'Dynasts.' For it must frankly be acknowledged that the versification taken as a whole is extremely bad verse. We have been already accustomed, in Browning and Mr. George Meredith, to verse which seems not to be poetry and yet is; to verse that is not melodious nor beautiful as verse, and yet somehow conveys an effect of beauty. But though these poets often adopt methods which seem outside the technique of poetry, we feel that they are masters of their own method. With Mr. Hardy in 'The Dynasts' we have not as a rule this sense. It is true that his 'Wessex Poems' *are* poems. But the most part of them are in ballad form; and the ballad is the prose of poetry.* Even in his novels, though his imagination overrides defects, we sometimes see a groping after the right phrase, showing that our author is not a master of English. In a considerable part of the verse of 'The Dynasts' it is not easy to see what its creator would be at. The versification is of two kinds. All the human agents speak either in prose or in blank verse. There are, beside the 'humans,' a series of quasi-supernatural beings (more strictly supernatural quasi-beings), who act as showmen and commentators on the scenes; their full function we will hereafter explain. These beings often utter themselves in a kind of lyrics. It might tax a critic to say from which medium, the blank verse or the lyric, melody was most usually absent. Nor do the immelodies of Mr. Hardy

* The initial sonnets in this volume have indeed a certain Shakespearean charm. But, like much of the dialogue of Mr. Hardy's peasants, they betray their inspiration too nakedly.

bear the stamp of purpose as do Browning's harshnesses when they occur.

'Let him now own me still a dab therein.'

We can imagine the kind of person and the occasion that in Browning might have provoked such a line. But it would not have been Napoleon trying to impress the Austrian generals after Ulm.

Here are examples of Mr. Hardy's blank verse such as might be found anywhere throughout the three volumes :

'Strange suasive pull of personality.'

'Of her we view
The enterprise is that of scores of men,
The strength but half a one's.'

'Why must ye echo as mechanic mimes
These mortal minions' bootless cadencies ? '

'Some enemy queues my way to coffin me.'

'Beg the Emperor, my father,
That he fulfil his duty to the realm,
And quite subordinate thereto all thought
Of how it personally impinge on me.'

'I am no theologian, but I laugh
That men can be so grossly logicless,
When war defensive or aggressive either
Is in its essence Pagan and opposed
To the whole gist of Christianity.'

'Whose emissaries knock at every door
In rhythmic rote, and groan the great events
The hour is pregnant with.'

'Right glad we are you tongue such tidings, sire ;
To us the stars have visaged differently.'

These passages are only not selected at pure hazard in that they are chosen to represent different styles of the verse in which Mr. Hardy indulges. They are adequate specimens of the blank verse through these three volumes. They seem, it must be owned, to bring us down to a very low level, more near than almost any verse in literature to that verse which lies outside literature, and which, enshrined in quarto manuscript books, represents the leisure of some country doctor or country parson who has paid a sly and shy court to the Muses. The third of these nine examples means in prose that Louise, Queen of Prussia, had enterprise of character equal to many

times twenty men's, but only half a man's physical strength. The natural interpretation would be that scores of men are embarked on the same or a similar enterprise to the Queen's. Obscurity is not necessarily a fault in verse, but it must be compensated by a special fulness of meaning. Mr. Hardy has a partiality for dactylic endings in his blank verse—end words such as 'purposings' 'equanimity'—the use of which betokens an ear ill-trained to the melody of verse. The specimens we have given are enough to show that his use of alliteration (so delicate a matter) can be deplorable. In the rhymed verse we have more shocking examples :

> 'Behold again the Dynasts' gory gear,
> Since we regarded what has progressed here'

which one hesitates whether to liken to the Richardson theatre or the pantomime.

Finally, as regards the use or the invention of peculiar words, the *ἅπαξ λεγόμενα* which we may look for in every original writer of verse—not necessarily in every original writer of prose. There are a fair number of these in 'The Dynasts,' and some of them are happy. 'Queues my way' for 'follows me' we have already met with. That is not good. 'Wide-waked' for having great consequences is much happier. 'Twinkle-tipt' is applied to a regiment of cavalry. 'Enghosted by the caressing snow,' is used in the description of the retreat from Moscow. It is not altogether satisfying—meaning as it does only that the bodies of the soldiers are covered by a white pall. 'Prim ponderosities' is applied to the lines of Torrès Védras. Isolated the phrase is harsh enough, but in its place it is not inappropriate.

We have only after reading Mr. Hardy to take up for a moment Marlowe or Shakespeare, and note how lightly and easily their verse flows, how right are their epithets and their alliterations, the heaven of difference lying between 'the topless towers of 'Ilium' and the 'Dynasts' gory gear,' to realise how far down stands Mr. Hardy's verse as verse.

We dwell on these defects fully and without fear, for two reasons. First because a large number of Mr. Hardy's critics who have succumbed to the charm of this work as a whole, and have not discovered where that charm lay, the while they felt conscious of its technical shortcomings, have been tempted to minimise these last by vague phrases which fall very far short of the truth, and so have (wrongly) given an air of insincerity to their judgements. One reviewer, we believe, wrote to the effect that the reader will find in Mr. Hardy's verse none of the magnifi-

cences of Milton—a judgement abundantly true, but hardly adequate. A better criticism (though this was not printed) was that the badness of the verse was designed to make us enjoy the interlarded prose. This is not quite a true account of the matter. But there is no doubt that it is almost always in the descriptions, in the little bits of prose in small type, that we gain the true thrill which comes from a work of genius. Here we get a hundred instances of that poetical imagination which clothes all Mr. Hardy's prose work with a shining garment, a sort of magic light shed upon common things, as in that game of cards in 'The Return of the Native' played by the light of glow-worms. Now it is the manœuvring of Napoleon's cavalry at Boulogne 'flashing in the sun like a school of mackerel'; now such a touch as this toward the end of a House of Commons debate:

'The candle-snuffers go round, and Pitt rises. During the momentary pause before he speaks the House assumes an attentive attitude, in which can be heard the rustling of the trees without, a horn from an early coach, and the voice of the watch crying the hour.'

Or this, which follows the wreck of Godoy's palace near Madrid:

'The mob desists dubiously and goes out; the musical-box upon the floor plays on, the candle burns to its socket, and the room becomes wrapt in the shades of night.' *

Or, once again, the French and Russian armies bivouacking face to face on the eve of Borodino:

'The two multitudes lie down to sleep, and all is quiet save for the sputtering of the greenwood fires, which, now that the human tongues are still, seem to hold a conversation of their own.'

And this at the end of the description of the burning of Moscow:

'Large pieces of canvas aflare sail away in the gale like balloons. Cocks crow, thinking it sunrise, ere they are burnt to death.'

Like the examples in blank verse, these of prose are chosen almost at hazard. It would be impossible to give the number of such passages or a just notion of their excellence.

It has been said that a great part of the effect of Mr. Hardy's work is managed by the constant change in the point of view. This is not alone a mere physical change, as when we are rapt into the clouds so as to see a great part of Europe at one *coup d'œil*, to be brought back maybe within the four walls of a single

* And yet in the last four words of this passage we have a shadow of Mr. Hardy's defects, even as a writer of prose.

room. It is a change also in the intellectual point of view, as when, after hearing the talk of the movers or seeming agents of all these great events, we find ourselves in the company of simple peasants, soldiers, a country parson—what not. Perhaps Balzac never wrote anything cleverer (though it occurs in a dullish story) than that chapter of his 'Médecin de Campagne' called 'Le Napoléon du Peuple,' which allows us to see the true 'Napoleonic Legend' of the peasantry, the career of the great conqueror transformed into genuine folk-lore. Much of the same effect do we get by some of the rapid changes in Mr. Hardy's scene.

There is, however, a further change in point of view beyond all these. Not only do we upon occasion fly up to the clouds, but we find ourselves upon occasion (it has already been said) in the company of certain non-human personalities, if they are personalities, spirits if they are spirits; at any rate, they are called so. There is a Spirit of the Years, a Spirit of the Pities, a Spirit Ironic, a Spirit Sinister, and certain Recording Angels. Such a movement outside the body with a partial annihilation of time and space is from an artistic point of view most desirable. In such a vast drama as this is, were we always merely on the plane of humanity, a certain monotony and tediousness must ensue. For of course we who look backward through the courts of time are not in fact quite on a level with the actors in the piece. In a single historic play we might make shift to be so. But 'The 'Dynasts' is an epic as well as a play. And though in the great epics of the world the supernaturals appear in obedience to other than artistic considerations, there can be no doubt that on the artistic side alone they fill an important place; that it is a great advantage in Homer and even in Virgil to breathe from time to time another, an Olympian air. When Milton presumes 'into the 'heaven of heavens' 'an earthly guest' the effect is more doubtful. But the splendid passage which celebrates his return to earth would not otherwise have been written.

In Mr. Hardy's case, however, the supernatural beings (if so we call them) have to support a definite philosophic doctrine; looked at in another way, we may say they have to exist in spite of Mr. Hardy's philosophic doctrine, which puts no small strain on their vital powers. We have, in fact, to forget, so soon as we have read, that they are for their author only 'imperso- 'nated abstractions.' This, it must be owned, gives one pause. But let the author explain himself (if so he can) in the words of his preface:

'It was thought proper to introduce, as supernatural spectators of the terrestrial drama, certain impersonated abstractions, or

Intelligences, called Spirits. They are intended to be taken by the reader for what they may be worth as contrivances of the fancy merely. Their doctrines are but tentative, and are advanced with little eye to a systematized philosophy warranted to lift "the burthen of the mystery" of this unintelligible world. The chief thing hoped for them is that they and their utterances may have dramatic plausibility enough to procure for them, in the words of Coleridge, "that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith."

'The wide prevalence of the Monistic theory of the Universe forbade, in this twentieth century, the importation of Divine personages from any antique Mythology as ready-made sources or channels of Causation, even in verse, and excluded the celestial machinery of, say, "Paradise Lost" as peremptorily as that of the "Iliad" or the "Eddas." And the abandonment of the masculine pronoun in allusions to the First or Fundamental Energy seemed a necessary and logical consequence of the long abandonment by thinkers of the anthropomorphic conception of the same.'

A word may be said on this philosophy. It is no impeachment of a man's character, not even of his religious instincts, if in these times of distracted counsels he know not which way to look. The more sensitive, delicate, poetic a man may be, the more the difficulties of the universe and the burden of pain are likely to oppress him. The vulgar optimist is a far less venerable figure than pessimists of the type of Leopardi or Mr. Hardy. But though the attitude which our author takes up throws no reflexion on his character and is some evidence of his poetic temperament, it does at the same time indicate a sort of hysteria not consistent with perfectly sound judgement. We all know the type of woman who, by the very extent of her affection for husband or son, is driven merely on the hint of mishap (a delay in home-coming or some such matter) to insist upon a tragedy where no evidence exists for more than a trifling misfortune. Like Rachel, she refuses to be comforted, or to listen to any hint of comfort. Mr. Hardy is in such case.

He might perhaps plead that his pessimism is essentially that of Schopenhauer, and that he is not obliged to set forth once again the elaborate ratiocination of 'Die Welt als Wille und 'Vorstellung.' But after all, Schopenhauer does not impose himself upon us as a gospel. Mr. Hardy seems to want to bluff his philosophy. How could the 'wide prevalence' of any theory 'forbid' the importation of divine personages? And what is the meaning of

'And the abandonment of the masculine pronoun in allusions to the First or Fundamental Energy seemed a necessary and logical

consequence of the long abandonment by thinkers of the anthropomorphic conception of the same' ?

In simple language, we suppose, it means that as all thinkers have long since abandoned the idea of a deity, it was *impossible* (even for poetic purposes) to assume either a God or supernatural presences and powers. Are then Goethe, Coleridge, Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning to be rated out of the order of 'thinkers' ? Or among metaphysicians was not Kant a thinker, nor Fichte, nor Lotze, to come down to our own day ? Surely this is bluff, if ever bluff there were. And bluff of this sort springs out of hysteria.

In a word, it was open to Mr. Hardy as a philosopher to hold a theistic or (to use the polite term) an agnostic theory of the universe. As a poet it was open to him to use or to dispense with supernatural agents or witnesses. But it is not, in common sense, open to him to try to force his philosophy upon us, and while he introduces his Spirit of the Pities and the others speaking, to tell us beforehand that they are only 'impersonated 'abstractions.' A man has enough to do at one while to be a poet : let him not try to be a propagandist also. Least of all let him be the propagandist of negative ideas ; for all that is negative is the necessary antithesis of *poiêsis*, the creative art. And the negative side of things (if to our author they are so) can always be left alone.

There can be no question that 'The Dynasts' suffers immensely from the insistence by the author on his own philosophical creed. The 'Immanent Will' which is absolutely impersonal, which must be spoken of as 'IT,' which is generally spoken of as 'unconscious,' 'unthinking,' this is an idea which may be graspable in the region of metaphysics, but certainly not in the sphere of creative art. And the repetition in the mouths of the 'impersonated abstractions,' the Spirits, of the doctrine of the insensibility, the irresponsibility of this IT becomes unspeakably wearisome. We know beforehand what is going to happen at each pause in the human drama. The Spirit of the Pities is going to complain of the sufferings of mankind ; the Spirit of the Years is going to remind her that complaints are vain, because IT can neither hear nor change. We catch ourselves counting whether it is the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth time that this doctrine has been repeated. Naturally enough there is not the intoxication of poetry in a hogshead of this watery philosophy. Consequently the verse in italics, which is the verse spoken by the impersonated abstractions, is on the whole decidedly worse than that spoken by the human beings, where it should be far better.

The following may be taken as an average specimen of the Chorus of Pities and the doctrine of the Spirit of the Years:

SEMICHORUS I. OF THE PITIES (Aerial music).

'O Great Necessitator, heed us now!
If it indeed must be
That this day Austria smoke with slaughtery,
Quicken the issue as Thou knowest how;
And dull to suffering those whom it befalls
To quit their lodgment in a flesh that galls!'

SEMICHORUS II.

'If it be in the future human story
To lift this man to yet intenser glory,
Let the exploit be done
With the least sting, or none,
To those, his kind, at whose expense such height is won!'

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS.

'Again ye deprecate the World-Soul's way
That I so long have told? Then note anew
(Since ye forget) the ordered potencies,
Nerves, sinews, trajects, eddies, ducts of IT
The Eternal Urger, pressing change on change.'

'At once, as earlier, a preternatural clearness possesses the atmosphere of the battle-field, in which the scene becomes anatomized and the living masses of humanity transparent. The controlling Immanent Will appears therein, as a brain-like network of currents and ejections, twitching, inter-penetrating, entangling, and thrusting hither and thither the human forms.'

This presentation of Europe as a huge man and the human beings as a sort of blood-corpuscles in which the pulsing of the Immanent Will is visible has certainly originality and a touch of the gruesome poetic. But this is the third time of its appearance; and though we are only in the first volume, the doctrine of the inexorable Will has been repeated half a dozen times at least.

In spite of difficulties, however, we do succeed in believing to some extent in the Spirits Ironical, Sinister, Pitiful. And when, as now and again happens, they take human shape and appear at a reception in London or in the gallery of the House of Commons, the effect is piquant.

Moreover, to suppose the impossible, and imagine the supernatural portions of this book treated with something of the high lyrical power which shines in 'Prometheus Unbound,'

it is a question whether the whole work would not lose thereby. It is to suppose the impossible; for Mr. Hardy evidently lacks the 'physical' gifts of the poet, the miraculous leaping together of sound and sense which Byron and Shelley show in their best verse at their best moments. All such achievement would, indeed, be foreign to 'The Dynasts,' which succeeds by its own methods and by hitherto unproved rules. The beauty is 'in the picture.'

But it is very difficult to select from the book portions which give any fair idea of its beauty as a whole. As it should do, the death of Nelson inspires Mr. Hardy; and in the part which relates thereto we find his versification at its best:

NELSON.

'Hardy, how goes the day with us and England?'

HARDY.

'Well; very well, thank God for't, my dear lord.
Villeneuve, their Admiral, has this moment struck,
And put himself aboard the *Conqueror*.
Some fourteen of their first-rates, or about,
Thus far we've got. The said *Bucentaure* chief:
The *Santa Ana*, the *Redoubtable*,
The *Fougueux*, the *Santisima Trinidad*,
San Augustino, *San Francisco*, *Aigle*,
And our old *Swiftsure*, too, we've grappled back,
To every seaman's joy. But now their van
Has tacked to bear round on the *Victory*
And crush her by sheer weight of wood and brass:
Three of our best I am therefore calling up,
And make no doubt of worsting theirs, and France.'

NELSON.

'That's well. I swore for twenty. But it's well.'

HARDY.

'We'll have 'em yet! But without you, my lord,
We have to make slow plodding do the deeds
That sprung by inspiration ere you fell;
And on this ship the more particularly.'

NELSON.

'No, Hardy.—Ever 'twas your settled fault
So modestly to whittle down your worth.
But I saw stuff in you which admirals need
When, taking thought, I chose the *Victory's* keel
To do my business with these Frenchmen in.
A business finished now, for me! Good friend,
Slow shades are creeping on me—I scarce see you.'

HARDY.

'The smoke from ships on our win'ard side,
And the dust raised by their worm-eaten hulks,
When our balls touch 'em, blind the eyes, in truth.'

NELSON.

'No, it is not that dust; 'tis dust of death
That darkens me.'

[*A shock overhead.* HARDY *goes up. One or two other officers go up, and by and by return.*]

'What was that extra noise?'

. . . . . .

BURKE.

'That fellow in the mizzen-top, my lord,
Who made it his affair to wing you thus,
We took good care to settle; and he fell
Like an old rook, smack from his perch, stone dead.'

NELSON.

''Twas not worth while!—He was, no doubt, a man
Who in simplicity and sheer good faith
Strove but to serve his country. Rest be to him!
And may his wife, his friends, his little ones,
If such he had, be tided through their loss,
And soothed amid the sorrow brought by me.'

. . . . . .

NELSON (*suddenly*).

'What are you thinking, that you speak no word?'

HARDY (*waking from a short reverie*).

'Thoughts all confused, my lord:—their needs on deck,
Your own sad state, and your unrivalled past;
Mixed up with flashes of old things afar—
Old childish things at home, down Wessex way,
In the snug village under Blackdon Hill
Where I was born. The tumbling stream, the garden,
The placid look of the grey dial there,
Marking unconsciously this bloody hour,
And the red apples on my father's trees,
Just now full ripe.'

NELSON.

'Ay, thus do little things
Steal into my mind, too. But, ah, my heart
Knows not your calm philosophy! There's one—
Come nearer to me, Hardy—One of all,
As you well guess, pervades my memory now;
She, and my daughter—I speak freely to you.

'Twas good I made that codicil this morning
That you and Blackwood witnessed. Now she rests
Safe on the nation's honour. . . . Let her have
My hair, and the small treasured things I owned,
And take care of her, as you care for me!'

Some of the verse, here, it will be seen, is decidedly good as verse. For example:

'Who in simplicity and sheer good faith
Strove but to serve his country,'

And that touch of the 'grey dial'

'Marking unconsciously this bloody hour'

is of the higher flights of imagination.

The lyrical passage of this section shows Mr. Hardy at his best in this *genre* also. Of course the inevitable 'doctrine' has to follow:

Chorus of the Pities (Aerial music).

'*His thread was cut too slowly! When he fell,*
And bade his fame farewell,
He might have passed and shunned his long-drawn pain
Endured in vain, in vain!'

Spirit of the Years.

'*Young Spirits, be not critical of That*
Which was before, and shall be after you!'

The same 'doctrine' precedes an excellent description of a part of the Battle of Vitoria in the third volume (act II. sc. ii.). For still one is more tempted to quote the prose than the verse.

Spirit of the Years.

'*You see the scene. And yet you see it not.*
What do you notice now?'

'There immediately is shown visually the electric state of mind that animates Wellington, Graham, Hill, Kempt, Picton, Colville, and other responsible ones on the British side; and on the French, King Joseph stationary on the hill overlooking his own centre, and surrounded by a numerous staff that includes his adviser, Marshal Jourdan, with, far away in the field, Gazan, d'Erlon, Reille, and other marshals. This vision, resembling as a whole the interior of a beating brain lit by phosphorescence, in an instant fades again back to the normal.

'Anon we see the English hussars with their flying pelisses galloping across the Zadorra on one of the Tres-Puentes in the midst of the field, as had been planned, the English lines in the foreground,

under Hill, pushing the enemy up the slope; and far in the distance, to the left of Vitoria, whiffs of grey smoke, followed by low rumbles, show that the left of the English army under Graham is pushing on there.

'Bridge after bridge of the half-dozen over the Zadorra is crossed by the British; and Wellington, in the centre with Picton, seeing the hill and village of Arinez in front of him (eastward) to be weakly held, carries the regiments of the seventh and third divisions in a quick run towards it. Supported by the hussars, they ultimately fight their way to the top, in a chaos of smoke, flame, dust, shouts, and booming echoes, loud-voiced Picton, in an old blue coat and round hat, swearing as he goes.

'Meanwhile the French who are opposed to the English right, in the foreground, have been turned by Hill; the heights are all abandoned, and the columns fall back in a confused throng by the road to Vitoria, hard pressed by the British, who capture abandoned guns amid indescribable tumult, till the French make a stand in front of the town.'

And to close all, take these two passages, connected respectively with the burning of Moscow and with the French retreat. In the first Mr. Hardy shows the excellence of his historic writing.*

'When the bulk of the populace has passed out eastwardly, the Russian army retreating from Borodino also passes through the city and into the country without a halt. They mostly move in solemn silence, though many soldiers rush from their ranks and load themselves with spoil.

'When they are got together again and have marched out, there goes by on his horse a strange scarred old man with a foxy look, a swollen neck and head, and a hunched figure. He is Kutúzof, surrounded by his lieutenants. Away in the distance, by other streets and bridges, with other divisions, pass in like manner Generals Bennigsen, Barclay de Tolly, Dokhtórof, the mortally wounded Bagration in a carriage, and other generals, all in melancholy procession one way, like autumnal birds of passage. Then the rear-guard passes under Miloradovitch.

* Some slight and quite permissible 'dealings with' historical facts for the sake of artistic effect are to be met with in these volumes. Thus in the scene (vol. ii. act iii. sc. 1) which is meant to be typical of the horrors of the Coruña retreat Napoleon is introduced. But Napoleon quitted the French army at Astorga, and the sufferings of the British had then hardly begun. Seemingly, too, Napoleon receives on this occasion Canning's reply to the joint note of the two emperors (Napoleon and Alexander), whereas in fact the reply had by this time been in his hands a month.

It is probably also for artistic reasons that Sir Harry Burrard is kept altogether off the field of Vimiera and made to put a stop to the pursuit by message.

'Next comes a procession of another kind.

'A long string of carts with wounded men is seen, which trails out of the city behind the army. Their clothing is soiled with dried blood, and the bandages that enwrap them are caked with it.

'The greater part of this migrant multitude takes the high road to Vladimir.'

In the second passage we have from our author a form of verse he has used many times with great effect in other volumes—the ballad form:

MAD SOLDIER'S SONG.

I.

'"Ha, for the snow and hoar!
Ho, for our fortunes made!
We can shape our bed without sheets to spread,
And our graves without a spade.
So, foolish Life, adieu,
And ingrate Leader too—
—Ah, but we loved you true!
Yet—he-he-he! and ho-ho-ho!—
We'll never return to you.

II.

'"What can we wish for more?
Thanks to the frost and flood,
We are grinning crones—thin bags of bones,
Who once were flesh and blood.
So, foolish Life, adieu,
And ingrate Leader too—
—Ah, but we loved you true!
Yet—he-he-he! and ho-ho-ho!—
We'll never return to you."

'Exhausted, they again crouch round the fire. Officers and privates press together for warmth. Other stragglers arrive, and sit at the backs of the first. With the progress of the night the stars come out in unusual brilliancy, Sirius and those in Orion flashing like stilettos; and the frost stiffens.

'The fire sinks and goes out; but the Frenchmen do not move. The day dawns, and still they sit on.

'In the background enter some light horse of the Russian army, followed by Kutúzof himself and a few of his staff. He presents a terrible appearance now—bravely serving though slowly dying, his face puffed with the intense cold, his one eye staring out as he sits in a heap in the saddle, his head sunk into his shoulders. The whole detachment pauses at the sight of the French asleep. They shout; but the bivouackers give no sign.

KUTÚZOF.

'"Go, stir them up! We slay not sleeping men."

'The Russians advance, and prod the French with their lances.

RUSSIAN OFFICER.

'"Prince, here's a curious picture. They are dead!"'

Mr. Hardy's attitude (pessimistic on the whole) toward these events is his own; and there is no reason in the nature of things why no Spirit Heroic appears alongside of the Spirit of the Pities or the Spirit Ironic. But there is, we have said, also an element which is of the Time Spirit. A certain abstraction from humanity along with the impartiality which takes in every kind of scene and every rank in life, this is of our age; this marks all that is most vital in modern fiction, a world-sense of a new order. It was shadowed forth by Balzac in his insatiable curiosity in human things: it is almost propounded as a doctrine in the title 'Comédie Humaine' which Balzac selected to comprehend all his work. Dickens, Thackeray, Flaubert, Zola, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Dostoievsky and Gorky have each in their fashion laboured to develope the same idea. But that will not be the last word. And Mr. Hardy's poem also passes beyond this. Behind this 'realism' or 'naturalism' Time is labouring to bring forth another birth to which, as it has not yet taken a fully recognisable shape, no just name has yet been given. 'Symbolism' expresses only a part of it. What it is or will be is the poetising of this drama of common life. It will show that the commonplaceness of common things lies in us—in our way of regarding them—not in the things themselves. Every one of the writers we have mentioned has done something (unconsciously or almost so) toward bringing about this new birth of time. Dickens, when he spread over all his creations ('inventions' were the better word, perhaps) a weird light which is almost supernatural; Thackeray, when 'without a hero' he produced one of the most tremendous dramas that literature knows; Zola, when he turned a market-hall into a grim poem; Flaubert, when he expended the gems of his prose style on familiar scenes and objects; the Russians, who have shown a deeper, more poetic reading of human nature than had as yet been known, at any rate to prose fiction. In this stream of tendency, in this action of the Time Spirit, Mr. Hardy's 'Dynasts' will, we believe, in future times be acknowledged to take a great place. Its effect as a work of art may turn out to be the very opposite of the philosophy which Mr. Hardy preaches. For, after all, this working of thought which

we have tried to indicate or foreshadow, is it not essentially Carlyle's 'Natural Supernaturalism'? Yet if one day Mr. Hardy should discover that he has 'in action' preached against his own pessimistic theories, it is to be hoped he will not be too much distressed. Even he allows us some glimmer of hope in his final chorus, though the day-star appears to him very far off.

Schopenhauer, in the third book of his greatest work, 'Die 'Welt als Wille und Vorstellung' ('The World as Will and 'Idea'), explains how the man of genius alone, by the imagination of genius, at the same while that he loses his own individuality, sees things too not in their time relations and as presented only to the logic of thought, but in a kind of eternity, as a sort of Platonic existence. By such process (says our philosopher) the man of genius is for the while—his consciousness is for the while 'freed from bondage to the Will.' This joy at least, for it is within his own theories, Mr. Hardy must have confessed while he was creating a work of such undoubted genius as 'The 'Dynasts.'

Art. VIII.—ON UGLINESS IN FICTION.

It is well that all whose interest in the fine arts is that of consumers, as it were, of artistic products should every now and then pause and do their best to recognise and appraise any pronounced tendency in the producers. And we shall forestall a not unnatural accusation of ungraciousness, if we admit at starting that there is no need to be on the watch to mark or to commend what is good. Following the Darwinian theory in the physical world, we may say of Art that its beneficial developements may be left to themselves, they will survive. But the converse of this, that untoward variations, if let alone, will die out, is not as true in artistic as it is in biological evolution. It behoves us all therefore to be ever on the alert, and to watch whither the idiosyncrasies of artists, or our own taste, or both, acting and reacting on each other, may be leading art.

It is no paradox to say that there flourishes just now a cult of ugliness. It is not confined to literature, for witness a vast deal of the fashionable portrait painting, from some even of Mr. Sargent's presentments downwards. Is it too much to suggest that our painters seem sometimes to revel in depicting and exaggerating the defects of the features which they transfer to canvas? Is there no love of hideous conception in such a picture as that of Satan playing the lute to a convent of nuns, which we saw folk besieging in the Royal Academy a season or so ago? But pictures are beyond our present scope; our business is with literature. And in literature, with prose for the moment, rather than with poetry, otherwise Mr. Davidson's ballad of 'The 'Nun' were an instance calling for some remark. But we propose now to deal only with prose, and of that with a single, though very important department, as times go, the novel.

There can, we think, be no doubt whatever that a straining after the perverse and the ugly in modern fiction is lamentably actual and widely spread. Impurity and horror have been existent in literature from its earliest days; but they were never congenital in its higher forms, nor conceived and elaborated for the mere love of them. Even the terrible crime and plot of the 'Agamemnon' is but an element in the long legend of the fated House of Pelops, and was no conscious and perverse invention of Æschylus himself. The 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' offer a presentment so varied as to be well-nigh exhaustive of virtue, endurance, truth, meekness, ruffianism, falseness, dishonour, and treason, as such qualities were conceived at the several epochs of those poems. But in them, elements that are repulsive take their

place as constituents of an organic whole, in a co-ordinate proportion, possibly unconscious, but none the less artistic, and which leaves us without any trace of a sense of offence.

No epoch, however, has been able to claim a monopoly of any fault, and we are far from forgetting that the propensity against which we are protesting has existed from of old. But our own age has achieved a bad eminence in this manifestation, and, indeed, as we glance back over the centuries we cannot recall any other time when the choice of the disagreeable has been so determinedly avowed. A story is on record, mythical it may be, but still instructive, that the inhabitants of some Grecian city put to death an eminent sculptor because he had ventured to make too faithful an iconic statue of a citizen whose personal beauty was not on a level with either his intellectual acquirements or his civic desert. Crucifixion, strangulation, or a bowl of hemlock might be too strong a measure to take to-day with the painters and carvers of certain portraits and busts, or with the writers of certain poems and stories; but the less drastic application of critical censure and literary appeal may surely be forgiven to those who feel that such productions are alike injurious to art itself, to its professors, and to the public, who are at once its patrons and its pupils.

Moreover, the ancient statuary, whose fate we have remembered, probably erred in the pursuit of accuracy alone; his subject was supplied to him, and he was not responsible for the limbs or features of his sitter. He did not invent capriciously, he only copied with undue fidelity. The complaint against our literary moderns is that they deliberately set to work to imagine the grotesqueness in circumstance and character, which they afterwards elaborate with the eagerness of love and worship. It is sometimes urged that this process is but to broaden the comprehensiveness of beauty, and to add to the multiplicity of its types. We deny this most strenuously. We have already admitted by implication that completeness in literary structure demands contrast, that, life being full of complex declinations, it would be a sin of omission against nature to present nothing save perfection of form, of intellect, and of morals; and we may further concede that such symmetry, besides being faulty in its faultlessness, would be inexpressibly monotonous and dull to reader, beholder, and artist alike. No doubt, balance as well as variety in the constituents of a novel, an epic, or a play must be provided and preserved; nobility of aim must be set against infirmity of purpose; virtue must be confronted by vice; straightforwardness pitted against duplicity; and even the graver forms of villainy must not go unpresented in their place and turn.

Sprightliness, melancholy, caution, rashness, stupidity, genius, generosity, and selfishness must all go to furnish the *lanx satura* of society; and society after all stands for the materials of a novel. Where would fiction be without its Blifils, its Pollexfens, its Rashleigh Osbaldistones, its Lord Winters, its Carkers and its Fagins? And if such arch-rogues are to be retained, how still more deplorable would be the loss of the spotted ladies and gentlemen from Lady Bellaston and Tom Jones down to Becky Sharp and Rawdon Crawley! In all worthy novels, however, the sense of proportion prevails, characters are grouped, and the groups form well-fitted sections of an harmonious tesselation. The repellent is present, even if unalloyed, as an ingredient, an accident in the medley, not as a main purpose to which a few puppet-like incidents are made to subserve, or a pivot around which they are made to revolve.

Another plea, that the pleasant and the beautiful are topics that have been exhausted, must be mentioned, but only to be brushed aside. Surely the more complex life becomes, the ampler is the scope for full and well-graduated varieties, and the less excuse there is for the unredeemed developement of some single distasteful thesis or some intolerable personal type.

In short, ugliness, though it may be valuable as an accessory to the execution, should never be congenital to the conception, of a story; and we trust that the instances which we shall presently cite will at once illustrate our contention, and justify our claim for the necessity of intervention.

It is probably true that the fault of which we complain expresses a revolt against a weakly and only less blameable propensity to commonplace prettiness; but, even so, though it may appeal for sympathy, it cannot earn pardon. If Scott, Austen, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Mr. Meredith have all escaped prettiness and yet have remained wholesome, why not continue the good methods of five such literary champions? We fear that the only candid answer to the challenge would be 'Because we could not bend their bows, couch their spears, 'handle their rapiers, or swing their broad-swords; and so 'must try some other weapon.' Originality is the besetting passion of the second-rate, who know not how to make their mark by good work in the fields, however spacious, however fertile, wherein their greater predecessors have roamed and toiled. The truth is that the yearning after originality is a sure sign of the lack of it; it is a phase of the paucity of true invention, and so of the absence of genius. It seeks the strange, the phantastic, and the perverse, as a refuge from the alternative pitfall of slavish imitativeness. To change the metaphor, the cry of

those who are conscious of it is, ' We must not run on in the rut, ' so let us fling up our heels, and kick over the traces.' And yet a middle way remains along which genius may carry on for many a good stage yet, as the three great new novels of Mr. De Morgan abundantly testify. If that gentleman at some moments recalls Dickens, at others Thackeray, at others again Mr. Meredith, it is as a worthy recipient and transmitter of the torch, not as a slave ; as a cultivator intelligently adopting the grand results of time, and not as a mere gleaner in the harvest fields of the past.

But here, once more, we must not generalise overmuch. Some of the offenders of whom we are thinking are above the ranks of those who only rebel from a consciousness of incapacity. There are men and women writers, both, who have shown that they have been given a coal from the altar, but who have all the same been guilty at whiles of what we have not scrupled to denounce as treason to themselves and to their art. Let us also say at once that among the works which we have selected as examples there will be found none that are not of substantial literary merit, apart from the one underlying flaw. We have deliberately discharged all trumpery culprits. Let such go howl for ever in the forgotten fields—to adapt what is equally a phrase of Lord Tennyson and a reminiscence of Dante. Nor shall we deal with works distinctly immoral, that is, of palpably unclean intent. The books that lie before us are by authors of whose power and position in the literary world we think, and desire to speak, with all proper respect. In matters of art it is only the worthy who are worth censure ; the worthless must indeed be aggressive if they cannot be passed by.

Let us confess that we care more for the writers than we do the readers of books. Not that we would for one moment be thought to be so cynical as to overlook the missionary office of authors, or to ignore the baleful influence of bad literary nutriment upon those who are brought up upon it. In economics it is the consumer, not the producer, who demands consideration ; it is the duty of the economist to take care of the first, and to let the second take care of himself. But in literature the primary need is the other way. The preservation of the self-respect of writers is a sacred duty owed to themselves and to art ; they are the priests and priestesses of a temple whose marbles it is their function to keep scrupulously clean. Men and women of genius bring upon their souls a lower debasement by throwing themselves into the enthusiastic developement of evil and ugly types, than they would by a great deal of actual personal misconduct. To poison the stream at its fountain is worse than merely to

make it turbid lower down. The subject-matter of his main labour moulds the man, and the artist unconsciously transforms himself. 'Use,' as one of Shakespeare's two Veronese acquaintances observed, 'breeds a habit in a man,' and the modeller gradually becomes assimilated to his own models. Further, sad as the reflexion may be, it is more easy to incline to the lower than to the higher, even when unassisted by an audience or a public. But of the powerfulness of the last-mentioned factors who is not conscious? What self-examining orator has not had his moments when confession has been forced upon him that, as his career has advanced, he has talked more and more down to the level of his audiences, and has slackened more and more in his efforts to raise them to his own earlier plane of motive, language, and thought? Do we not remember that it is told of one who, judged by the highest standard, might have been even a greater artist than he was, that, when taken to task for having bestowed too much of himself upon infantile subjects, he answered his monitor in the phrase, 'One must paint for the 'mothers'? And, in like manner, is it not only too certain that a similar quest of popularity has told for much in that production of undesirable invention against which we have set ourselves to write?

There is yet another natural propensity which prompts the selection of unsavoury subjects. It is the desire to achieve a *tour de force*, to make the distasteful palateable, to veil the hideous, it may be even to forge something effective by way of *apologia* for what is outside the pale. We are far from saying that such attempts may not be tinged with a charity which must be allowed to atone for some part of the self-glorification ensuing upon the consciousness of success. But even amiability may be over-costly, and that both to its evincer and to its witnesses. And the obscuration of a moral issue, and, we will add, the degradation of the sense and standard of beauty, can only work for evil in each direction, however or for whatever it may have been brought about.

It will be recognised that what we are dealing with is that which is apart from and antecedent to 'treatment'—namely, the conception of character and plot. In many of our coming illustrations the treatment is as blameless as it was possible to make it, the hypothesis once conceded that the subject had to be treated at all. But it is just that necessity which we deny, and the self-indulgence which takes it for granted that we reprobate.

We have long been made familiar with the maxim 'Art for 'Art'; it is the watchword of irresponsible and incorrigible

cleverness which laughs at morality, while it waives aside control. In France it has produced the worst excesses of the novel and the gravest eccentricities of the Salon. It would seem to be seriously spreading in this country, and already it has infected what, if we are to judge by the wide diffusion of influence, has become, for good or evil, one of the most important branches of literature. We cannot afford to let the evil grow without protest. Fidelity to beauty is what makes art powerful for good; and ugliness, conversely, is the first stage in that broad road of decadence which passes on through shamelessness in taste, and ends in immorality in conduct.

Lest we should be thought to exaggerate this peril, we may say that, with the very smallest amount of research or assistance, we have recalled or collected some thirty novels or the complete representativeness of which there can be no question. We feel, moreover, perfectly sure that, had it been necessary, we could have doubled or trebled this number without lowering the standard of illustration. They are all by writers who have made or are making a reputation, and the dates of their publication do not go back beyond the last fifteen years. We have read carefully all those which we have got together. We desire to speak of their authors with due respect. We are even ready to confess that in the course of our reading we have been many times completely seduced by their incidental beauty and power in treatment of landscape, in dialogue, and in perfectly legitimate analysis of character and emotion. Occasionally, too frequently in fact, we have resented the barefaced description of incidents which had best have remained unrecorded—*irreperta et sic melius sita*—but in the main it is against the conceptions selected for developement rather than the methods of developement that we protest. We have indeed lighted upon books which have seemed to us to have been written avowedly as sallies in a false crusade against moral theories in which we have been educated, and with which we still venture to hold most obstinately that the welfare of mankind is bound up. But such growths of the weed-garden we have flung away, both as foreign to our purpose, and as negligible monstrosities which at present at all events are best left without notice because they are not worth rebuke.

It is time now that we turned to our selected instances. We do not intend to cite more than half of those at our disposal. In no case shall we give more than the briefest analysis of the theme or plot which is compatible with its exposure as a subject unfit for elaboration. And if it be urged that it is unfair thus to reduce a story to its bare poles, we answer that anatomy

cannot be demonstrated upon bodies where the muscles, fat, organs, and skin impede access to the bones. And we insist once more that our skeletons are not laid bare from lack of appreciation of the plenishment which we remove, but simply in order to ascertain whether they do or do not form a basis upon which any edifice, whatever its secondary merits, ought to have been built up; remembering that the influence of the bad substructure remains clear and outstanding, long after the specious and superimposed picturesqueness, pleaded in atonement, has worn out and passed away.

'The Village Tragedy'* is the earliest in date of all our specimens. It is also the earliest work of its gifted authoress, and for this reason we should have been glad to pass it by. But it is too clear and convincing an instance of faulty conception in contrast with delicate and blameless treatment to be forgone. An emigrant from the country, having drifted to London, is decoyed into marriage with a worthless slut of a woman, and dies leaving a daughter some fifteen years old. The girl is delicate, and not wanting either in moral instinct or mental aptitudes. An uncle takes her from the clutches of the drunken mother, and carries her off to his native village near Oxford. He and his wife, or sister, it matters not which, are living on a small farm. They are hard, narrow-minded, capable not only of prejudice, but of the tyranny and cruelty which are apt to spring from it. They are never sympathetic, and they leave the girl much to herself. She is in fact their household drudge. The only companion possible to her is a lad on the farm, well-meaning but stupid, and himself a workhouse child. As his father is alive, and apparently a fairly flourishing barge-contractor, it does not appear why he was not originally forced to support his son. The two young folk gradually fall in love with each other, and the girl's relatives are made immediately to put a bar upon all further intercourse between them. A quarrel is arranged between the aunt and niece over some young turkeys which the latter is supposed to have neglected, though they have in fact been let out of their hutch by a malignant village idiot whom the aunt will out of sheer perversity insist upon tolerating. The poor girl is driven out of the house to find the birds, though night is coming on. A thunderstorm of preternatural violence is invoked to make her condition desperate, and she is found by her lover drenched and half dying, and taken by him into a ruinous old house where he lodges alone. He brings her home in the morning as pure as when he found

* 'The Village Tragedy' by Margaret L. Woods, 1892.

her. On learning where she has passed the night, her precious guardians refuse to hear any explanation, and repudiate her for ever. A further element is introduced in the shape of an insouciant old fool of a vicar and his almost equally insouciant wife. Either of these, if they had lifted a finger, could have brought about an immediate marriage between the two victims of the story, who are left to an unhallowed, though otherwise innocent, union, simply because they are misled into the belief that the man being under twenty-one years of age cannot legally marry without his unnatural father's consent; and this, for no other earthly reason than that of bringing about a catastrophe, is withheld. So the two live together till a child is on the eve of birth, when a chance young lady visitor at the vicarage takes the trouble to get a legal opinion, on receipt of which the banns are immediately put up. The lover goes off on the eve of the day fixed for his marriage to buy a wedding ring in Oxford, and, if you please, must needs be cut to pieces on his way home by the engine of an express train upon a level crossing just outside the village. The fatherless child is born. The mother in despair, as soon as she can get about, tries to commit suicide and murder. She is only saved from both by death—presumably from heart seizure—which overtakes her on her way to the river. The last touch of ugliness is given by the discovery of her body, with the infant beside it in the clutches of the malignant idiot.

In 'Wild Justice' (1896), which is a novelette in verse by the same authoress, the repellent postulates are even darker than those of 'The Village Tragedy.' The conception is that of a Count Cenci transmuted into the tyrannical and dissolute head of a petty Welsh household. So terrible have the lives of his family become, that they have resolved to rid themselves of their tormentor. Foremost in the conspiracy is the eldest son, a hopeless cripple from the fact that his father in a moment of irritation with his mother had in his infancy taken him from his cradle and flung him across the room. The second son is on the eve of flight from the horrors of the family existence. One daughter has been already driven into a madhouse, and a second into a resolve to accept the advances of a chance admirer, preferring dishonour to the hell upon earth which her home has become. The scheme of parricide is elaborate and ghastly. The house is on an island in an estuary. It is partly accessible at low tide by a sort of natural causeway, narrow, difficult, and bordered by fatal quicksands into which the least deviation on the part of a wayfarer must engulph him. The father is in the habit almost daily of leaving for the mainland to regale

himself with drink and debauchery. He returns at various times of the night or morning according to the tides. A boat, rowed usually by one of his children, is sent to bring him off from the end of the causeway. Lanterns are placed along the line to guide his steps. A very slight alteration of the guiding lights, the loss of a few minutes in the arrival of the boat, would be enough to lure the hated parent and husband to inevitable destruction. A dark and moonless night is chosen. The only member of the family not in the plot is the son who has meditated clandestine flight. Him his mother, anxious to keep him with her, has locked in his bedroom. He only succeeds in getting out too late to avert, but apparently in time to share, the fate of his father. He and his sister start in the boat which was neither intended nor destined to bring the victim to his home. A ghastly scene of anticipation is heightened by the ejaculatory accounts of the cripple, who is scanning the estuary through a night telescope. It ends in a suggestion, rather than an announcement, that the boat has somehow or other been overturned, and that, whether on board of it or not, father, son and daughter, innocent and guilty together, have all been drowned. Could anything well exceed this story in its own qualities ?

We regret that our next three specimens should have to be taken from the works of an author for whose genius we have so sincere an admiration as we have for that of Mr. Thomas Hardy. The first two are from his 'Wessex Tales,' and of these we give priority to 'An Imaginative Woman' (1896). A commonplace, sensible tradesman is married to a guileless and sensitive person, who is only not as commonplace as himself because she has a feverish longing to become a poetess. Her verses, however, never rise above the level of the Poets' Corner in country newspapers or third-rate magazines. She has watched with envy, alloyed with romantic sympathy and sincere admiration, the career of a rising young poet who really has received a coal from the altar. They have never met, they never do meet. The husband, wife, and their three children go for a holiday to 'Solentsea,' and chance leads them to a lodging-house, part of which is usually occupied by her poetic rival and idol. To oblige his landlady, he has vacated his rooms for the period of their intended stay. Shortly after their arrival, the romantic woman discovers the name of the obliging occupant. Her landlady is voluble and unstinting in her praise of the absent poet. His photograph is produced and adored ; and, as one reads, one cannot but feel grateful, to Fate or to Mr. Hardy, that the two personages never met. But the lady cannot rest ;

the appearance of a new piece by the poet induces her to start a correspondence with him under her masculine *nom de plume.* He answers her in good faith, taking her for some young male admirer of his work. It is not long before she learns that, fatally upset by a spiteful review of his latest book, he has committed suicide. A money bribe obtains from the landlady his photograph and a lock of his hair. She makes no secret either of her grief or of her relics. She admits them to be those of a lover who has lately died. Her husband, not much perturbed, identifies the dead man. He takes their *liaison* for granted, but, with the comforting reflexion that 'women are sly animals,' he goes to business as usual. A mad journey undertaken by his wife without notice startles him. He follows, and finds her in the cemetery at Solentsea, crouched by the grave of the lover whom she has never seen. He takes her home, after having accepted her protestations of innocence, which, however, are not accompanied by a declaration that she had never met the man. In a few months she dies in giving birth to a child. In two years' time the widower remarries. While clearing out his wife's rooms to prepare them for the new occupant, he comes across the photograph and lock of hair. We prefer to tell the *dénouement* in Mr. Hardy's own words:

'Something struck him. Fetching the little boy who had been the death of his mother . . . he took him on his knee, held the lock of hair against the child's head, and set up the photograph, so that he could compare the features. . . . "I'm damned if I didn't think so," murmured he; "then she did play me false with that fellow at the lodgings!" . . .'

The resemblance between the child and the stranger is accounted for by Mr. Hardy upon grounds of medical and physiological possibilities, into which we do not choose to enter. We can only suppose that these possibilities begot this thesis of his, and, to our thinking, a very gratuitous and displeasing thesis it is.

Even more repellent, though still more powerful, than 'An 'Imaginative Woman' is the third story in the same series of 'Wessex Tales,' called 'The Withered Arm.' The author's preface leads the reader to believe that the ghastly superstition depicted really existed in 'Wessex' a century ago, and that the tale itself is founded upon fact. Let us hurry over our analysis with all the speed we may. A well-to-do dairy farmer has some thirteen years before the story opens taken for his mistress one of his own milkmaids. He has had one son by her and has discarded her, as is usual in such cases. The time comes when he brings

home a bride. Two or three weeks after this home-coming, the wronged peasant woman goes to her bed, having long brooded over the account of her happier rival whom she has never yet seen, but whose beauty and graciousness her boy, whom she has bidden to observe her at church and elsewhere, has innocently extolled. She has a terrible dream. The young wife seems seated like a nightmare upon her chest. Maddened with horror, the dreamer swings out her right hand and seizes the spectre by its left arm, which she clutches convulsively; and, the hallucination still strong upon her, she cries out in waking, 'Oh, 'merciful Heaven, that was not a dream, she was here!' The two women strike up a not unkindly intimacy, such as might arise between a kindhearted, unconscious Lady Bountiful and one of her poorer neighbours. In the course of one of her charitable visits, the young wife imparts to the cottager the distressing fact that her left arm has begun to wither. She bares it, and shows four marks upon it like finger-prints. She dates the evil from one night when 'sound asleep, and dreaming 'that she was in some strange place, a pain suddenly shot into 'her arm there, and was so keen as to awaken her.'

After a while Rhoda and her boy leave the neighbourhood. For some six years the poor sufferer employs in vain the quack remedies of a village conjurer to whom Rhoda had originally, and in all good faith, introduced her. The man tells her at last that the only experiment he can still suggest 'to turn her blood' is that she should lay her arm about the neck of a hanged man while yet warm. She contrives to achieve her object; by means of a bribe to the hangman she is introduced into the jail, and lays her withered arm about the neck of an unfortunate young man who has been hanged for arson. She shrieks to feel that with the touch 'her blood has turned'; but rises to find herself confronted by her husband and Rhoda, who have come to the jail to claim the body of their dead son for burial. She is carried out into the town in a state of collapse, and dies there within three days. Her husband sells his farm and disappears, to follow her to the grave two years later. After a while Rhoda returns to her cow-milking at the farm, and dies 'an old woman 'with scant white hair.'

May we not be excused for the expression of an unfeigned regret that, however much of actuality there may be in it, Mr. Hardy, for his own and for his art's sake, had not left the story of Rhoda Brook the villager and Gertrude Lodge the farmer's wife in undisturbed oblivion.

We trust that our irresistible impulse to cite a third instance from Mr. Hardy will be accepted by him as an indirect tribute

by us paid to his well-deserved renown. The story of 'Tess of 'the D'Urbervilles' (1894) is almost too well known for analysis; but memories are short. A young and beautiful village girl is entrapped and ruined by a heartless fifth-rate Lothario. She undoubtedly resents the catastrophe, and has no great love for its perpetrator, but she lives on for a time under his protection all the same. Eventually they part, and she goes home. Her baby is born, and dies; and she resumes her farm life without any very great loss of caste among an easy-going community. Some three years later she attracts the notice of a young gentleman named Clare, who falls honourably in love with her. She returns his passion unreservedly, but, conscientiously mindful of her past, refuses to marry him. Several times she is on the eve of confession, but the book could not have been written if the confession had been made in time. Partly owing to her mother's bad advice, but more in consequence of her lover's impatience, she marries with her secret undisclosed. She speaks out within a few hours after the wedding, to the horror of her outraged husband, who leaves her forthwith. He goes off to Brazil, as had indeed been prearranged between them, to see if there is any opening there for agricultural emigrants. He sends her money from time to time, and encourages her to write to him and to appeal to him for aid and counsel. Accidentally, she is left without a word from him for a year or two. She takes no advantage of his money provision for her, and continues her farm labour. Meanwhile, her old lover, under circumstances of unusual shamelessness, persecutes her with his attentions. At first she half-heartedly repels him. But her father dies, her family are in straits, her letters to her husband have remained unanswered, and she finally resumes her position as the well-kept mistress of her seducer. The truth is that her husband has been prostrated by a long illness in Brazil, and only receives her last letters in a batch, reposted, after his arrival home. They are accompanied by two well-meant notes of warning from girl friends of Tess. He sets off at once, and ultimately finds his wife alone in the lodgings where she is living with her paramour. She is richly dressed, and to us, who know, it is obvious that she is making the best of a bad job. But the husband has come in ignorance of the facts, and supposes that she is living on the purchase-money of some family jewels which he had given her an hour before the original confession of her shame. She undeceives him, and after a brief but impassioned explanation they part. A few hours later on, in an *accès* of loathing, she stabs the author of her ruin in his sleep. The murder is not discovered till the next morning. Its perpetrator

escapes unnoticed from the house, and comes across her husband, who is still wandering about the town. She tells him all, and they leave the place together, intending to escape if they can. But the horror of the story would have been incomplete if this result had been achieved. So they are made to wander about for many days, somewhat aimlessly, but with ideas of eventually reaching some port or other. The last place they sleep in is Stonehenge, where they are surprised by the police in the early morning. Tess's conscience never seems to have prevented her from sleeping soundly. She takes her arrest calmly, and so, for all we are told to the contrary, does her husband. The last short chapter shows him in company with a sister of Tess, watching on the heights above 'Wintonchester' the black flag rise over the jail, to herald the close of this terrible chronicle.

We may admit that Mr. Hardy's art has spared us much in the recital. He is more delicate than many of his recent followers would have been. But why construct a story wholly and solely upon treachery, immorality, deceit, fatuousness, relapse, revenge, and murder, and then call it by way of a second title, and as a last challenge to our good sense, as well as to our moral and literary instincts, 'The story of a pure woman'?

We might have culled even a more unredeemed instance of what we are seeking to expose in the same author's 'Jude the 'Obscure.' There, there is as much changing as with Tess, though there was no death on the gallows.

Mr. Vachell is favourably known, and his works deserve the favour. But in his novel 'Brothers' (1904) he has allowed himself to drift perilously near to the rocks. From start to finish its plot is gratuitously disagreeable. Two brothers are in the same 'House' at Harrow. The elder is handsome, of only commonplace ability, if of so much; but he has the grace of getting on already unpleasantly developed and backed by a commensurate amount of unscrupulousness in achievement. The younger, full of aspiration, with a touch of genius, and by no means destitute of physical aptitudes, is not the less constructed for failure. He has a weak heart and an invincible nervous stammer. He adores his outwardly splendid brother, who is not above having his school exercises done and his terminal examinations prepared for him by his gifted junior. In fact he uses him as a 'crib,' and only too consciously exploits him who is devoutly willing to be exploited, and effaces him who is too sweetly willing to be effaced. They both take Orders. The younger, eloquent and original upon paper, after two ineffectual efforts to overcome his physical defect, has to abandon the

pulpit and content himself with less showy but perhaps better work in the slums of Stepney. The elder rejects no means of getting himself into notice. He is false enough to preach sermons written by his brother upon crucial occasions of his career, and eventually obtains a bishopric. This is after his good looks and his borrowed intellectual fascinations have enabled him to supplant his unlucky brother in the affections of the unsuspecting heroine. The deception is continued almost to the very end of the book, when the long-delayed *éclaircissement* very nearly brings about an elopement of the two estranged lovers. This is fortunately prevented at the last moment, but the lady dies, disillusioned and heartbroken, of an attack of what we are almost tempted to call timely typhoid, while the brothers, reconciled in a manner, are left to their common loss. It is only fair to say that the main conception is somewhat lightened, though by no means redeemed, by the variety and elaboration of some of the secondary characters, and by one or two pleasanter by-plots. But we fail to see why a novelist, who has shown that he can construct and carry out so good a story as that of 'John Charity,' should have gone out of his way to invent such an unpleasant design as that upon which 'Brothers' is built.

Our quarrel with the author of 'The Silence of Dean Maitland' * is upon similar grounds. There is a great deal of subordinate charm in the book, and some of the characters are not only well imagined, but are gracious, and skilfully evolved. But why waste pathos and skill upon its fundamental idea? The story is woven round a young man of good family, a Cambridge Wrangler, whom we are to consider endowed with ambition, noble aspirations, delicacy of sentiment, loveableness, generosity, and eloquence, and, lastly, personal beauty. He has an intimate friend, as charming and well endowed as himself, who is plighted to his twin sister, a girl as gifted as her brother. The latter has just taken deacon's orders, and is also engaged to the daughter of a baronet, within whose property his father's rectory is situated. He has already separate charge of a small church and hamlet hard by. Things being thus, he falls into the lowest depths of guilt with the daughter of the baronet's coachman. Nobody suspects him, and the girl loves him too passionately to expose him. Her father, on the contrary, is led to suspect the friend. While the latter is on a holiday visit at the rectory the unhappy young woman makes an appointment with her betrayer. The father discovers that she is about to meet her unknown paramour, and lies in wait near

* 'The Silence of Dean Maitland,' by Maxwell Gray, 1902.

the place of assignation, still suspecting the friend. The young clergyman arrives wearing a suit of coloured clothes belonging to the other, which he has donned as a disguise. A struggle ensues, in which the father is killed. Suspicion falls on the friend; he is arrested, committed for trial, tried, and convicted of manslaughter. The circumstantial evidence is strong enough, but the matter is clinched by the perjury of the girl, who, to shield her real destroyer, swears that the man who came to meet her was the father of her child, and that the prisoner was the man. The case, if it had been true, was obviously one for severe treatment, and Everard is sentenced to twenty years of penal servitude. The traitor Maitland allows his friend to suffer in his stead; and the latter endures the penalty, knowing of the treason. He comes out on a ticket-of-leave at the end of eighteen years. Meanwhile, Maitland has become Dean of Belminster, is living in the odour of sanctity and basking in the brilliance of fame; he has even been offered, and has accepted, the bishopric of Warham. A chain of rapidly woven circumstances determines him to make a belated reparation. He draws up his will, to which he appends a circumstantial deposition of his guilt. He mounts the cathedral pulpit, and at the close of a sermon upon remorse and repentance, he makes a public declaration of all the incidents of his early crime. The shocked congregation, which includes, besides sundry county magnates, the Premier, who has just appointed him to Warham, and the Bishop of Belminster, are (save for one or two persons who have become apprised of the dreadful secret) disposed to think that nervous excitement, acting on a system enfeebled by heart disease, has culminated in madness. The church is rapidly emptied, but the dean, who has sunk back into his pulpit exhausted, does not descend as usual to join the procession of clergy and choir. He has in fact died in his seat. The novel winds up as one might expect. The sister and the much injured friend, who, of course, receives a full pardon and such material restitution of property as could be made, marry; and the family circle becomes as happy as so terrible an episode in its history permits.

'The Guarded Flame' * is another work that falls only too fitly within our category. Richard Burgoyne, a well-to-do elderly man, whom we are bound to accept as a philosopher of the highest order, in spite of the perplexing titles of some of his works, has married at fifty-six years of age Sybil Randle, a pretty girl of twenty-three. Burgoyne had met her for the first time at her father's funeral. Kindliness and compassion had been the

* 'The Guarded Flame,' by W. H. Maxwell, 1906.

leading motives for the marriage upon his part; upon hers reverence and the need of a home. She had been the devoted amanuensis of her father, an eminent geologist; and, doubtless, Burgoyne hoped that she would become to himself, in his turn, a faithful and loving helpmate. For twelve years, when the novel opens, she had been exemplary. The household had then lately been increased by two inmates—Effie, a charming grand-niece of Burgoyne, and Stone, a brilliant young medical student, who at twenty-two had seemed 'destined to a big career,' but whose health had broken down. He has been discovered by Dr. Wren, the confidential friend and local medical attendant of the Burgoynes, and he enters on the scene as the competent assistant of his employer in the fields of scientific research. All care is taken to assure the reader at the outset not only of the high intellectual plane upon which each member of this evenly balanced household stands, but of their amiability, moral purpose, and staunchness of character. Yet in the course of a year or two at most, Stone, who has become the affianced lover of the pretty, blameless and accomplished Effie, has made sudden and successful love to Mrs. Burgoyne, and Effie, who discovers his turpitude, has committed suicide; Burgoyne, who was hovering on the borders of recovery after an attack of paralysis, has been struck down anew through having acted as his own detective in the middle of the night; and Stone, banished and discarded, has died miserably abroad. The philosopher, by a miracle, once more recovers, and we are left to enjoy, if we can, the picture of the ruined wife, forgiven by her broken but still mentally active husband, moving, as of old, about the house which she has helped to make desolate. This she must have done for some eighteen years after her fault, for her husband, in the last two pages, is said to be then alive and to have reached his eighty-sixth year. We leave her in the apparent enjoyment of a content and a reputation which she has by no means deserved.

Not only in the conception of his story, but in the elaboration of its main incidents does the love of ugliness beset this author. The first announcement of his passion by Stone is as brutal and frankly sensual as it could well be; and its acceptance by the heroine is correspondingly facile and shocking. The shamelessness of the pair is not only acknowledged, but most carefully elaborated and set out, with an attention to minute detail, especially in the scene of their detection, which may well be called unpardonable. But the book shows undoubted power, and it is in spite of this acknowledgement that we ask, how can mere workmanship atone either for such a design itself or for

the incidental descriptions by aid of which it is worked out?

'The Man of Property' * is quarried from a numerous upper middle-class family named Forsyte. Three generations of it form the *dramatis personæ*. It is hardly too much to say that nobody outside them has anything to do with the story except an undesirable young architect who is engaged to marry June, a granddaughter of one of the elders. The gradual estrangement of her *fiancé* from the unfortunate girl, and the transfer of his worthless affections to the beautiful but erring wife of one of her uncles, are the only threads in the plot. The actual guilt of the lovers is made only too palpable, and with a hardly less offensive plainness is obtruded the last motive for the self-abandonment of the wife by a brutish act of violence upon the part of her husband, in which he asserts that right of property which apparently gives its title to the book. The result of this extremity is the elopement of the wife, who goes off with a valise and a handbag to her paramour's apartments. She arrives there to meet, not him, but the girl whom she had thus grievously outraged, and who up to the time of her misconduct had been her dearest friend. A scene takes place between Medea and Glauce, in which Medea has the best of it, and Glauce retires discomfited. The absence of Jason is accounted for by the fact that he has been run over by an omnibus in a thick fog which is made to overhang the West End of London that afternoon. We are left in doubt as to whether his death was suicide or not, for he had been informed by Medea of the outrageous indignity which had been put upon her, and had parted from her in a phrenzy of despair, presumably unaware of her too long delayed resolve to elope with him. At the close of the book even June gives signs of recovery from her disappointment, the family are all obviously ready to forget the scandal, and the last page of the novel narrates the return of the erring wife to her husband's house, valise, handbag and all; her admission by him in person at the hall door; and his summary dismissal of an officious nephew with a declaration that he intends to manage his own domestic affairs without assistance. We suppose that we are intended to accept the book as a satire upon the wealthy, luxurious, unimaginative folk of whom the author tells us that Society is mainly composed. But his satire is very gross and ugly caricature, and, as such, not justifiable.

'Henry Northcote' † is the very powerfully written story of a

* 'The Man of Property,' by John Galsworthy, 1906.

† 'Henry Northcote,' by J. C. Snaith, 1906.

young man of genius who has been called to the Bar. His selfishness is as transcendent as are his powers, and it is hardly redeemed by his enthusiasm for social reforms, for of this last quality his biographer allows us to see very little. He has impressed a great advocate who has at the last moment been prevented by a broken thigh-bone from defending a woman on trial for her life. The case is so bad that all hope of saving the culprit's life has been abandoned both by her solicitor and counsel, except by a plea of insanity. By the advice of the disabled man his client takes the brief to Northcote. The latter impetuously refuses to fight for anything short of acquittal. So much is the experienced attorney terrified by the rashness and irritated by the persistence of the tiro that he asks for his brief back again. This the young man declines also to concede, and with the assistance of the mistress of the attorney, who is admitted to the discussion, and whom the audacity and power of the barrister have fascinated, he is allowed to keep his retainer and to have a free hand. The trial comes on; the guilt of the woman is made only too clear on the evidence adduced; but such is the eloquence of her defender, that judge, jury, and the listening members of the Bar are gradually overborne. The prisoner is acquitted. Her advocate goes back to his garret in 'Shepherd's Inn' with fame achieved and success assured. Late in the evening the murderess knocks at his door, and is admitted. Her sobbing gratitude is gradually exchanged for the harlot's fascinations, and she spends the night in his room. A curtain and screen alone conceal her from the dangerous inspection of his 'bed-maker.' While towards midday, according to his wont, he is cooking his breakfast, his mother who has slaved all his life for him, adores him, and believes in his character and destiny, and along with her an innocent country girl to whom he is affianced, arrive on the scene. They have come post-haste from the country, having read the great news in a morning newspaper. While they are talking with him, the heartless prostitute draws aside the curtain and, with hideous laughter, discloses herself, half dressed and seated on the bed. The two honest and outraged women rush from the room. The guilty pair are left together. The woman from the first takes it for granted that her companion will murder her whose worthless life he has once preserved. Her attempt to get at a table-knife shows him, however, that it is not herself whom she intends should die, if she can otherwise manage it. A struggle for the knife ensues. We are given to understand that the hero feels that he has an actual maniac to deal with now. He throws her to the ground, gets his powerful hands round her throat—we

have forgotten to say that he had been an athlete at school—and strangles her. He has only just time to drag her body back on to the bed and redraw the curtain, when the bed-maker reappears. He puts her off again, and sends her out for a gallon of paraffin. Her errand performed, and her back finally turned, he makes a sort of funeral pyre above and around the corpse of furniture, books, bed, bedding, and manuscripts, drenches the whole with paraffin, and fires it. Doubly locking his door, he escapes into the street, with his new briefs and retainers carefully secured. We are treated to an elaborate description of the fire, which not only burns down the old rickety buildings wherein his garret was, but also a great hotel and a bank in their immediate neighbourhood, and obliterates all traces of his crime. With ghastly nonchalance he is made to meet an old acquaintance in the crowd, to whom he chats, and vouchsafes in a jaunty way to tell the facts exactly as they had taken place. His companion, as was of course intended, treats the story as a mad jest, and laughs it off with the remark 'My dear old lunatic, what are you talking about?' As they are walking away Northcote winds up the dialogue with a prophecy that 'one of these days they will make him a judge.'

This author's last book, 'William Jordan, Junior' (1907), is certainly high-flown, phantastic, some critics might even say absurd; but as a whole it is as powerful as 'Henry Northcote,' and it is not ugly. Let us hope that some day he will use his gift upon the construction of a story which shall be at once gracious, natural, wholesome, and strong.

'The Secret Agent'* is another variant of the type. This personage has long been in the employ of a foreign embassy. He has given satisfaction to his former chiefs, but to the present ambassador he seems inactive, lethargic, unprofitable. He is given to understand that England must be startled into more cordial co-operation in the suppression of the revolutionaries whose refuge is London. He must therefore turn himself into an *agent provocateur*, and provide some telling outrage. He accordingly plans that abortive, but historic, explosion in Greenwich Park, which was intended to work the destruction of our world-famed observatory. He is surrounded by a small group who are drawn with much skill, but upon whose repulsiveness no redeeming lights are attempted to be thrown. One of their number supplies him with the necessary bomb. He chooses for his companion a half-witted brother of his wife. The latter, though not unfaithful hitherto to her uninteresting

* 'The Secret Agent,' by Joseph Conrad. Methuen, 1907.

husband, expends all the love of which her nature is capable upon the boy. Following the lines of the actual incident, the boy is sent forward to lay the bomb at the gate of the observatory. He stumbles in the darkness over the root of a tree, the bomb explodes, and he is literally blown to pieces. The husband makes full confession to his wife, and gives into her custody a large sum of money which he has provided for their flight. Having done this, he eats his supper, and lies down peacefully to sleep upon a sofa in their sitting-room. The woman goes upstairs, and returns dressed for departure. After a brief self-colloquy, in her wrath and hate she takes up a carving-knife and stabs the man in his sleep. Smitten, not by remorse, but by fear of the gallows, she leaves the house, intending to commit suicide by leaping from one of the bridges. On her way she meets with the 'lady-killer' of the anarchical group, and, straightway changing her mind, throws herself into his arms. The most interesting point to him in her narrative is her possession of 500*l*. He takes this in charge, and procures two tickets in the night-train for the Southampton and St. Malo service; the tickets he gives to his companion, and tucks her up quietly in a first-class carriage, out of which he leaps himself just as the train is leaving the station. The woman travels on, and, still haunted by her terror of the hangman, goes on board the steamer. In despair she leaps overboard in mid-Channel, and we are left in doubt as to what the conspirator does with the money. If any embellishment of art, or service to society, is done by the concoction of such a story, clever as it may be, we confess that we fail to detect either.

'The Helpmate,' * which is also a book of considerable literary merit, has been so far, as it were, sweetened up—as a carp, tench, gurnet, or bream might be flavoured by some gravy or other condimental disguise—by references to spiritual aspiration, purity, self-sacrifice, and prayer, that many simple-minded persons might say of it that it was not 'bad,' or was 'rather 'nice.' But the very allusiveness of its story, and the superficial delicacy of its dressing make it seem to us all the more worthy of being placed in our index of expurgation. Its authoress conceives the idea of marrying a handsome, well-educated and genuine young gentleman to a beautiful, accomplished and amiable young lady. They are inhabitants of a town called in the novel 'Scale-upon-Humber.' The story opens during the first week of their honeymoon at a seaside place faintly disguised under the dialectic variant 'Scarby.' Nothing had

* 'The Helpmate,' by May Sinclair, 1907.

occurred to smirch the polished surface of their mutual idealism, until by an ugly chance Anne is made to overhear a conversation in which her husband is identified as a co-respondent in a divorce suit which has made a local scandal. Although she ascertains that he has been as much sinned against as sinning, that the affair has long been over and done with, that he was only one victim out of many of the North-country Circe, and that he has made no other known lapse from purity, her moral nature takes obstinate offence. In spite of explanation, apology, entreaty, devotion, and, as an anti-climax, we may add, forbearance and good temper, she—to use a common phrase which probably expresses the situation which our authoress intends to convey—' will have nothing more to do with him.' They abruptly return home, and she assumes her position as mistress of his house. Her demeanour is perfect. Even in the privacy of home her intercourse with him is thoroughly kind and even affectionate. But, for all that, his banishment is complete. At times she seems on the brink of a perfect reconciliation, and there must have been a moment when her undoubted love for him vanquished the mainguard of her metaphysical theories and her exaggerated sense of self-respect. They have, indeed, a little girl born to them ; but even that event does not avail to permanently raise the fortifications of her puristical vanity. At last the not unnatural result comes about. The husband sinks to the consolation of the gutter. The connexion which he forms has an analogy to his former entanglement. He is by no means the first hero of little Maggie's romance, who, by the by, like our old acquaintances in ' Tess ' and ' Jude,' is declared to have remained good in spite of her experiences. We may observe that in all these modern instances the adjectives ' good ' and ' pure ' are used in an esoteric sense to which our own studies have not given us access. This second escapade of Walter's lasts three years, and is only revealed to his wife at last by the lady of the divorce court, who persuades herself that in seeking the interview arranged for the disclosure she is neither actuated by malevolence nor by desire for revenge. After the inevitable scene with his wife, the husband esteems himself finally dismissed, and, though habitually temperate, takes refuge in the bottle. A timely fit of apoplexy, brought on by an unwontedly long bout of drunkenness, is invoked to bring his much-tried, though self-torturing wife to his side. She nurses him slowly back to consciousness and health, and then, acknowledging herself as the true cause of his moral relapse and physical peril, surrenders at discretion. But why construct such a problem ? Was it worth while either to set or to answer it, at all events *coram populo* ?

'Her Majesty's Rebels,' * though relieved by the pleasantness of some of its subordinate characters, is yet another instance of the gratuitous construction of an evil plot. Its main features are quite indefensible. Michael and Connor Desmond are brothers, sons of the last survivor of the elder branch of an old Irish Catholic family which had been dispossessed by the younger under the Disabilities Acts of the eighteenth century. A half-ruined castle along with a small estate alone remains in the hands of the elder branch, while the main residence and property still belong to Sir Henry Desmond, the representative of the Protestant supplanters, who is also a rich English baronet and squire. Michael is an unjustifiable travesty of Charles Stewart Parnell. He begins life as the betrayer of a village beauty, whom he afterwards manages to marry to a respectable young farmer. The husband is murdered by an evicted tenant of Sir Henry, and Desmond, with a perverse disregard of natural good feeling, elects himself to defend the murderer. By this time he has become the leader of the Irish Nationalists. He negotiates for the Home Rule Bill with the Prime Minister of the day, and Sir Henry Desmond is their intermediary. The last-named is engaged to the Premier's niece. The baronet and his *fiancée* come to stay at the Irish place. The lady is left behind there for some weeks under the chaperonage of her future sister-in-law. She and Desmond lose no time over a love-passage. She stays on without her chaperon for a few days, and, while alone, admits Michael to her chamber, which is placed conveniently on the ground floor with French windows opening on to the lawn. It must be admitted that he is represented as willing to have married her. But she prefers her baronet's wealth and station, evades a last assignation with Michael, escapes to England, is married within a month, and leaves our hero *planté là*. There is, however, in his neighbourhood a very charming young lady, Kathleen O'Brien, with whom his brother Connor is in love. He gains her affections, supplants his brother, and is on the eve of marrying her, when Lady Desmond once more appears on the scene. She has been divorced in a suit in which Michael was the only co-respondent. She seeks an interview with Kathleen, who has hitherto refused to believe in her lover's guilt, and informs her in a fashion that carries conviction not only that the charge was true, but that she is 'about to 'become the mother of his child.' Kathleen not unnaturally discards our gentleman, who is most conveniently, and not inappropriately, disposed of by Costello, the murderer, who

* 'Her Majesty's Rebels,' by Sidney Royse Lysaght, 1907.

insists upon his procuring for him another farm, and who shoots him forthwith upon his contemptuous refusal. From this point the novel is speedily wound up. Lady Desmond dies in her confinement, her child is apparently to be brought up by Michael's parents, and Connor and Kathleen, enriched by an uncle who has returned with a large fortune from Australia, are left to marry. Is any further comment necessary upon such a plot as this ?

'The Thornton Device' * is a story whose simplicity is as a translucent robe through which its ugliness shines. Geoffrey Thornton, a middle-aged squire of ancient family, is living alone with an invalid wife to whom he is tenderly attached. He has more or less taken to drink, and she, hopelessly bedridden, is at the mercy of a set of slatternly servants and of a tyrannical nurse. Madeline Urquhart, a girl cousin, comes to live with them. She reclaims the husband and cleanses the Augean stable of the household. All goes well till she makes the acquaintance in the hunting-field of Jack Delamain, a neighbouring squire and master of the hounds, who is married to an American heiress. With scarcely a show of resistance she falls a victim to his fascinations. He, as a matter of course, behaves badly to her, and, as soon as she begins to despair of his devotion, she turns to her true friend Geoffrey, confesses all to him, and implores his help, which she needs all the more for an obvious reason. In a burst of not unnatural anger, he at first refuses to have anything further to do with her. We have forgotten to say that his wife has died, and that Madeline has been living on with him and his maiden sister. The wretched girl flies to London and hides herself. Geoffrey, overtaken by remorse for having declined to help one who had rescued him from ruin, follows her up, and discovers her. Another cousin, Lady Amabel Farningham, a married woman, accompanies him. The unfortunate girl is taken to Lady Amabel's home, but, as soon as her condition renders removal necessary, she is transferred to an institution for her class of unfortunates. Meanwhile, Geoffrey has had it out with Delamain. He ends by undertaking himself to marry Madeline, and to shield them both, on one condition—that Delamain sells his estate and leaves the county. The bargain made, the villain tries to shuffle out of it upon a technical point, but Geoffrey is too firm for him. Madeline utterly refuses to marry her redeemer till her child is born ; but it does not survive its birth many days, is hurriedly baptised, and its name is given at the font as Geoffrey Thornton by its uncompromising

* 'The Thornton Device,' by the Hon. Mrs. Grosvenor, 1907.

male sponsor. We are left to suppose that the marriage takes place, that Geoffrey assumes the paternity of his hated neighbour's offspring, while its unprincipled and uninteresting parent rides off unscathed. The sooner art shakes itself free of such 'devices' as this, however well devised, the better.

A somewhat tardily exhibited regard for space induces us to cut short our chain of analyses. It was necessary to make it sufficiently long to assure our readers that the evil to which they point is of sufficiently frequent manifestation to warrant attention. But we have by no means exhausted our stock of examples. Many of those which remain are such as to render any description of them difficult in the pages of this Review. Once more let us emphatically say that our reduction to their bare poles of the plots which we have given was neither unfairly nor unkindly meant. We have done it in order to place, without confusion or admixture, one question before contemporary writers of fiction: 'Why work upon a bad subject? Why 'prostitute your undoubted literary gifts?' All novels should be contributions towards the liberal education of their readers. Though not to be obtruded, this purpose should be unswervingly kept in view. So delicately should the teaching be administered that it should be imbibed almost insensibly by the scholar. None of our really great novelists have posed as pedagogues; but who among us, all the same, has not felt that he has risen up the better for having read one of their books? Have they not laid bare to us our failings, our affectations, our self-seeking, our vanities, our falsenesses?—some quality of conduct, positive or negative, which has prevented us from deserving that useful, if sartorial epithet, 'thorough-stitched'? Do not such writers place before us ideals of a practical altitude to which we may hopefully aspire, and, in contrast with them, lower standards of sufficient likeness to our own unassisted views of life to strike us with their perilous proximity? And because such men bestow these serious boons on us, are they in any way shorn of their powers to interest, excite, and amuse? How varied are their characterisations, how free is their fun, how sound their pathos; how true their love of landscape, how rich and vivid their descriptions of external nature! Have we any real need to justify ourselves when we beg their successors in art to work in the same fields which they and many good men before them have indeed tilled, but which no amount of cropping will ever exhaust? By all means, in order to achieve actuality give all types and topics their due places in the broad pages of art, just as they take them in the life-dramas which we see enacted around us. But do not let the evil and the phantastic usurp

the field of presentation, nor let necessary shadows grow till they obscure the picture, the main qualities of which should still be brightness and beauty. Every artist should remember that his own nature rises and sinks with the choice of his subjects no less surely than it rises and sinks with the earnestness of the work which he puts into them. And of all artists the novelist is specially bound to gauge his responsibility by the reflexion that inasmuch as the novel is devoured by larger crowds than those which are accessible to any other form of didactic literature, its debasement spreads moral decadence over a proportionately greater section of mankind.

Art. IX.—THE POLITICS OF RADIO-TELEGRAPHY.

1. *Report and Minutes of the House of Commons Select Committee on the Radio-Telegraphic Convention*, 1907. [246.]
2. *The Principles of Electric Wave Telegraphy.* By J. A. Fleming, D.Sc., F.R.S. London : Longmans, Green & Co., 1906.
3. *A Handbook of Wireless Telegraphy.* By J. Erskine-Murray, D.Sc., F.R.S.E. London : Crosby Lockwood & Son, 1907.

There are no applications of science which have inspired so much interest and attention within recent years as wireless telegraphy,—or what we now more correctly term radio-telegraphy. This interest is without doubt largely due to the touch of mystery surrounding its nature in the lay mind. The advances made in the scientific developement of the art since Heinrich Hertz's demonstration of the theory of electromagnetic waves,* twenty years ago, are truly remarkable. This developement has proceeded in gradual stages at the hands of various experimenters, the apparatus employed being, however, fundamentally the same as that shown and worked by Sir Oliver Lodge at the Royal Institution in 1894.†

So assiduous was Mr. Marconi in his study of the practical possibilities of etheric waves for the purposes of telegraphy through space that the conquest of yards soon became the conquest of miles ; later on, too, the miles became hundreds of miles. This increasing annihilation of space was due to improvements in the apparatus effected by that and other skilled experimenters hailing from this country, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and the United States. In England a condition of things was shortly reached when, owing to the very nature of the art, there was considerable chance of it getting out of hand and becoming a source of trouble.

In the early part of 1903 Mr. Charles Bright drew attention in the ' Nineteenth Century ' to the desirability of placing wireless telegraphy under some sort of restraint by means of Government control ; and the Wireless Telegraphy Act, for that purpose, followed a year later. Until the passing of this Act anyone was free to establish a wireless telegraphy installa-

* Clerk Maxwell enunciated the theory mathematically as early as the year 1863, following on the late Lord Kelvin's work in electric oscillations.

† Lecture on 'The Work of Hertz and some of his Successors,' at the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

tion when and where he pleased, and to use it as he pleased, provided he was ready to exchange messages with any object over three miles from our shores.* Endless confusion was thus imminent, let alone other objections. Under the Act, wireless telegraphy stations in this country or on British ships can only be erected under licences from H.M. Post Office. Moreover, they can only be worked in accordance with suitable regulations. Similar developements were taking place in other European countries, especially Germany, where the application of radio-telegraphy to maritime purposes was particularly appreciated.

Though its adaptation for the Navy and Field Service has always naturally been paramount in the public and official mind, it was soon recognised by those who thought much about the subject that radio-telegraphy had a still wider and more general use awaiting it, *i.e.* for the purpose of effecting satisfactory communication between lightships and lighthouses with the mainland—submarine cables being unsuited for the task—as well as for signalling between moving ships and the shore, or between ships. Thus, German ships soon desired to communicate with the Marconi stations on our shores for general shipping purposes; but a deadlock was at once reached, owing to the Marconi Company refusing to allow communication by their system with the apparatus of a rival. Whereupon, the German Emperor, in his characteristic way, at once urged the desirability of an international convention to meet the needs of universal ship and shore wireless telegraphy. Unfortunately, however, any proposal hailing from the Kaiser affects a certain class of statesman—or, rather, politician—much as presenting a red rag to a bull affects that quadruped; and the abstract question was then raised as to whether we should intercommunicate with foreign ships or foreign shores. There is good reason for believing that the opposition (through the press) emanated in the first instance from those who were anxious, for business reasons, to retain wireless telegraphy within their own hands; but the arguments enunciated were studiously political in character. They were of a sort which appeal to that type of politician who is more anxious to attract attention by what seems to have a 'telling' ring about it, than to inquire into the real facts and merits of a case, independent of personal and party considerations. With the aid of articles and anonymous letters in the newspapers a prejudice was established against the Kaiser's proposal which it has taken some time to overcome.

* The latter condition evades the old Telegraph Act of 1869.

Those who have argued in favour of limiting wireless telegraphy to our own shores and our own ships should ask themselves whether they would have taken the same view in regard to telegraphy by cables. It is true that nearly all the early trunk lines of cable were British—made and laid *by* British companies *for* British companies, even in the case of those landing on foreign territory. In those days, however, there were no cable factories in France or Germany, and these countries had not the colonising instincts that they have lately cultivated. The present state of things is very different, for there are as many as four foreign Atlantic cables, apart from several thousand miles of cable to German and French possessions belonging to companies of those nationalities. The difference in the two cases that exists in some minds is more imaginary than real. As a matter of fact, whereas we had submarine telegraphy almost entirely in our own hands for many years, we have never been in the same position in reference to radio-telegraphy. It is true that Mr. Marconi and his company were the first to attempt the spanning of great distances without the aid of intervening wires, and that they have established a considerable organisation for that purpose; but various foreign electricians have achieved quite equal success as regards apparatus, and the principal German wireless telegraphy company has for some time had more stations than the Marconi Company.

An unbiassed person, having this information at hand, could, indeed, scarcely stand out against general intercommunication, especially as the broad principle had already been accepted in the instance of cables. Neither could he stand out against general intercommunication with foreign systems in the hope of keeping wireless telegraphy exclusively in our own hands, seeing that there was never any real prospect of achieving that end. For the largest maritime country in the world, the main object should obviously be to turn this great invention to account for general maritime purposes—not only in the neighbourhood of our own shores, but throughout the universe; and considerations of mere humanity would favour universal radio-telegraphy between ship and shore—as well as between ship and ship—if only owing to its obvious advantages over the old system of flag-signalling at sea. It would seem that the Marconi Company, with commendable business ideas, thought to force their apparatus, to the exclusion of others, on every ship that desired to avail itself of the privilege of communicating with the coast stations they have secured at such advantageous spots. Similarly, they apparently thought to force their system at further coast stations at home

and abroad for communicating with the ships they have installed.

But a particular system of wireless telegraphy which can, or will, only communicate with itself—*i.e.* with apparatus made at the same shop—is clearly placed at a disadvantage here in the unprejudiced mind. From a national point of view, too, whilst giving a preference to our own wares may seem to those who do not look below the surface to be wise and patriotic, positive isolation in regard to foreigners would be disapproved by all thinking statesmen; and, in any case, it would have been scarcely feasible for us to enforce any one particular system on the ships or shores of foreign Powers.

That, however, is evidently not the view held by Sir Edward Sassoon, who, when the subject was under discussion in the House of Commons a year ago, was reported as saying: 'If foreign nations wished to communicate with us, let them 'do so by all means, but let them use the instruments which we 'considered best.' * One is led to wonder here who the 'we' is; one is also led to wonder whether when the Postal Union was first proposed there were any individuals who opposed it on the lines that, if the letters passing through foreign countries could not be in our hands, we should hold ourselves aloof from the Union. Incidentally, Sir Edward Sassoon seems to have hailed Mr. Marconi as our saviour from all the ills of telegraphy; for in 1900 he embarked on a campaign against cable monopolies; whereas in 1906 he was apparently anxious to secure a monopoly in wireless telegraphy for a company that professes to compete with the said cable companies. Further on in his speech Sir Edward seems to have become specially concerned to instruct Irish members in regard to their duty, where he said: 'I would 'remind the Irish members that the brilliant and gifted inventor 'of our system of wireless telegraphy was a son of Erin—(Hear, Hear, from Irish members)—and that a considerable 'portion of the capital, labour, energy and brain that went to 'build up that powerful undertaking came from Ireland.' † Thus, whilst pressing for a Marconi monopoly, he (Sir Edward) was at the same time taking up a line in opposition to inventors belonging more directly to this country, including one with a radio-telegraphic station in his own constituency! ‡

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* The Times, December 18, 1906.

† Ibid., December 18, 1906.

‡ Some of the speakers in the debate appeared to think that Mr. Marconi's was the only British wireless telegraph system, and others were 'clear' that it was 'the best.'

Contemporaneously with this debate anonymous letters and articles having obviously the same purpose were published in the newspapers, whilst replies from qualified and disinterested parties were denied a hearing. This press campaign was largely occupied with suggestions that the British delegates had failed to look after the interests of their country during the Berlin Conference. That is a cry which, we regret to say, finds favour with too many journals of to-day, which are ready to assume that everything is wrong, and that those in authority are ignorant or incapable. Often, however, the ignorance can be traced to the critics. Thus, one of the criticisms levied at the Convention by the alarmists was that the International Postal and Telegraphic Bureau at Berne—with which the telegraph world is so familiar—would have a prejudicial influence on our interests. It took some time to expose this nonsense, and to satisfy our countrymen that the Bureau is to be a purely technical establishment, consisting of a director and clerks for merely routine work, in no way connected with forming regulations, etc., which would alone be determined at the periodic Conferences. The article, however, which attracted special attention in our country was one in a number of the 'Morning Post' which soon passed out of circulation—so freely was it distributed. The title of the article was 'German Aims'—the rest may be imagined. It appeared a little before the Conference; and during the sittings a good deal concerning what passed (as well as what did *not* pass) found its way into the newspapers in an altogether unusual and improper way.

But, apart from these inspired contributions to the press, anyone who was not otherwise conversant with what was going on would have obtained a fair idea from the first few lines of a covering letter addressed by the Marconi Company to various shipping companies, commencing: 'Dear Sirs,—If 'you could see your way to sending some such letter as the 'enclosed to the President of the Board of Trade we should 'be greatly obliged.' Both the covering letter and the letter that was to be sent to Mr. Lloyd-George are too long to reproduce; but the arguments used were the same as those used in the press, and closely resembled the line adopted by those who championed the same cause in the House of Commons eleven days later. The covering letter remarked, *inter alia*, 'The Convention is a scheme of Germany to upset a British 'business.' In the letter to be sent to the Board of Trade the only passage which appeared to vary materially from what was being said, or written, elsewhere was as follows:

'We desire respectfully to record our protest against such a 'procedure, as tending to the demoralisation of wireless tele-'graphic communication for maritime purposes, and beg that 'our views may receive due consideration.' Surely, however, a large shipping company might be allowed to hold 'views' of its own on such a subject without having them prepared in advance by other interested parties; and, in any case, we doubt if Mr. Lloyd-George would have been much impressed by letters of this description.

The International Conference originally summoned at the instigation of the German Emperor,* after more than one postponement, commenced its deliberations on October 22, 1906, and completed them, after five sittings, by provisional signature, on November 3 of that year. The Conference was attended by British delegates from all the Government Departments concerned. The Marconi Company was not represented officially, but its managing director, Mr. Cuthbert Hall, was present at the meetings on behalf of Montenegro, notwithstanding his strong objection to small States taking part in the international administration of wireless telegraphy. This inconsistency will, however, undoubtedly be overcome on future occasions; for, assuming that the Marconi Company is now prepared to intercommunicate with other radio-telegraphic systems, they, and other similar organisations, will probably be invited to send a representative.

It is not proposed to deal here with the details of the Convention as provisionally agreed to, nor yet the Service Regulations. We need only remark that the main elements in the former were (1) obligatory intercommunication between different systems; (2) agreement on a certain prearranged wave-length being used with that end in view.† This, however, only applies to particular stations registered for universal use, whilst others remain free for naval and other purposes, where any other wave-length would be used. As regards the Service Regulations, it suffices to say that they are ordinary common-sense rules for the proper administration of radio-telegraphy on a universal

* A previous Conference had been held in 1903; but Great Britain, like Italy, was not then in a position to take any active part in the proposals adopted.

† The object of the latter is clear when we remember that if two musical instruments are placed near enough, the 'playing' of one instrument is sufficient to set the chords of the other into a corresponding state of vibration, provided that the latter is 'tuned' to the same note, key, or pitch, corresponding to frequency and wave-length in etheric telegraphy.

basis, founded on the international regulations already in force for the requirements of universal telegraphic communication by metallic conductors.

Anyone with a full knowledge of the latter business knows that without such regulations the satisfactory service that we enjoy to-day would have been impossible; it would, indeed, have been a constant source of confusion and dispute for lack of a uniform system of control. Then, again, if national control was found to be necessary for the proper administration of radio-telegraphy at home, still more so must be international control for universal radio-telegraphy. It is not unlikely that the Marconi Company were prepared with suitable regulations in this connexion; but it is difficult to believe that a single company, of any one nationality, could have successfully administered such regulations for the purposes of a satisfactory universal system of ship and shore communication, taking into consideration the present position in regard to other parties. In any case, a monopoly would be unlikely to guard the public interest in the matter of tariff; monopolists seldom see to that. Yet maximum rates have already been provisionally stipulated in the International Convention, the limit being 6*d.* a word for coast messages and 4*d.* a word for ship messages.

Seeing that this International Convention was about to be adhered to by practically all the other Powers, it is obvious that we could not in any event render it ineffective. By standing out we should lose certain benefits, with the prospect of conditions being introduced that would be contrary to our interests. In view, however, of the outcry against our joining the Convention the Postmaster-General (Mr. Sydney Buxton) did well in at once acceding to Sir Edward Sassoon's motion for a House of Commons Select Committee to consider the question as to whether this country should ratify the said Convention. In the course of an admirable speech Mr. Buxton stated that the Government had nothing to fear from the closest scrutiny, adding that it would be found that our naval interests were fully protected by the Convention, besides our commercial interests being distinctly benefited by it.* Two Postmaster-Generals of the late (Unionist) Government, Lord Stanley and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, were unfortunately prevented (by unavoidable absence) from expressing their approval of the Convention during this debate; but the former had done so a few days before.† When the Unionists were in office

* The Times, December 18, 1906. † Ibid., December 13, 1906.

the Admiralty adopted the same view, Lord Selborne having agreed to general intercommunication provided our naval interests were suitably guarded; and the present Government were but pursuing a continuity of policy in this matter.

On March 8, 1907, the Select Committee was appointed, consisting of Mr. W. R. Adkins, Mr. Buxton, Sir John Dickson-Poynder, Mr. Enoch Edwards,* Mr. S. L. Gwynn, Sir William Holland, Mr. G. Lambert, Mr. Arthur Lee, Mr. J. T. Macpherson, Sir Gilbert Parker, and Sir E. A. Sassoon. Subsequently Sir John Dickson-Poynder was elected chairman. It will be seen that from a party point of view all the forces were represented in suitable proportions; but an ideal Committee for dealing with a subject of this character would, without doubt, be differently composed, and it is to be regretted that matters of this kind are ever placed at the mercy of party politics.

Whilst there is much to be said in favour of members of the Government not sitting on Committees that are dealing with questions of this character, it cannot be denied that both Mr. Buxton and Mr. Lambert (as Civil Lord of the Admiralty) exhibited exemplary justice throughout. We would, indeed, remark, in regard to Mr. Henniker Heaton's criticism on this point,† that both these statesmen were far more fitted for their position on the Committee than he (Mr. Heaton) could ever have hoped to be, if only on account of the strong bias the latter has shown in the matter. In point of fact, if Mr. Buxton was unsuited for the Committee because he was said to have already 'prejudged the position,' ‡ still more was Sir Edward Sassoon, who had written and spoken strongly against the Convention, as has already been indicated in this article.§ Any 'prejudging' that Mr. Buxton may have been guilty of was, at any rate, a 'prejudging' based on full knowledge of the facts, such as seems scarcely to have applied—could not, indeed, have applied—to Sir Edward Sassoon's or Mr. Henniker Heaton's prejudging in the opposite direction. With further regard to the Committee as it stood, it was refreshing to find that at any rate Sir Gilbert Parker could consider this important question on its merits, entirely free from party bias. The attitude he took was especially satisfactory in view of his extensive knowledge of Imperial matters, let alone the fact

* This gentleman, Labour M.P. for Hanley, did not attend any meeting after the first, at which no evidence was taken.

† The Times, July 22, 1907.

‡ Ibid., August 30, 1907 (Mr. J. T. Macpherson's letter).

§ Ibid., October 13, 1906; ibid., December 18, 1906.

that he is a strong advocate of Imperial Preference rather than a 'Free Trader.' Mr. Adkins was another active member of the Committee who throughout exhibited a close grasp of the subject—as well as a judicial tone—akin to that of Mr. Buxton. There was also Mr. Gwynn, the Nationalist member for Galway—the scene of the Marconi Company's Irish station at Clifden. He attended every meeting with remarkable assiduity, and certainly did his utmost for the Irish shareholders in the Marconi Company—as was indeed only natural in the circumstances.

Having dealt with the constitution of the Committee, let us now turn to the conclusions ultimately arrived at, after taking evidence on thirteen separate days from nineteen witnesses, starting on March 19, and concluding on May 28 of last year. The wonder is not so much that the majority arrived at the conclusions they did—in favour of ratifying the Convention—but rather that they should have done so by so bare a majority—or, indeed, that a Minority Report should ever have been found necessary.* We say so in view of the largely preponderating evidence advocating the Convention—unanimous except in the case of the Marconi Company's official witnesses, together with Mr. Henniker Heaton. The small majority (one) by which the Majority Report was carried can, indeed, only be accounted for by the play of party politics on the one hand, or by deep-seated and ignorant prejudice on the other.

Evidence was taken from officials of the Post Office, Admiralty, War Office, Colonial Office, and Lloyd's Corporation; also from experts of the Marconi Company on the one hand, and experts of two similar British concerns (the Lodge-Muirhead Wireless Telegraphy Syndicate and the Amalgamated Radio-Telegraph Company, respectively) on the other. But luminous, authoritative and far-reaching as was the evidence of Mr. Babington Smith and Mr. (now Sir John) Gavey on behalf of the Post Office, it must be admitted that this was of a character such as these officials would obviously tender, if only in defence of the line taken by them when representing their Department as British delegates at the Berlin Conference—which was, in fact, on its trial, so to speak. Then, again, clear and to the point as was the

* In saying this we should, however, state that the Minority Report was an undoubtedly able document, reflecting considerable credit on Mr. Arthur Lee and his associates, though apparently based on the mistaken premises that the only rivals to the Marconi Company were foreign.

evidence of Mr. Nevil Maskelyne, this being on behalf of a business in rivalry with the Marconi Company, it should naturally be viewed in that light—as a counterblast, indeed, to the statements of Mr. Marconi, Mr. Cuthbert Hall, and Professor Fleming. So similarly in regard to the evidence of Sir Oliver Lodge (instructive as it was to those who were able to appreciate it), and also that of Mr. Henry Muirhead, representing his brother, Dr. Alexander Muirhead. In the circumstances just detailed—and seeing that the Committee had no independent expert amongst them—it might be thought that they would especially appreciate assistance from witnesses legitimately coming within that description; one would, indeed, expect special weight to be attached to disinterested expert testimony such as would indicate the value to be placed on the evidence of respective rivals, and on the whole the conclusions of the majority report owe much to the evidence of two independent experts, Sir W. H. Preece and Mr. Charles Bright.

We will now turn to the main features of this large and important subject which the Committee had to deal with. First and foremost there is the strategic aspect. Notwithstanding what had been said to the contrary in alarmist reports from certain quarters, this has always been kept in the forefront by the authorities here, whilst some years back Mr. Charles Bright pointed out the utility of wireless telegraphy for putting our entire coasts into rapid communication with various inland centres and military stations.* Under the Convention, the Government can exempt from intercommunication any radio-telegraph station that they desire, provided that enough stations are made available for universal ship and shore requirements. In time of war stations on British territory, —*i.e.* within the three-mile limit—pass entirely under our control; thus, under the Convention, more stations would be available at any moment for strategic purposes. Besides being in a position to lay hold of all general intercommunicating stations within our domain in case of emergency or prospect of war, the Navy can also control, or actually work, them at any moment themselves, in addition to having secret apparatus for naval purposes, worked under different technical conditions, the particulars of which would remain unknown to the public. Thus, here again the more stations we have on British territory the better; for in their absence our foreign rivals will erect stations near our waters such as would obviously be to our disadvantage

* Royal United Service Institution Journal, Vol. XLIV.

from a strategic, as well as from a commercial, standpoint. Hence, seeing that the Convention would come into force in any event, if we held aloof therefrom our strategic position would be worse—rather than better, as suggested by some people. It should be mentioned, further, that, from the naval point of view, it could scarcely matter what system is employed at stations on foreign ships or foreign shores, for neither of these can come under our control in time of war; and, despite all that has been said to the contrary by those opposing the Convention, our Navy really secured better terms under the Convention than they actually required. Special stress was laid on this fact by Captain Bethell in the course of his clear and altogether admirable evidence. It may be well to add here that the Convention reserves to this country the same rights of censorship, etc., as she enjoys under Articles 7 and 8 of the 1875 International Telegraph Convention of St. Petersburg. These have, in the past, proved fully adequate for controlling communications by metallic conductors.

It was, however, clear that one of the most important general uses of wireless telegraphy—in connexion with shipping—could not for long be neglected on the score of its strategic purpose. The Marconi Company were first in the field here. But wiser counsels at length prevailed when it was recognised by the authorities in this country that to tie ourselves down to one particular radio-telegraphic system and company throughout all ages—or even for a long period—was highly undesirable. In view of the constant march of invention, especially in electrical science, the only wonder is that this conclusion was not arrived at a little earlier; and for the purposes of navigation and public safety—let alone commerce—such a Convention, on international lines, would certainly have been found essential sooner or later. Captain Inglefield, the Secretary of Lloyd's Corporation, gave important evidence to this effect in the course of the inquiry. It may be remarked here in passing, that during the House of Commons debate of December 17, 1906, Mr. John O'Connor endeavoured to show how highly Lloyd's prized their agreement with the Marconi Company.* Mr. Cuthbert Hall, as managing director of the Marconi Company, had quoted this old agreement to the same effect in the press a few days before. It is, however, now clear that Lloyd's bitterly regret having ever entered into such an agreement, and are in constant litigation on the subject.

* The Times, December 18, 1906.

The mistaken impression that the Marconi Company is the only British company engaged in wireless telegraphy is no doubt partly accounted for by the fact that till comparatively recently it has had the field more or less to itself, so far as this country is concerned. Further than this, the Admiralty have already paid over to the Marconi Company some 40,000*l.*, *i.e.* 20,000*l.* down, 1,600*l.* for royalties and 5,000*l.* a year (in operation for several years more) since July 1903. They (the Admiralty) have thus paid to the full for their rights of adapting Marconi apparatus to the needs of the Navy, as well as for assistance in the first instance. Then, again, it has been suggested that the Post Office have shown hostility towards the Marconi Company. There does not, however, appear to be the smallest foundation for this charge. On the other hand, in August, 1904, at a moment when further funds were apparently a substantial consideration, the Marconi Company agreed, under Clause 10 of their agreement with the Post Office, that their stations should be placed under the obligation of general intercommunication. They, in fact, agreed to accept the terms of the Convention if subsequently signed by Great Britain. This was in return for the Post Office promising to accept and transmit aerograms for them. Shortly afterwards, however, they (the Marconi Company) were unwilling to act up to their part of the undertaking; and, on the contrary, sought to secure a pledge from the Post Office that the Marconi system should be rendered immune from competition on the south coast, by the Post Office refusing licences to others (the 'Lodge-Muirhead' Company, the 'De Forest' Company, &c.) for other stations, under pretext that confusion with their own system would necessarily follow if additional licences were granted. It was also stated, at another time, that intercommunication with these other systems would in any case be physically impossible, notwithstanding the previous undertaking to abide by the requirements of the Post Office to intercommunicate with rival systems if and when required under the Convention. There has all along been a remarkable discrepancy between the statements of the Marconi Company from time to time in regard to whether its system is subject to interference by rival apparatus, and in respect to the physical possibility, or impossibility, of interworking with other systems. The latter was peculiarly illustrated during the inquiry, by Mr. Marconi giving evidence in direct conflict with that previously given by Mr. Cuthbert Hall.*

* Q. 2998–3001. Within the last few weeks these gentlemen

To anyone who has made a close study of the subject, the connexion between this question of intercommunication and interference with the question of monopoly is soon laid bare. From the public point of view, for an old-standing industry to fall into the hands of a trust, due to a 'combine' of any sort, is usually matter for regret; but for a new business to obtain exclusive privileges is still more objectionable. Passing from the general to the particular, radio-telegraphy has certainly not reached the perfect stage: surely then we should not seek to stifle invention outside—any more than within—the sphere of the Marconi Company. The latter, being first in the field, have already (quite naturally) had a considerable start; but it would be clearly prejudicial to public interests to check British enterprise concerned with rival wireless systems. Yet that is assuredly what we should do were we to foster a Marconi monopoly. Then, again, the Committee seem to have taken no account in their Report of the point made in this regard by one of the independent experts—*i.e.* the influence of monopoly and free and open competition on the cost of a wireless telegraphy installation. Whilst sympathising to some extent with certain Irish shareholders in the Marconi Company—if only because they appear to have been misled by the press—it is a question whether they should not consider themselves lucky in the fact that the company had had so good a start. Moreover, as the Marconi Company have been doing their utmost to compete with the cable companies, they must surely recognise the justice of competition with themselves by others, unless they claim a sole right to the use of the ether for purposes of communication. In view of the Marconi Company's claim of owning the best system, it seems strange, at first blush, that they should make such strenuous efforts to avoid competition by those who, in their opinion, are so far behind. On further inspection, however, it becomes perfectly clear—whatever may be said to the contrary—that the object aimed at by the Marconi Company was to secure a monopoly; and a large proportion of the ill-informed public have been led to believe it is their right. Had Mr. Marconi originated the idea of 'wireless' signalling—as many seem to imagine—there might be some justice in this claim. It is not so, however, for apart from Sir Oliver Lodge's work preceding that of Mr. Marconi, how should we ever have obtained wireless telegraphy but for

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have exchanged positions on the Board of the Marconi Company, Mr. Marconi (who had been an ordinary director) becoming the managing director.

the researches of Hertz, a distinguished German scientist? Indeed, the talk about the art being of English origin—and that therefore it is within our right to keep it to ourselves—is peculiarly unsuitable in the circumstances. The Marconi Company's argument reads like this: 'We want to stick to our 'monopoly' (or whatever they may prefer to call it) 'under some 'pretext or another.* You—the Government—let us have a 'few more years' start, *then* we may be ready to agree to a con-'vention.' If they (the Marconi Company) wanted a monopoly, why did they not establish the right to one in a court of law—if they could—instead of threatening that they *would* do so if the Convention were ratified? Meanwhile, the longer the authorities allow such a monopoly to hold sway, the more difficult it becomes to put an end to it, and the harder those that have enjoyed it would consider its termination.† No doubt many people would like to be rendered immune from competition under some pretext or another. Supposing in the old days of the Land Telegraph Companies, the Government had granted a monopoly to the 'Electric' Company, on their giving some such reason as those of the Marconi Company —'first in the field, etc.'—the results would certainly not have been so satisfactory from the public standpoint. On the other hand, it was by healthy rivalry that the United Kingdom Company introduced the low uniform tariff of 1*s.*‡ A still more striking instance of the benefit to the general public of 'equality of opportunity' being granted to all comers is perhaps that of the Atlantic cables between this country and the United States of America and Canada. There are, at the moment, twelve of these working, and all of them charge the same 1*s.* a word tariff, gradually reduced from an original 1*l.* a word (minimum 20*l.* for twenty words in first instance) charged by the Anglo-American Telegraph Company. Yet, according to the 'first in the field' theory, the 'Anglo' Company might have claimed—and our Government should have granted—landing rights to them alone, the result being that the general public

* The Marconi Company took exception at one time to the term 'monopoly' in respect to their aims, though on other occasions they—as well as their supporters—have themselves fallen into its use.

† As it seems possible that the Marconi Company may have been led to believe that they were to be favoured with a monopoly, the committee did well to recommend some sort of compensation being granted to them.

‡ At another time, too, the London and District established a sixpenny rate for London; but this did not prove remunerative.

would have been denied the useful effects of free and open competition. We are, in fact, as much opposed on public grounds to exclusive privileges in radio-telegraphy as in the case of wire telegraphy or any other industry.

Returning to the Convention, it should not be forgotten that the radio-telegraphic service will but form a branch of the International Telegraph Service, which would never have become effective but for international control, just as the transmission of letters between countries could never have been carried out but for the Postal Union. By joining the Convention more or less at the start, we have secured our own terms—besides influencing the trend of events—instead of having to accept the terms of other countries : we have also thereby avoided a position of combined antagonism. It should be remembered, too, that any country can withdraw at a year's notice.* Any difficulties, such as there may be at the start, are best dealt with under Government control in a case of this sort, rather than by an individual company or number of companies; and, as the matter is international in character, by the various Governments concerned. Arguing in favour of universal wireless telegraphy being left entirely in the hands of the Marconi Company, its then managing director (Mr. Cuthbert Hall) talked a good deal in his evidence about the advantages of central control in the hands of a single commercial interest, and he was pleased to cite the working of the world's cables as a case in point. Unfortunately, however, the example he gave was peculiarly inaccurate ; for the service from London to Paris, London to Berlin, and London to Amsterdam is *not* under single (British) control, but is in each case controlled by the country in which the station is situated.† Moreover, though the principle of central control is sound, for international purposes it would be as impossible for this to take the form of central control by a company as in the instance of international wire telegraphy—hence the international conventions in each instance. It would have been well if Mr. Hall had confined himself to his repeated Clapham Junction analogy—which seemed to impress certain members of the Committee—instead of attempting analogies based on incorrect premises. The Clapham Junction analogy merely illustrated, of course, the desirability of a unified system

* In this connexion it is a significant fact that, in the ordinary Telegraph Convention, though any country can, similarly, withdraw at a year's notice, not one has ever done so during the forty-two years that have elapsed since its establishment.

† Q. 4055.

of railway control from the Clapham Junction signal-box. This does not, however, conflict with our conviction that, in the matter of universal radio-telegraphy, (1) a monopoly would be objectionable in many ways, even if feasible, and (2) to entrust any single company with control over the rest would be altogether unsuitable, even if workable. One of the Marconi Company's latest arguments against the Convention was on the score of confusion—so picturesquely suggested by the Clapham Junction analogy—but independent experts evidently consider that by placing radio-telegraphy under international control this confusion is likely to be diminished instead of increased.* Whilst noting with attention the views of those representing commercial interests, it should be remembered that 'the wish may 'be father to the thought,' where the same cannot be said of those expressed by disinterested witnesses: neither should it apply to the representatives of the various Government Departments, the fact being that the operation of the Convention will materially increase the latter's public duties and responsibilities.

If this exhaustive inquiry has served no other useful purpose, it can at any rate claim to have brought to light the fact that Mr. Marconi is not by any means the sole radio-telegraphic inventor associated with this country: there are, indeed, several British systems. Those members of the Committee who signed the minority report appear to consider that the Convention would tend to check the development of radio-telegraphy, but it is difficult to see how an impartial mind can arrive at such a conclusion. An examination of the list of British patents relating to wireless telegraphy shows that close on five hundred have been taken out up to the present. Many of these claim to be complete systems; and the suggestion is that the policy of equality of opportunity would tend to give us the largest field to choose from, both now and in years to come. Indeed, one of the effects of the Convention will, undoubtedly, be that of providing a wide experience with different systems, enabling us to test the value of claims made by inventors under given conditions, besides stimulating further discovery and invention. History and research reveal the fact that all wide applications are the work of many hands. Let us take, as our example, the older branch of telegraphy—that by means of wires. The difficulty that at once besets us here is not that of

* This was one of the several points on which Sir William Preece and Mr. Charles Bright gave similar evidence—see Questions 3552–3555 and Questions 4034–4039.

conjuring up a number of names such as come within the description of ' pioneer,' but rather which can fairly be left out ; and the following are some indispensable names that occur at random : Faraday, Cooke, Wheatstone, Vail, Morse, Bain, Hughes, Breguet, Siemens, Brett, Walker, Crampton, Bright, Kelvin, Varley, Clark, and Canning. The late Lord Kelvin rendered long-distance cable telegraphy a practical and commercial success by means of his mirror speaking instrument and galvanometer ; but he would have been the last person to claim that he was the sole pioneer of cable telegraphy on account of his electrical work connected therewith. So, similarly, it would be unsuitable to make a corresponding claim, on engineering grounds, for the late Sir Charles Bright, on the score that he laid the first Atlantic cable ; for previously others had established telegraphic communication across rivers and channels, which deserved as much credit at that time as did the laying, and electrical working, of ocean cables later. Following on the pioneering of wire telegraphy, various forms of inductive telegraphy have been at different periods suggested—and, indeed, *employed* in some of the later instances—by Steinheil, Morse, Gale, Lindsay, O'Shaughnessy, Dolbear, Edison, Melhuish, Stevenson, Willoughby Smith, Sir William Preece, and Mr. (now Sir John) Gavey. This inductive telegraphy (across rivers and so forth) was the precursor of Hertzian wave wireless telegraphy ; but just as it would be an injustice not to include several of them amongst the pioneers of wire telegraphy, the same also applies—still more—as regards their work in the field of telegraphy without intervening wires. Then, again, in reference to the telephone, the following names force themselves on one at once : Reiss, Gray, Edison, Dolbear, and Graham Bell. Everyone has his ' fancy ' with whom perhaps he has happened to be associated ; but, as a rule, the pioneering is due to many. And so it is with Hertzian wave, or radio, telegraphy. Further, whilst Mr. Marconi has—with the aid of a good deal of capital—done probably more than any man towards the commercial development of wireless telegraphy, the difference between Sir Oliver Lodge's early achievements and those of Marconi is only one of degree, in which the dates should be taken into account.* It may be added that Marconi's is really no more a ' system ' than is any other wireless telegraph method. The ' system ' is that of radio-telegraphy in

* It must not be forgotten, too, that when Mr. Marconi introduced his apparatus the Post Office was more receptive of new ideas than when Sir Oliver (then Dr.) Lodge showed his.

general by the use of Hertzian waves in an open 'circuit,' in place of the comparatively 'closed'—or focussed—'circuit' provided by metallic conductors. The pioneering of radio-telegraphy is due not less to our foreign neighbours than to our fellow countrymen, far more than was the case as to telegraphy by wire.*

Probably every inventor considers his system the best; and it is, perhaps, needless to say that if any one method of radio-telegraphy proves itself vastly superior under most conditions to any other, such a method would come into universal use. Meanwhile, those systems which can, and will, intercommunicate are the more likely to be adopted; for by that means we shall obtain the survival of the fittest, and thus 'weed out' those systems whose tuning capabilities, &c., are not equal to the requirements of general intercommunication between ship and shore. With regard to whether some of the various methods of radio-telegraphy employing waves of different character are actually capable of interworking, we must remember that necessity was ever the mother of invention. Indeed, we cannot help wondering in this connexion where we should have been in submarine telegraphy if no one had been able to adapt the apparatus to the cable—*i.e.* to produce instruments that would suit themselves to the varying conditions of different lines: for be it remembered that the function performed by a wire is merely that of conducting, or guiding, the electric waves from point to point—to avoid being openly radiated in all directions through the ether. What would be the position of submarine telegraphy now, in fact, if our Kelvins, our Varleys, and our Willoughby Smiths had thrown up their hands and said that no instruments could be found that were adapted to the nature of one circuit or another? † But—returning to radio-telegraphy—there seems small doubt that those who wish to intercommunicate will also find themselves physically able so to do: indeed, a considerable number of messages have already been exchanged between rival methods abroad. Thus the De Forest, Fessenden, and Telefunken systems have all intercommunicated on a large scale.

* It has been suggested by Mr. Henniker Heaton that Professor Slaby's apparatus is a 'copy' of Marconi's; but that that is not so has been shown by that eminent authority Dr. Silvanus Thompson.

† In point of fact, in radio-telegraphy we are able to alter the nature of our waves at will, as well as our instrumentalities at each end, whereas in cable telegraphy the instrumentalities at each end have to be adapted to the cable.

It may be added that the United States wireless service amounted to 158,000 messages during the year 1906—far larger than that transacted by the Marconi Company throughout the entire world; and the large number of wireless stations on the above systems in various quarters of the globe becomes all the more significant when we remember that those ships which so far have wireless apparatus are mainly equipped on the Marconi system.* Strictly speaking, a system that deliberately refuses to intercommunicate with another puts itself somewhat out of court for ultimately doing so. But it is wonderful what can be done as the result of real effort; and we have an example of this in the fact that the Marconi system has, for upwards of a year, been working, under compulsion, with the Telefunken system at a distance of 100 miles off Scheveningen. This successful physical achievement on the part of Mr. Marconi's system is not, however, at all in conformity with Mr. Marconi's assurances that owing to the amplitude of the waves being different and the receiving apparatus different, even though using the same wave-length, different systems are physically incapable of intercommunicating.

Let us now turn to Professor J. A. Fleming's memorandum.† Dr. Fleming is scientific adviser to the Marconi Company, and his memorandum is an attack on the position of inventors other than Mr. Marconi, such as might check future invention—in that it gives colour to what Mr. Cuthbert Hall terms 'very 'strong presumptive evidence in favour of the position taken 'up by the Marconi Company that the Company's patents control 'all wireless telegraphy.'

Inter alia, Dr. Fleming propounded: (*a*) That Mr. Marconi had the sole right to use Hertzian waves for the purposes of telegraphy; (*b*) that Sir Oliver Lodge was preceded by others in the matter of syntonic wireless telegraphy. Not being

* In the course of the inquiry, the Marconi Company's representatives frequently stated that they considered other systems of wireless telegraphy an infringement of their own, but they excused themselves for taking action on the grounds that their rivals were not doing serious work. From the above particulars, however, it will be seen that this explanation is scarcely satisfactory. The same, perhaps, still more applies in the case of the Lodge-Muirhead system, which is doing much useful work for the Army. Letters of a warning and threatening nature are an altogether unsuitable substitute for legal proceedings. Neither do they necessarily have the desired scaring effect—even when addressed to the user, instead of the supplier, of apparatus.

† App. No. 9.

open to cross-examination, it was clearly all the more desirable that no undue weight should be attached to this memorandum, without carefully considering anything that might be said in reply. The document was printed and circulated amongst the members of the Committee as soon as it was handed in. On the other hand, the memorandum of Mr. Charles Bright * —largely in response to Dr. Fleming's—was not published until the Blue-book came out. It is clear that—if only to avoid an injustice being done to certain inventors other than Mr. Marconi—as much attention should have been given to this statement as was given to the memorandum of the adviser of the Marconi Company. It should be remembered by Committees of this description that the results of their labour become permanent, and that the Blue-book, being an official document, will be naturally referred to in times to come as an authority on the subject in all its aspects. It may, indeed, be quoted in the much-talked-of prospective lawsuits. The whole trend of Dr. Fleming's extensive statement seems to have been to impress on the Committee that his company are the sole proprietors of wireless telegraphy, and that he, Dr. Fleming, together with Mr. Marconi, are the only authorities on the subject. The general line adopted appears to be—as in his last lecture to the Royal Institution †—that spark telegraphy is the best; but that if continuous wave telegraphy is better, then the 'coming' system of Mr. Marconi will be better still, whatever its nature may be! Dr. Fleming seems especially anxious to establish (1) that any system which employs the earth is an infringement on that of Mr. Marconi; (2) that the use of the earth is essential. But on dry land, so far from the earth being an advantage, it is more or less detrimental. It is true that for ship to ship work (where the metallic hull of the vessel is in direct contact with the sea) the efficiency attained is very often sufficiently high to warrant the convenience of this method as a set-off to the lack of accurate tuning involved by its adoption. On shore, however—or where close tuning is necessary—even *proximity* to earth is bad, the earth damping the waves by a species of absorption. One can, indeed, only explain Dr. Fleming's insistence on the essential use of the earth on the principle that, by pressing its essentiality, he thought the priority of Hertz and Lodge's work could be disposed of.

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* App. 13.

† Recent Contributions to Electric Wave Telegraphy, Royal Institution, May 24, 1907.

Dr. Fleming's treatise on 'The Principles of Electric Wave 'Telegraphy' would appear to have been primarily written—like his aforementioned memorandum—with a view to presenting a strong case for the Marconi Company in preparation for possible law-suits. Putting aside the partiality here implied, it is just the sort of treatise that one would expect from so scholarly and distinguished a physicist as Dr. Fleming. This and Dr. Erskine-Murray's 'Handbook'—also heading our article—are undoubtedly the most complete and up-to-date works on the subject. The latter authority has, in addition, contributed a useful chapter to the new edition of the leading electrical pocket book; * but a reference book of this character should certainly have contained a digest of the Radio-Telegraphic Convention, if only from a technical standpoint.

Let us summarise the main conclusions we have arrived at:

1. It is at least as much to our benefit as to that of other countries to have universal wireless telegraphy between ship and shore.

2. The Convention would have been signed by most of the other important Powers in any event; and by standing out we should have, in any case, lost certain benefits, besides running the chance of losing more.

3. Notwithstanding a natural preference for a system emanating from home, we could not reasonably expect other countries to confine their adoption of radio-telegraphy to an English system which refuses to intercommunicate with all others, unless that system be shown to be so vastly superior to all others as to justify universal adoption. In the opinion of independent experts, no such superiority exists with the system in question: in the opinion of some, indeed, it is inferior for the particular purpose in view.

4. Our strategic position will be affected favourably, rather than unfavourably, by the Convention.

5. The proper developement of wireless telegraphy is best secured by equality of opportunity under suitable regulations, administered by independent parties (Government officials) common to all alike, rather than under the ægis of a monopoly.

6. No individual inventor can properly claim a monopoly of wireless telegraphy as his right.

We have only to add in regard to the Blue-book, that the printers appear to have done their work somewhat carelessly and

* Munro and Jamieson's Electrical Rules and Tables. London, Charles Griffin & Co., Ltd., 1907.

without adopting any consistent plan, such as one looks for in important Government publications.

The International Convention takes effect on July 1 ; and, as already implied in this paper, one result should be to greatly stimulate wireless telegraph enterprise. Looking ahead, it is conceivable that the system may be of use as an auxiliary service on the low tariff, uncoded basis, for comparatively unimportant, non-urgent, social, political, and press messages, where time and accuracy are less vital than cost. If the Marconi Trans-Atlantic service established on October 17 has not yet proved of much practical value, it must be remembered that Rome was not built in a day ; and, at any rate, considerable credit is due to Mr. Marconi's perseverance and business capacity, as illustrated by his gradually increasing range of operations. A useful end is likely to be served in the public interest by the activity that we have foreshadowed, if only in securing a developement of telegraphy in general, such as would tend to bring us into closer contact with our cousins beyond the seas, besides reducing the chances of misunderstanding.* Then, too, whilst we are considering the practicability of radio-telegraphy, telephony without intervening wires is rapidly forcing its attention on us. For the time being there can be no question that the main purpose for which wireless telegraphy appears to be specially adapted is in connexion with the universal ship and shore communication now suitably provided for under the International Radio-Telegraphic Convention.

* When the question of distribution of voting power arises at future Radio-Telegraphic Conferences, assuming that Canada and Newfoundland join the Convention, they should—for geographical reasons—each be given a vote, even though classed as one only in the Postal Union. One vote should be sufficient for South Africa as a whole, and one for Australasia as a whole. The already allotted six votes for Great Britain and her Colonies would then be divided up as follows :—Great Britain and Ireland one, India one, Canada one, South Africa one, Australasia one, and Newfoundland one.

Art. X.—MODERN EGYPT.

Modern Egypt. By the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Cromer, G.C.B. In 2 vols. London : Macmillan, 1908.

Except in the matter of biography, English literature, as compared, for instance, with French, is singularly poor in authoritative studies in contemporary history. This may be one of the reasons for that ignorance of European politics for which English politicians are so frequently reproached. Lord Cromer's book upon Egypt presents a singularly interesting picture of a striking personality, but it is still more valuable as a record of a contemporary episode in world history from which we may all draw lessons of national importance. For in the interaction of English and European politics and Oriental administration the Egyptian question is the *locus classicus* of modern times, and it is precisely with these problems that we, as a nation, are most intimately concerned. For nearly thirty years Lord Cromer—*felix opportunitate vitae*—has been identified with Egypt, and he now presents us with a complete and dispassionate study of his life-work—a work in which his country is so deeply concerned. The book is autobiographical as is the work of Thucydides : that is, it is the record of contemporary events compiled by a contemporary who was part of what he saw. But there is nothing of an *apologia* about it : Lord Cromer the writer holds himself aloof from Lord Cromer the worker ; he recounts the events, he weighs the evidence, and he does his best to enable his countrymen to understand what happened, to draw a just conclusion, and to learn a salutary lesson. And the book is worthy of the subject and of the man. The writer weighs his words as the worker weighed his thoughts—with a deep regard for the truth of things and a profound feeling of responsibility. And on reading the book we recognise, not merely the chief actor in a great episode, but the citizen of the world to whom the great thinkers of all times are familiar friends and counsellors.

The story begins with the Goschen mission in 1876, the year before Lord Cromer's appointment as English Commissioner of the Debt. Sir Alfred Lyall has pointed out that Oriental despotism, if left to itself, provides its own remedy in a popular uprising against an incapable despot, who is replaced by one equally despotic but more capable. When Europe intervenes Nature's processes are arrested. The patient, instead of the natural remedies, is treated with palliatives and narcotics, with the result that the malady is not eliminated but merely repressed.

Egypt is a case in point. The misgovernment and extravagance of Ismail Pasha would have led in all probability to his deposition by his own people had not Europe interfered; with the result that, though he was deposed, a clean sweep was not made of his system of government, and the evil consequences lived on. The intervention of Europe was justified by the facts that Ismail had borrowed nearly a hundred millions sterling from abroad, of which all but sixteen millions had been squandered, and that the Khedive had suspended payment of his Treasury Bills. 'The 'origin of the Egyptian question in its present phase was 'financial,' but there was a considerable difference between the attitude of the French and English Governments. England at first refused to interfere. The political influence of the Stock Exchange was in its infancy, and there was an important party in England which was opposed to political action on behalf of the bondholders. France, on the other hand, insisted on the rights of the French creditors, and the desire of the English Government to obtain the support of France at the Conference of Berlin resulted in their acceptance of the French view. The British Commissioner of the Caisse was instructed to co-operate with his French colleague in pressing the claims of the creditors. Owing, however, to the excellent terms on which Lord Cromer stood with his French colleague, M. de Blignières, the action of the Commissioners did not leave out of account the claims of the Egyptian people for reform. Their state, indeed, was pitiable. In order to provide for the payment of the coupon they were subjected to incredible barbarities, and thousands died of starvation. The Powers demanded an inquiry into the whole system of administration. Ismail at first refused, attempting to find refuge in the usual Oriental expedient of half measures; but after months of pressure he was finally forced to accept the appointment of an International Commission, charged with full powers of inquiry. It is instructive to observe how Lord Cromer, in urging the claims of the Egyptian people as well as those of the creditors, was glad to avail himself of that body of English public opinion which was hostile to the supposed interests of the bondholders, and how he was convinced that those interests, if rightly considered, were inseparable from the interests of the Egyptian people.

In 1878 the Commission of Inquiry commenced its labours. It revealed a state of affairs truly extraordinary. No official paid the slightest attention to the existing laws or regulations. Taxes were collected *d'ordre supérieur*—on the sole authority of the despot; and in order to reform abuses it was necessary to strike at the sole support of authority: for the despot's will

constituted the law of the land. The Khedive's private estates, which comprised the best land in Egypt, were cultivated by forced labour. In the vital question of the distribution of water for irrigation the interests of the poor were sacrificed to those of the rich. An inquiry into outstanding claims revealed astounding facts. New cannons had been ordered by the dozen. The European Press had been heavily subsidised. Huge sums had been expended at Constantinople. The Khedive had been engaged for some time in ' bearing ' his own stock. The harbour works at Alexandria had been paid for at double the actual cost. In order to pay 72,000*l.* the Government had saddled the country permanently with a debt of 230,000*l.*, bearing interest at 6 per cent. The revenues of religious and charitable endowments had been confiscated. As a result of the inquiry, it appeared that a new floating debt of nearly ten millions sterling would have to be added to the funded debt of the country. The Commissioners pointed out the general directions which reforms should take ; but the reforms required time to inaugurate, administrators to give effect to them, and, above all, a gradual change in the habits of thought both of the Egyptian officials and of the people themselves. There was, however, little difficulty in stating the main defect of the Egyptian system. It lay in the arbitrary power of the Khedive—the remedy lay in enforcing the principle of ministerial responsibility and in drawing a line between the public revenues of the State and the private income of the sovereign. The Commission therefore recommended a responsible Ministry and a fixed Civil List. After some hesitation the Khedive yielded. In a speech couched in the style prevalent in European Liberal circles, the Oriental despot declared his conviction that Egypt was a part of Europe, and that the country should adopt European institutions. He had charged Nubar Pasha to form a responsible Ministry, and it would soon appear that the whole system of government was changed.

Nubar Pasha accordingly undertook the formation of a Ministry, in which Sir Rivers Wilson was named Minister of Finance and M. de Blignières Minister of Public Works. ' Hence- ' forth,' said the Khedive, ' I will govern with and by my council ' of Ministers.' It seemed as if the essential part of the recommendations of the Commission of Inquiry was now to be carried out.

Two courses were open to the new Ministry. One was to avoid any abrupt change in the government of the country and to allow the Khedive to play a leading part, at any rate in the externals of government. The other was to put him aside

as the main cause of the evils from which the country was suffering and to govern without him. The former course was recommended by Lord Vivian, the British Consul-General, and by Lord Cromer, who urged that for some time to come it would be impossible not to take into account the personal authority of the Khedive as an element in the government of the country. Nubar Pasha, however, took a different view, and his policy prevailed. As a consequence the visible head of the Government was a Christian, ignorant of Arabic : and the Khedive, to whom the people of Egypt had been accustomed to look as their supreme lord and master, became the chief of the opposition to his own Ministers. His policy was a simple one and admirably adapted to the Oriental character. His Ministers, not he, were responsible. Their measures of reform and economy were odious to the privileged classes and to the army. He convoked the Assembly of Notables, who protested against the new taxes which were imposed equally on rich and poor—and which deprived them of the unjust privileges from which they had profited. He allowed the army to know that he highly disapproved of the proposed disbandment of certain regiments. The results were immediate. The disbanded officers organised a riot, and the lives of Nubar Pasha and Sir Rivers Wilson were threatened. The intervention of the Khedive was demanded by the British and French representatives, and his personal authority was sufficient to awe the mutineers and to save the lives of the Ministers. But he insisted on the immediate dismissal of Nubar as an indispensable condition of the restoration of order. His victory was complete. He had got rid of his hated Minister, and he had shown all the world that without his co-operation Egypt could not be governed. He pursued his advantage. Although he knew too much of European public opinion to appeal openly to Mussulman fanaticism, he made full use of his influence with his people in order to regain his liberty of action and shake off European control. A new Ministry had been formed, with European Ministers, under the presidency of Prince Tewfik, the heir to the throne ; Sir Rivers Wilson, as Minister of Finance, submitted a proposal for the non-payment of the coupon, on the sufficient ground that there was no money to pay it. The Khedive convoked the members of the diplomatic corps and told them, in the presence of a number of Egyptian notables, that his people protested against the declaration of bankruptcy as derogatory to the honour of the nation, and demanded a purely Egyptian Ministry which would be responsible to the Chamber of Deputies. At the same time he submitted the financial proposal prepared by the

popular representatives, providing, as he stated, for the full satisfaction of the creditors. This proposal found a solution of the financial difficulties of the country by the simple expedient of overstating the revenue. Cherif Pasha was appointed as Chief Minister, with a Cabinet composed of men who were, by character and position, under the absolute control of the Khedive, and who did not in the smallest degree represent the popular party, supposing that there was one. The European Ministers were dismissed, and the new Government set to work at the congenial task of restoring the old state of things and the collection of revenue by the old methods of cruelty and extortion.

Simultaneously with the Khedive's *coup d'état* the commission of inquiry submitted its full report, dealing with the existing situation and the possible remedies. It faced the true facts of the situation. 'The Egyptian Treasury was insolvent. The 'system of government had been as bad as possible. Both the 'people of Egypt and the creditors of the Egyptian Govern-'ment were alike interested in the adoption of an improved 'system. It was futile to attempt to impose fresh burdens on 'the country.' The creditors, in order to save their own interests, must consent to some sacrifices and accept the necessity of reform. But in view of the new order of things it appeared that all hope of placing Egyptian affairs on a sound footing had to be abandoned. Lord Cromer resigned his appointment (May 1879).

The European Powers were in a position of some embarrassment. They had been set at defiance. Their delegates had been dismissed. Their financial proposals had been treated with contempt. But both France and England hesitated as to the action that should be taken. To insist on the reinstatement of the two Ministers, unless the Governments were prepared to support them by force, was evidently useless. For unless supported by force the European Ministers would be in a situation both ridiculous and dangerous. And both France and England were conscious of the objections to joint intervention. 'Egypt,' as Bismarck was reported to have said, 'will be the 'Schleswig-Holstein of France and England.' While the Western Powers were hesitating, Germany intervened with an energetic Note protesting in strong terms against the Khedive's action. Evidently, if France and England did not do something, Europe under Prince Bismarck's direction might intervene herself. The two Powers accordingly resolved on Ismail's dismissal, and gave him the choice between abdication with a pension and deposition without. The Sultan, fearful of losing his authority if he allowed the Christian Powers to act without him, addressed a telegram to the 'ex-Khedive' inviting him to

retire. Ismail made a vain appeal to the army, only to find that an unpaid soldiery preferred rations to patriotism. On June 30, 1879, the reign of Ismail came to an end, and he embarked at Alexandria. After a brief stay at Naples, where his ideas of domestic justice brought him into conflict with the police, he repaired to Constantinople. On the Bairam festival the foreign representatives observed with interest the abject figure of the once all-powerful Viceroy prostrated at the feet of the Sultan. Six years afterwards it was announced that he was dead.

The new Khedive, Tewfik Pasha, after a not unnatural attempt to assume absolute control, accepted a compromise between the system of excluding the Khedive altogether from the exercise of any real power and that under which his authority would be absolute. It was, as Lord Cromer points out, essential to associate the Khedive with the government of the country. This was secured by according him the right to preside at the Council whenever he thought fit to do so. On the other hand, it was undesirable that the Khedive should be his own Prime Minister, for he would thus have become personally responsible for every act of the administration, and a change of policy would have become well-nigh impossible without a change of Khedive. The internal question settled, it remained to determine the relations of Egypt to Turkey and the Powers. After lengthy negotiations, in which England differed from France in desiring the maintenance of the Sultan's authority, a firman was issued regulating the relations between the Sultan and the Khedive in such a way as to ensure the latter against any excessive degree of Turkish interference. Lord Cromer and M. de Blignières were appointed Controllers (September 1879), and in conformity with their advice a decree was issued conferring on them the most ample powers of investigation, without, however, any administrative functions. It was, they thought, undesirable to establish a system of direct government by Europeans; they could not, however, be dismissed without the consent of their respective Governments, and this, as Mr. Gladstone afterwards urged, established in the strictest sense a political control. Contrary to the previous practice, the French and English Controllers had no distinctive duties. It was wisely decided to leave the definition of their respective spheres of action to the Commissioners themselves. Lastly, an International Commission was created with full powers to arrange matters between the Egyptian Government and their creditors. The Controllers were not members of the Commission, but stood outside, representing the interests, not of the creditors,

but of Egypt. For a year the new system worked well. The two Controllers were on excellent terms both with each other and with the Egyptian Government under Riaz Pasha. It was a new thing for Egypt to find representatives of European finance sincerely anxious for the good of the country and ready to support its just rights even against the claims of Europeans. The Financial Commission drew up a scheme of liquidation which was accepted by the Egyptian Government; taxes were reduced; the interest on the foreign debt was fixed at four instead of at six per cent.; it seemed for a time that a settlement was possible. But the evil done by Ismail lived after him. More than half the revenues of the country were assigned to pay the interest on the debt which he had contracted. Discontent was rife, and he had called into the political arena two new powers who became in their different ways potent elements of disorder—the assembly of notables and the army. It would, in Lord Cromer's opinion, have been possible to prevent their co-operation and to use popular opinion as a check on the discontented colonels. Unfortunately, the Government was equally suspicious of both. The new reforms were distasteful to the army, which soon proved its power. It demanded the dismissal of the Minister of War, and, finding the Government powerless to resist, proceeded to demand the dismissal of Riaz. The Khedive yielded, and for a time it seemed as if his power was at an end. But the notables convened by Arabi turned against him and insisted on a compromise by which Cherif Pasha became head of a new Ministry, and the Khedive's authority was maintained. In reality the power had passed into the hands of the mutineers. The movement had originated in legitimate grievances to which no attention had been paid. The Government had submitted; but, as usual with Orientals, the submission was made with a mental reservation. The mutineers were convinced that the Khedive would take the first opportunity of avenging himself; they preferred 'themselves to survive,' and they were driven by fear to push their advantage further.

It became increasingly evident that 'something should be 'done,' but the Powers mainly interested differed widely in their views as to what should be done. The Sultan appeared on the scene and sent Commissioners to Egypt. England and France sent ships to Alexandria. The Sultan's intervention, however, alarmed Arabi as the chief of the anti-Turkish movement, and it was highly distasteful to France. England, even under Mr. Gladstone, adhered to her ancient policy of the maintenance of the Sultan's authority; but a strong party in England was

averse to Turkish interference. The Sultan was induced to withdraw his Commissioners on the understanding that the Western Powers would withdraw their ships. The drama was approaching a climax. In December 1881 the Chamber of Notables was opened by the Khedive. Its temper was not unfavourable. It showed no inclination to make common cause with the military party. Sir Auckland Colvin, who had succeeded Lord Cromer as Controller in June 1880, submitted to his Government a weighty report in which he strongly expressed the opinion that the liberal movement then going on should in no wise be discouraged: but that a warning should be given, that the Powers would not tolerate any infraction of their established rights. Lord Granville had already communicated his views that 'nothing but the occurrence in Egypt of a state 'of anarchy' would be likely to lead to foreign intervention of a serious description in Egypt. But at this moment the powerful personality of Gambetta intervened. He obtained the consent of the British Government to a joint Note, to be communicated to the Khedive, stating in harsh terms that the British and French Governments were determined to maintain the order of things established in Egypt. The effect was immediate. It was felt throughout Egypt that the two Powers had determined on intervention. Previous to the issue of the Note the national party and the military party existed side by side. The British representatives had urged their Government to assist Cherif to keep the two parties separate; but in spite of their advice the British Government consented to a step which united the two parties on the basis of national defence. 'From 'the moment the joint Note was issued, foreign intervention 'became an almost unavoidable necessity.' The British Government, after the event, realised the danger. Lord Granville suggested that the two Powers should issue an 'explanation' tending to soften the tone of the joint Note and to prepare the way for a compromise with the national party. He pointed out that intervention would be a great evil, whatever Power intervened, and urged the adoption of conciliatory measures. Gambetta refused. The Chamber on its side advanced extreme demands under the influence of the prevailing anti-foreign feeling, and summoned the Government to declare the popular representatives competent to frame a budget. Cherif Pasha pointed out that such a power was incompatible with existing treaties. He was forced to resign and a national cabinet was formed with Arabi as Minister of War. The opportunity for a compromise was lost for ever. At this juncture Gambetta resigned, and was succeeded by M. de Freycinet. His policy differed from that

of his predecessor in that he did not desire the intervention of England and France by force, but in deference to French public opinion he was averse to calling in the Sultan's assistance. The British Government put forward some well-meaning proposals for the reform of the organic law, but they came too late. Arabi and the popular party received encouragement from the Sultan as well as from British sympathisers, whose authority at home they overrated, and adopted a defiant attitude. The power of the Controllers disappeared, and M. de Blignières resigned. Officers were promoted *en masse*, and the pay of the army raised. Complete disorganisation prevailed in the provinces, and the price of land fell 50 per cent., whilst foreigners were threatened, and demands made for the dismissal of all European employés. It became evident to the French and English Governments that action could not long be delayed. They addressed a Note to the Powers affirming their desire, in case the necessity for intervention arose, that such intervention should represent the united action and authority of Europe, and that the Sultan should be a party to any discussion which might ensue. Subsequently, as the disorder in Egypt increased, M. de Freycinet suggested that an Anglo-French naval force should be despatched to Alexandria, that the Sultan should be requested to abstain from interference, but that if intervention became necessary the two Powers should summon Turkish forces to Egypt to be used under English and French control. England accepted the proposal, but expressed a hope that other Powers should be invited to join in the naval demonstration—a suggestion which was negatived at once by M. de Freycinet. The two Consuls-General addressed a Note to the Khedive demanding the dismissal of Arabi and the existing Ministry. The Ministry resigned, but the army refused to accept the resignation, and the Khedive was forced to yield. Arabi had thus again triumphed. It was plain that he would only yield to force; but the French Government would not consent to the open avowal that it was intended, if force were necessary, to ask for Turkish intervention. The Sultan was greatly irritated and gave the military party his full support. They were thus convinced that they had a free hand, believing that the Powers would neither intervene themselves nor allow the intervention of the Sultan. The natural consequence was that the disorders in Egypt increased rapidly. The European residents left the country by hundreds and those that remained appealed for protection. M. de Freycinet suggested, and Lord Granville agreed, that a Conference should meet at Constantinople, which the Sultan should be invited to join. The Sultan, however, mainly owing to his dislike to be associated with

Christian Powers in action hostile to a Mussulman people, refused to join. He consented, however, to send Commissioners to Egypt, one with orders to act in support of the Khedive and the other to act in concert with the mutineers. The not unnatural consequence was that the mission had no definite result. On June 9 a riot took place in Alexandria in which fifty Christians were killed. Four days afterwards the French and English Governments proposed that 'the Sultan, as sovereign, shall 'be jointly invited by the Powers to lend the Khedive a sufficient 'force to enable him to maintain his authority.' For a month the fruitless negotiations continued at Constantinople. It was plain that no result would be arrived at, and that if order was to be maintained force must be employed, if not by the Sultan, then by some other Power. France, however, refused to act, and England was thus forced to act alone. The mutineers were arming the forts at Alexandria. The British Government informed the Powers and the Sultan that the British fleet would take action. By five o'clock on July 11, 1882, the Egyptian batteries were silenced, and on the next day the garrison retreated, having first set fire to the town, which was pillaged by the mob. This result would have been prevented had an adequate force been landed; but such a step (on the necessity of which the naval authorities had insisted) had appeared to Mr. Gladstone objectionable because it would have been 'grossly 'disloyal in the face of Europe and the Conference'—a scruple which entailed on the sufferers a loss of about four millions sterling.

The immediate effect of the bombardment was a formal declaration of war by Arabi. British public opinion was thoroughly aroused, and Mr. Gladstone declared in the House of Commons the intention of the Government to restore order in Egypt, 'with the co-operation of the Powers if that were possible: 'but if not, by the single power of England.' A military force was accordingly despatched to Egypt. The French Government, however, declared its intention of abstaining from any operation in the interior, but was not unwilling to take action in common with England for the defence of the Canal. Even this limited action was refused by the French Chamber by a large majority, and M. de Freycinet resigned. The British Government then attempted to obtain a mandate from the Powers. To this, however, Prince Bismarck objected, though he promised his moral support. Reference was then made to Italy; but she also refused. There remained Turkey, and Lord Dufferin was instructed to press for Turkish intervention and negotiate a military convention. The Sultan was anxious to maintain his

sovereign rights, but open co-operation with a Christian force against an army fighting Koran in hand would have compromised his authority as Kaliph. The negotiations which followed were therefore protracted by Turkey in spite of all the pressure which Lord Dufferin could exert; and they were terminated on September 14 by his polite announcement that the 'occasion 'of the proposed military convention had now passed away.' On the preceding day the Egyptian army had been totally routed at Tel-el-Kebir.

In reading this strange story we seem to be spectators of a weird extravaganza in which, under some malign and magic influence, each actor does exactly the contrary of what he intends to do. The object of France and England was to act in close and friendly co-operation; the result was a bitter estrangement which lasted twenty years. France desired above all things to prevent a sole British occupation. England, as is abundantly proved, shared this view, although in order to prevent it she was ready to invite Turkish intervention, to which France, for historical reasons, strenuously objected. The Sultan sought to increase his influence and authority in Egypt, and only succeeded in estranging the Egyptians and in bringing on an English occupation. We are inclined to accept Lord Milner's view that Egypt is the land of paradox and that all who tread that magic ground are infected by the prevailing malady and must act by contraries. And just at the moment when the extravaganza reached its climax, the British Government despatched Lord Dufferin to the scene in order to do full justice to a living comedy such as his ancestor Sheridan would have fully appreciated. In grave and solemn diplomatic language he set forth at length the entire absurdity of the situation. The British Government desired to withdraw its troops, to ensure the work of reform, and to establish native government without foreign interference, on a firm and permanent basis; but it was abundantly evident that if the British troops were withdrawn, stable government was impossible. The patient's leg was broken: the physician was ordered to set him on his legs, but first of all, and as an indispensable condition, he was instructed to remove the splints. It was not Lord Dufferin's fault if the Government and the British public failed to realise the situation. He made his diagnosis and withdrew. What conclusion the British Government drew, if any, is still a mystery. At any rate they took one step of supreme importance. They appointed Lord Cromer as Agent and Consul-General.

With what feelings the new Consul approached his task we can now gather from his narrative. In the land of paradox

he was determined to be the servant, not of paradox, but of truth. Even in Egypt he was convinced that fire burned and that water ran down hill, that facts were facts, and that it was impossible to maintain simultaneously two contradictory propositions. And he has now enabled us to see through his eyes. What then were the real facts as he saw them? And, when he saw them, how did he deal with them?

It was plain that the two Governments most closely concerned with Egypt had failed to realise the situation. They had entirely ignored the true sentiments of the Egyptian people. Instead of conciliating the leaders of public opinion, who were naturally and rightly inclined to hold apart from the military faction, they had driven them by their own precipitate action into the arms of Arabi. Instead of using the power of the Khedive, in a country accustomed to arbitrary rule, they had first driven it into opposition to themselves, and then by a brusque change of policy into opposition to the people. They had first taken steps which had convinced the Egyptian people that joint action would be taken by the two Powers on behalf of the bondholders; and then they had loudly proclaimed that nothing could induce them to resort to force, or to permit the Sultan to intervene. The result was, first, to create a national feeling hostile to themselves, and then to encourage it by holding out the hope that it could act with impunity. And the most alarming element in the situation was this, that neither the French nor the English Government was amenable to reason. Their master was not reason, but the popular will; they steered, not by the compass, but by the weathercock. There was, however, one captain in Europe, and that the greatest, who was master of his own ship and of the rules of navigation. There was Bismarck.

In the West the treaty of Frankfort had left France permanently hostile, and in the East the Congress of Berlin had left Russia brooding and vindictive. Germany was threatened by the old spectre of the war on two sides which had nearly been the ruin of Frederick. The saving element of the situation was this, that cordial co-operation, even on the basis of a common hate, between Eastern autocracy and Western Liberalism was for the moment impossible. But the English Liberals had come into office, not on a question of domestic policy, but on a wave of public opinion favourable to Russia, and the English Radical had stretched out the hand of sympathy and friendship to the Russian autocrat. At the same time the British Foreign Office was in the hands of two men whose knowledge and admiration of France were notorious. The danger of the dreaded

coalition appeared imminent. The steps which were taken to meet the danger are a matter of history, and are known to the English reader through Lord Fitzmaurice's admirable life of Lord Granville. Bismarck fortified his position by the alliance with Austria, the natural friend and ally. In the East, he renewed the old appeal to the traditional friendship between the two Imperial Houses. The appeal, at first, fell on deaf ears. In the West the Governments of England and France were both inclined to listen to friendly overtures; but their friendly attitude was not 'business.' France would not formally accept, nor England endorse, a final renunciation of French hopes. An alliance, under which the forces of the two Western Powers would be pledged to maintain the existing order of things, was impossible; but if they could be engaged elsewhere, in some other direction, the same object could be attained and Germany would be safe. The humourist, assisting at a performance of monkeys dressed up in the guise of the cardinal virtues and engaged in mutual embracements, threw nuts among the performers, who promptly began to gobble and squabble. Africa was a region singularly fertile in nuts; and, as the event proved, Asia was not wholly deficient. The first nut to be thrown was Tunis and the second was Egypt. Tunis was absorbed without difficulty. The Egyptian question was a very different one. As Bismarck observed, the Suez Canal was for England what the spinal marrow was to a man; it was the necessary channel from the limbs to the head. England could not be indifferent. And France was closely bound to Egypt by her history, her associations, and by her immense material interests. If intervention became necessary and England and France intervened together, Egypt would be to the Western Powers what Schleswig-Holstein had been to Austria and Prussia; but if either intervened alone it would be what Alsace-Lorraine was to Prussia and France. If France intervened, her armies would be occupied far from her Eastern frontier. If England, then England would cease to be, what Mr. Gladstone had described her, the impregnable island fortress which could exercise from afar a moral influence in Europe untouched by Continental rivalries, and unassailable. For though Egypt, owing to its position, was practically an island, only to be reached by sea, yet the Power which held her would be bound by the complex international interests, sanctioned by treaty, which existed there to an extent unparalleled in any other country. It would be a sort of jiu-jitsu in which a pressure on a sensitive muscle would control the whole body of the giant. Egypt in the occupation of England would entail a feud between England and France, and, further, the sacrifice of England's

insular position. England would be in the hands of Europe, and especially in the hands of that Power who was the arbiter of Europe.

It was soon apparent how the inexorable facts would assert themselves, and we must repeat once more that the man who represented England in Egypt was a man who of all Englishmen was most capable of facing the facts and of dealing with them as they were, and not as they seemed to be. For twenty-five years, intent on his work, and deaf to all offers of advancement elsewhere, he devoted himself to the allotted task. A Government, to meet a momentary exigency, can draw a bill, with a long term, which is presented for payment to a successor and an opponent whilst the originators enjoy the dignified security of the House of Lords or the tomb; but Lord Cromer, in drawing a bill on the future, was prepared to meet it himself. Since the invention of the telegraph, diplomacy has sometimes been described under Dr. Johnson's definition of the art of fishing: a string with a worm at one end of it and a fool at the other. We trust that as a general statement this is an exaggeration; it certainly does not apply to the present instance.

To resume the narrative. The declared and, no doubt, the real object of England was to put as speedy an end as possible to the British occupation; but the presence of our troops was necessary if reforms were to be undertaken, and those who were most clamorous for the withdrawal of troops insisted most strongly on reform—a well-known practice of English politics frequently applied to the Sultan's dominions. The English Government had come into power on a question of foreign policy. The Opposition were determined that Mr. Gladstone should be hoist with his own petard, and that on questions of foreign policy he should have no peace. The Liberal Government, moreover, had appealed to public opinion against the action of their opponents. The natural result was that public opinion, outside the House, was an important factor in every question. They had an unexampled series of difficulties to contend with. South Africa vied with Ireland and Ireland with the franchise in demanding the immediate and serious attention of the Premier. His masterful character and his unrivalled personal ascendency made the independence of the different Ministers impossible. They deferred to the Premier's decision: if he was otherwise occupied, there was no decision at all, and he himself in his touching confession of 1896 has told us of the 'incapacity which 'his mind so long retained of seeing things all round.' And when in 1882 the Government was informed that an insurrection had broken out in the Soudan, and that an expedition

under General Hicks was being sent to suppress it, the view taken of the matter in London was a striking instance of this defect of vision. The English Government did not wish to occupy Egypt proper—still less to reconquer the Soudan; but the Egyptian Government refused to listen to the English advice to abandon the southern provinces, and they threatened to resign if the advice was insisted on. Clearly, to insist would have been to exercise direct control over the Government, and this England did not desire to do. So it was decided to allow the Egyptian Government to go its own way at its own risk and peril, and at the same time to disclaim all British responsibility. The Government does not appear to have perceived that if Hicks were defeated—and there was every probability that he would be defeated—the nation whose troops occupied the capital would be held responsible for the consequences, and would in fact have to maintain order in Egypt and defend the frontier. A simple disclaimer of responsibility would not and could not alter the facts. England might own neither horses nor carriage, but she was seated on the box by the side of a paralytic driver, and if the horses ran away her head would be broken as well as his. The solution adopted by the British Government was to instruct their representative to forward General Hicks's telegrams *without comment* to the Minister of War, and this would have succeeded if facts were amenable to diplomatic etiquette. Unfortunately they are not. The natural result followed. Hicks, as was foreseen, was defeated; the Mahdi became master of the Southern Soudan, the Egyptian garrisons were in imminent peril. Here was a great opportunity for the Opposition to retaliate on the author of the Midlothian campaign. Yielding to the storm, the Government sent an expedition which destroyed several thousands of the desperate fanatics of the Eastern Soudan; but this expedient was not of much assistance to the garrisons at Khartoum and the South, several hundred miles away. The storm in Parliament and outside continued. As Mr. Gladstone confessed, the new Government had expended most of its capital in South Africa, and what remained of it in Ireland. They could not quell the storm by a simple exercise of authority; they had to act. But how? If, as they believed was the case, it was neither the interest nor the desire of England to maintain her troops in Egypt, how could they consent to send an expedition into the interior? At this juncture a brilliant and distinguished journalist appeared on the scene with a plan of the most seductive character. No expedition was necessary, and yet the garrison could be saved. General Gordon, by his personal influence, could pacify the country,

withdraw the garrisons, or if necessary remain, at no cost to England except his journey expenses to Alexandria, to 'Sarawak 'the Soudan.' The extraordinary personality of General Gordon pervaded the heart and mind of England. Was not this a proof of what the same man could do elsewhere? Mr. Gladstone neither knew him nor saw him. A few members only of the Cabinet took the decision. Among them was neither the cautious Lord Derby, nor the Minister (Lord Kimberley) who from recent experience had the best means of forming a judgment. But it is plain that General Gordon had the same effect on the Ministers as on the rest of the world. As Mr. Morley points out, the appointment of General Gordon was nothing more or less than a resort to magic. It is needless to say that Lord Cromer when consulted was strongly opposed. It was his custom to have recourse in difficulties, not to magic, but common-sense. He saw the immense danger, and he knew the hero. Once and again he protested; but at the third appeal he yielded to the 'gentle pressure' which Lord Granville, as he told Mr. Gladstone, felt it his duty to apply to him. He confesses his error. But those who are aware of the traditions of the Foreign Office, and of the fact that Lord Cromer did not then possess the authority which he subsequently earned, can understand that a further resistance on his part would have been useless. And if he had resigned his post rather than obey, the confusion would have been worse. He bowed to his instructions, but did his best to render the decision as innocuous as possible. It was as if the Foreign Office had harnessed one of the beasts of Ezekiel to a four-wheeled cab, and instructed Lord Cromer to take the reins in a London street, and pay due regard to the traffic regulations. The inevitable followed. General Gordon was sent to 'report.' He reported that the despatch of Zobehr to the Soudan was the one thing needed. Now Mr. Forster had just left the Cabinet under painful circumstances. He had a considerable following, and he was inspired by the usual sentiments of a Minister who has just resigned towards the Government of which he had been a member. He was a high-minded enthusiast, and slavery and slave-traders were abhorrent to him. If Zobehr were appointed, it was plain that the Government would be defeated. Mr. Gladstone believed that he could carry it through; but he was ill, and the Cabinet did not dare to face the risk. Lord Cromer believes, like Mr. Gladstone, that an appeal to the House, based on the facts, would have been successful. But the Government lacked courage. The result was that Gordon's principal recommendation was not complied with, and he was left to face unassisted the terrible

difficulties of the situation. The magic had failed, and the magician should of course have come back; but could anyone, knowing General Gordon, expect him to tell those whose lives depended on him that he was going to abandon them because Lord Granville wished it and there was danger to him if he stayed?

The Government had been allowed to disclaim their responsibility for Hicks: they could not do so for Gordon. Even if they had wished, the country would not have suffered it. But the peril encountered was tremendous.

Prince Bismarck had done his best in his own country to prevent his compatriots from yielding to the imperialistic sentiment which had, when inspiring neighbouring peoples, been of such service to his own policy. While the scramble for foreign possessions had been going on around him, he alone had remained 'cultivating his garden' at home. But the internal situation in Germany had become complicated. An important section of the Reichstag clamoured for colonies, and he could not control the Reichstag without its aid. He suddenly changed his policy. It was, as could be plausibly argued, his own benevolent policy towards England which had made the occupation of Egypt possible. It was only natural that he should, in this case, apply the axiom of *Do, ut des*. But the British Government desired to 'judge each question on its own merits'; they were obliged to defer to colonial sentiment. There were serious difficulties in meeting the Chancellor's wishes. In the matter of Heligoland, the English Government was indeed free; but the Admiralty were strongly opposed. The Chancellor was obliged to 'use a little pressure.' And the international *régime* in Egypt gave him a convenient lever. England was no longer the 'unassailable fortress' of Mr. Gladstone; the whale had floundered into shallow water. And the European situation had suddenly changed. France was no longer friendly and was ruled by a Minister (M. Ferry) whose watchword was to be well with Germany and to '*embêter les Anglais*.' The new Czar detested the Liberalism which had caused his father's death, and had just consented to sign a secret treaty with the Kaiser. M. Ferry was free to pursue colonial adventures all over the world, and especially in districts where it was supposed that England would be sensitive. The Czar had a free hand in Central and Eastern Asia, knowing that his Western frontier was secure. The Russian advance continued. Our Government issued protest after protest. A joint Commission was appointed, but the Russian Commissioner failed to appear. There was an ever-increasing likelihood of a conflict. As regards

France the recent experience in Madagascar was sufficiently alarming. And at home the situation in Ireland was steadily growing worse. There was enough danger ahead to give the Government pause before they consented to launch an expedition into the heart of an unknown continent.

But, as Lord Cromer says, the argument that the object of the expedition was not commensurate with the risks was one which the Government never used. They thought it, as we think it, unworthy of a great people. But they waited ; they wished to be sure. Six months passed. At length the delay became unbearable, and the expedition was sent on its perilous and heroic venture of which the epitaph was to be ' Too late.' When the fatal news arrived (January 26, 1885), it was at once decided to continue the struggle and not to rest until the Mahdi was smashed. And yet the Government knew what was impending. On March 29 the collision occurred in Central Asia in the presence of our officers. By all the laws of diplomacy, war was almost inevitable. With a hostile France and an unfriendly Germany, with our best troops and our ' only General ' deeply engaged in Egypt, without adequate naval preparations, we were about to engage (as it seemed) in a war with Russia on the Afghan frontier. It was at this juncture that Mr. Gladstone went down to the House of Commons (April 27) and proved to the world that the spirit of the British people was not dismayed. A pause followed his speech ; no one replied, and a vote for eleven millions sterling was passed by acclamation. The Czar saw that there was a real danger of war, and he was resolved that there should be no war. He restrained his officers and insisted on an arrangement. Moreover, France was no longer the France of M. Ferry, whose colonial policy led to his country's disasters and to his own fall (March 30, 1885). The crisis was past. But it appeared to the British Government—and the decision was concurred in by Lord Cromer and Lord Salisbury—that the decision to deal a final blow to the power of the Mahdi should be reversed. The British force was withdrawn to Assouan. Encouraged by the British retreat, the Dervishes made the dreaded attack on Egypt. It failed. The Dervish power gradually collapsed, while that of Egypt steadily increased. On the one side chaos, and on the other order, worked their natural effects ; and thirteen years after the fall of Khartoum an Anglo-Egyptian force regained the lost city and re-established the control of Egypt—a control this time based, not on tyranny and inordinate ambition, but on justice and common-sense.

In reviewing the history of those terrible years let us draw

from them lessons for our own profit and guidance, and not use it merely for purposes of recrimination, or for balancing praise or blame. Lord Cromer's comments should be studied not merely in the light of the past, but with regard to the future. If it is true that those who wish the end must also wish the means, it is no less true that those who wish the cause must also wish the necessary consequence. The expedition of Hicks Pasha was insisted on by the Egyptian Government, and the mission of General Gordon was demanded by the British people. But, in consenting, the British Government incurred responsibilities which were inevitable though they were unforeseen, and were wholly inconsistent with their wise decision to evacuate the Soudan. In each case it was a gambler's throw; but if unsuccessful the loss involved the whole credit of the British nation. And if, in reading this history of heroic folly, this gigantic infraction by a nation of shopkeepers of all the rules of business and *Realpolitik*, we are tempted to hope that sometimes for a nation, as for a man, 'the folly of the enthusiast is better than the wisdom of the cynic,' we should not forget that the strength of the enthusiast lies in his faith and not in his folly.

In the last, and what we are inclined to think the most important, portion of his work Lord Cromer tells us how those problems were met which confronted England after the occupation. The problems were indeed complicated. In the first place, England herself had to be considered. Great and honourable as the task was of maintaining order in Egypt, the national interests involved were not great enough to make it right to impose its cost on the Yorkshire peasant or the Lancashire operative. The maxim of Lord Palmerston still held good. Because a man owns properties in Kent and Scotland he does not therefore wish to own all the inns on the Northern Road. The 'master-'ful hand of the Resident' would, no doubt, restore and establish order; but annexation would have entailed a violation of England's engagements to Europe, and responsibilities, military and civil, wholly incommensurate to the advantages. The international situation had entirely changed since 1880. France was irritated and hostile at seeing England in possession of a country in which she had equal, and perhaps greater, interests. Russia could not but remember that England had intervened on behalf of the integrity of Turkey to Russia's detriment, and was now herself in effective possession of a part of the Sultan's dominions. Germany had now no reason to fear a possible combination of England, France, and Russia—England, and not Germany, was isolated—and her own colonial aspirations brought her into constant conflict with the greatest

of colonial Powers. England by occupying Egypt had alienated France and Russia and had put herself into the hands of Europe, in whose councils Bismarck had the predominating voice. And in Egypt itself the elements of disorder and discontent were still alive. The country was practically bankrupt. England was not prepared to meet the claims of Europe, and if they were not satisfied Europe had a right to intervene. How was it possible to meet the claims of Europe and at the same time to avoid inflicting unmerited sufferings on the Egyptian people, whom England, as she boasted, had come to succour and redeem? And apart from considerations of European policy, how was it possible to introduce Western reforms into an Oriental country without exciting grave discontent, involving expensive and dangerous means of repression? Thus on every side British action was hemmed in and hampered, and yet action was imperatively necessary. Lord Cromer has told us, in broad lines, how these difficulties were met.

The first question to be settled was finance. Europe agreed to a provisional settlement, in the main features comparatively just and moderate, but leaving the narrowest margin. Lord Cromer insisted that as a part of that settlement a sum should be assigned to Egypt for improvement in that department in which reform would be of most service towards strengthening her resources. This was irrigation, on which her financial stability depended. The sum spent on the Delta barrage quickly yielded immense results. In a wonderfully short space of time Egypt could pay her way; her cotton saved her. The sums advanced by Europe to her creditor proved a brilliant investment. Little by little it was possible to devote money to improvements and reforms. In face of the most strenuous European opposition, the whip and forced labour were abolished. Increased revenue enabled the Government to reduce taxation, and reduced taxation increased the revenue. And although the action of the Egyptian Government was hampered at every turn by Europe, which possessed in the capitulations and the international financial arrangements the most effectual instruments for interference and restraint, yet gradually it became apparent that the interests of the creditor and the debtor were, in essentials, identical, and that a more prosperous Egypt meant an improved security for the Egyptian debt. And Europe was gradually convinced that British control in Egypt, while it entailed the safeguarding of European investments in Egypt and the defence of persons and property at British expense, did not entail the sacrifice of other interests to those of Britain

by means of an unfair preference. The trade and commerce of all nations was on an equal footing; the *pax Britannica* meant fair play for all. Whatever the jealousy of foreign nations, it was unlikely that they would take serious action, or incur risks, in order to upset an arrangement under which they profited so greatly. A man may object to another man acquiring a property which he hoped to possess himself; but if he has a mortgage on the property and the new occupier converts it, at his own charge, from a waste to a garden, he will not take any serious steps to dislodge him. He may grumble, but he will sit still and pocket his interest. The lesson is an obvious one. England had no European mandate. From the diplomatic point of view she was in Egypt by sufferance, and not by right. If Europe had just or sufficient grounds for an accusation that the presence of England in Egypt was to the detriment of other nations, Europe would have been justified in summoning England to fulfil her pledge to retire. But Europe profited by English administration in Egypt to an extent equal to England herself. A practical cause for intervention was wanting, and there was a very practical cause for not intervening. Europe, therefore, acquiesced in the practical results.

But the question arises: Was England in Egypt solely to maintain order and to safeguard European interests as the financial agent and caretaker of the European bondholder? The answer is a matter of history. The British administration of Egypt resulted in the greatest and most rapid increase of values which the world has known. And at the same time the moral progress was as great as the material. Finance led the way; reforms in the Army, the Interior, Justice, and Education followed. In a short summary it is impossible to do justice to the methods by which these objects were obtained. They can only be described in their general outlines. The Home Government could give little aid. The Ministers were trained under a different order of things. The Government was like a man accustomed to sail a boat in the open sea who is suddenly called on to face the traffic of the Thames. Europe was no longer the Europe, nor England the England, of the years before 1880. Ineffectual efforts were made to withdraw the English garrison. First the Mahdi intervened; then France and Russia vetoed the Wolff Convention. The troops were always on the point of leaving, but never left. On this insecure foundation was built the fabric of Egyptian reform. It could be truly said that 'the name of the man who was mainly responsible for 'Egyptian prosperity was Thomas Atkins.' He was the con-

stant factor in the ceaseless changes of Egyptian Ministers and European diplomats. The outward fabric was unchanged. Lord Cromer was a man of facts and not of formulas. Before the occupation we saw European Ministers unsupported by a European force. After the occupation the Ministers were Egyptian, but the armed force was English. There was no 'masterful Resident' with an English Executive at his back. The English Consul-General was one of many colleagues, his equals in nominal rank. The English administrators were not Ministers, but advisers, for the most part depending for their influence, not on their legal rights, but on their personal influence and character, but supported always by the advice and sympathy of their chief and, in the background, by the British force. Progress at first was slow. A beginning was made with those departments which were necessary to the maintenance of order and the solvency of the country—the army, finance, and irrigation. Here the intervention of Englishmen had perforce to be constant and direct. The details of interior administration were left to Egyptian management till the flagrant incapacity revealed under Nubar made British intervention necessary. But the object aimed at remained always the same—to teach the Egyptians to manage their own affairs and to diminish European interference as much as possible. At present 90 per cent. of the Government employés are Egyptian, and of the Europeans a large proportion are employed on the railways, where their presence is indispensable for the security of the traffic, and in the technical services for which Egyptians have not yet acquired the necessary training. The task was great and difficult, but it was ennobled by its difficulty. Is it accomplished, or, being accomplished, is it permanent?

English policy must in the main be dictated by the necessities of England. However great and laudable our objects elsewhere, our main duties are at home. The occupation of Egypt was possible because Egypt was unassailable by land while England had the predominant sea-power in the Mediterranean. These conditions may change. But, however that may be, England has resolved against the incorporation of Egypt in the British dominions—as firmly as she is resolved against its annexation by others. The solution is obvious. Egypt must be taught to manage her own affairs and to provide herself against the recurrence of those disorders which made intervention necessary. Does she now provide such guarantees? Lord Cromer's answer, like that of all who know the country well, is that she does not. But if not, then a withdrawal of the English force means a repetition of the old story. And Egypt

is not Afghanistan, a country where Europe has no interests. The interests of Europe in Egypt are immense, and Europe cannot remain indifferent to their destruction. The number of native Christians is estimated at 700,000, and that of the subjects of foreign nations at vero 100,000. These latter, under the capitulations, enjoy the direct protection of their Governments. 'The mere withdrawal of the British garrison would not render 'Egypt autonomous; on the contrary, it would diminish the 'prospect of eventual autonomy. It is a contradiction in terms 'to describe a country as self-governing when all its most impor- 'tant laws are passed, not by any of its inhabitants or by any 'institutions existing within its own confines, but by the Govern 'ments and legislative institutions of sixteen foreign Powers'— a system which, as Lord Salisbury points out, has all the disadvantages of the *liberum veto* of Poland without the resource of cutting off the heads of the dissentients. 'But such would 'be the condition of Egypt until the existing *régime* is 'altered. There are only two methods for effecting a radical 'alteration of that *régime*. The first, that Egypt should be 'annexed by some foreign Power'—a solution which Lord Cromer discards. 'The other is that means should be devised 'for establishing a local legislature competent to deal with all 'local matters. The only real Egyptian autonomy, therefore, 'which is either practicable or capable of realisation without 'serious injury to all the various interests involved is one which 'will enable all the dwellers in cosmopolitan Egypt—be they 'Moslem or Christian, European, Asiatic, or African—to be 'fused into one self-governing body.' It is evident, however, that before this object can be attained the Mussulman majority must acquire the habit of government and a respect for law and the rights of the Christian minority. It is unfortunately evident from all present indications that this is far from being the case. Even among the Mussulmans themselves the prevailing feeling among the formerly privileged classes is the intense desire to regain their old position and to shear the fellah who has remained so long unshorn; and the feeling of pasha and fellah alike towards the Christians bodes ill for the time when the Christian is unprotected. It would be folly to shut our eyes to the fact that, however desirable in itself is the withdrawal of the English force and the establishment of Egyptian autonomy, the immediate consequences would be disastrous. Autonomy would bring on disorder and disorder a renewed intervention; and the neutralisation of Egypt by a joint self-denying ordinance would be no solution. To borrow Lord Cromer's metaphor, an agreement between fire brigades not to put out a fire might stop rivalry,

but would not arrest the conflagration. What we must all desire is that Egypt should be able to stand alone, without external props. We are agreed that for the present the centering cannot be removed from beneath the arch. The question when we shall be able to remove it depends upon the material. The art of government, like all other arts, is based on a knowledge of the material; and it is remarkable that, with our enormous Oriental Empire, we pay so little attention to this most necessary branch of knowledge—the real character and capabilities of the nations we govern. We must earnestly commend to the attention of our statesmen a study of the chapters which Lord Cromer devotes to this subject. They are the fruit of patient and sympathetic intercourse with the leaders of Mussulman feeling, and they admit us to a personal knowledge which is generally a closed book to Europeans. We doubt if the modernised Oriental has ever been drawn with such bold and firm touches as in Lord Cromer's portraits of Nubar and Riaz; or if the pathos of a changing order has been presented with more sympathy and understanding than in the few pages devoted to Mohammed Beyram. After exhaustive inquiry based on the detailed study of personalities, he arrives at the conclusion that Islam reformed is Islam destroyed, and that the religion of the Mussulman, though alive as a religion, as a political and social system is moribund. The conclusion entails grave consequences. We hope that his experience will have light thrown upon it by that of others who have knowledge of other portions of the Mussulman world. We believe that there are those who hold that the rigid forms of Mussulman thought and society are not due to the Koran, but to those commentators who have made the Word of God of none effect through their traditions. The letter of Ali, son-in-law of the Prophet, to Malek, Governor of Egypt, contains precepts worthy of the modern Liberal: 'Despise not 'the people,' he writes; 'remember that God speaks not once 'nor twice through the mouth of God's servants.' And it is maintained with force and enthusiasm in Moslem pulpits that the principles underlying the teaching of the Prophet are Liberty, Equality, and Justice. The Mussulman sees himself placed between the aggressive West and the East which has clothed itself in the Western panoply. He feels that unless he too changes with the changing times he and his race and his creed are doomed to destruction. He is told by the foreigner and his own teachers that what makes a nation is character, and that to build up national character requires centuries of teaching and experience. But he cannot wait. He demands present salvation, not hope long deferred. To such a one Lord Cromer's

warning will be a bitter disappointment, and the more bitter that it is the fruit of long experience. He shows us that religion is not the mould in which the metal is cast so much as the soil in which the plant grows. Once grown strong, in a good soil, the plant can be transplanted and flourish; but dwarfed and starved in its first growth, it can never spread out healthy branches. The fundamental doctrine of the West—of the unity, 'not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the manhood into God'—secures for all time in our race the conception of the divinity of human labour, whatever may become of the doctrine itself. But that very formula was drawn up in Alexandria. We ourselves brought the seed from the East, and we come again bringing our sheaves with us. Cannot we teach what we have learned? Is not what is being done in Egypt an object-lesson in the art of life? We trust the lesson will not be taught in vain. The irrigation official spreading plenty through the land; the doctor fighting plague and cholera; the soldier heading the charge; and, above all, the chief inspiring all with his own spirit of justice and charity—these are the schoolmasters, these are our new Crusaders. We wish them good luck; and their glory is our own.

It may be that their work will pass away, as so much has passed away in that land of perished glories and ruined monuments. Some day the Australian antiquary, sitting on the ruins of the Assouan dam, may elaborate the records of the epoch of the great Konsool Karóma, vanished like that of Cheops and Rameses and Alexander and Saladin. And it may also be that those who so greatly have benefited by his rule may be wholly ungrateful. That is the way of the world. Our task is to do the work, and do it well, and not to ask what comes of it nor to weary in well-doing.

Art. XI.—THE TRAVELS AND POEMS OF CHARLES MONTAGU DOUGHTY.

1. *Wanderings in Arabia.* By Charles M. Doughty. Arranged, with Introduction, by Edward Garnett. Duckworth: 1908. 16*s.*
2. *The Dawn in Britain.* By C. M. Doughty. Duckworth: 1906.

In the winter of 1875 a young Englishman, Mr. Charles Montagu Doughty, whose name was destined to be inseparably associated with Arabian exploration, and who had been for some time wandering with Beduin guides in the desert east of Jordan, had reached Maan, sixty miles south of the Dead Sea on the pilgrim route to Mecca. He there joined the *haj*, or pilgrim caravan, and journeyed with it some three hundred miles further southward to Medargin Salih, his intention being to investigate the rock houses and inscriptions of the Beni Thamud, of which much at that time was rumoured and but little known, and, that end accomplished, to rejoin the caravan on its return journey and travel back with it to Damascus. He achieved his archæological purpose successfully, but before the caravan returned to pick him up his plans for the future were changed. An attraction which all who have experienced it speak of as the most potent in nature, the attraction of the great spaces and solitudes of the desert and the mental and physical freedom of desert life, had confirmed its hold upon him. Ill-provided as he was with funds or resources of any kind, disowned by the officials who might have aided him, indifferent to evident risks, and heedless of all expostulations, like a man obeying the beck of a superior will, he slipped his moorings, and, joining a party of nomad Arabs, let the eddies and accidents of Beduin life carry him whither they pleased. For nearly two years he was thus borne to and fro through the length and breadth of Arabia, and, almost without goal or object of his own, lived from day to day the Arab life as no European had ever lived it before. So complete was his abandonment of himself to circumstances that the track of his wanderings during this time appears merely like a tangled skein of thread cast at hazard on the map. Finally, worn and battered, but always composed and tranquilly observant, he emerged at Jiddah on the Red Sea. Ten years later his account of his travels was printed and given to the world.

A friend in the desert had once prophesied that Khalîl, so

they called the traveller, would have much to tell on his return to his own country; 'and wilt thou not,' the Beduin added, 'receive some large reward, for else we think thou wouldst 'never adventure to pass by this wilderness?' It was true that Khalîl had much to tell, but there was no reward attached to it. Fit audience but few was the book's fate. By a knot of travellers and scholars, by the de Vogüés, the Renans, the Blunts, its value was at once recognised, but by the public, even the literary public, it was ignored. It has been thought that the work was too long and also too expensive, and no doubt 1,100 pages and three guineas are both, in their way, serious propositions. So far as these deterrents are concerned the way has now been cleared. The 1,100 pages have been reduced to 600, and the three guineas to sixteen shillings. Moreover, another obstacle to the book's popularity, besides those mentioned, has by now disappeared. Mr. Doughty is a writer who concedes nothing to the European point of view. It had been an old and honoured custom in our literature to treat the Arab romantically, to emphasise his strangeness and picturesqueness, to make us feel the width of the gulf that separates us from him. But Mr. Doughty adopted quite a different method. The writer who enters into the heart of his subject, who sees it from within, and, as it were, according to its own nature, must from that moment cease to see anything strange or romantic about it, or to be able to describe it in those terms. Its uses, its intrinsic qualities, its relations to life are the points he will grasp; but the strangeness which heightens its effect to a foreign eye, since it has no longer any existence for him, cannot appear in his account of it. The truth is that the strangeness we see in a thing is the measure of our own ignorance of it, for nothing is strange in itself. The familiarity of Mr. Doughty's handling makes us feel the naturalness, the inevitableness of all the events of desert life. His understanding of his subject breeds a like understanding in ourselves, so that we exclaim as we read, not 'how strange,' but 'how true.' But inevitably to attain this end he has to discard the romantic glamour which had become a literary tradition in the treatment of the Arab. This lack of romantic glamour is the price he has to pay for what is the chief characteristic of his book, its profound veracity. Veracity, however, is a quality that wears well. It can afford to wait. Of late years a change has been working in the public mind, wrought by the scientific instincts of the age and its desire to get at the facts and see things as they are, and a book which states things truly has an increasing chance of attracting attention. Above all, a book which can instruct us in such a profoundly

interesting subject as the desert, the birthplace of the two strangest forces that have ever influenced human affairs—the racial influence of the Arab and the religious influence of Islam —may reckon on this increase of attention with some confidence.

And now let us look a little more closely at the quality of the book itself. We have said that its chief characteristic is its profound veracity, but we mean by that a good deal more than a wish to state facts accurately. We mean the faculty we were a moment ago describing of seeing things in their relation to the causes that produced them and the life out of which they grew, of seeing them, that is to say, according to their own nature. To see things thus demands not gifts of intellect only, but gifts of imagination. It is often puzzling to divide and separate from each other the faculties of the mind which in action are blended as the coloured rays are blended in a beam of light; yet it is impossible to arrive at any kind of understanding of a writer's genius unless we do so. Fortunately the qualities which characterise these travels are really, in theory and practice both, to a great extent separable and admit of being separately handled. Intellect is that faculty which gathers, sorts, compares, tests, and stores up the material which imagination combines, moulds, and fuses into a vital and significant representation. We all of us possess these faculties in some degree. We all to some extent gather facts and data, and we all to some extent combine such facts and data into an intelligible whole. This is the process by which we realise all events. Letters, telegrams, and official reports give us facts about the siege of Port Arthur, and these facts we put together into a rough picture of the scene. We see the hills, the forts, the attacking Japanese, the defending Russians, and it is only as the facts collected combine into some such picture that they consent to yield their meaning at all. This is our mode of apprehending; only, as a rule, our facts are not so complete as they might be, nor so carefully tested and sifted—that is to say, the intellectual part of the work is rather poorly done—nor is the final picture and presentment of the scene very vividly conceived—that is to say, the imaginative part of the work is rather poorly done. Obviously, in order to render the unsatisfactory results thus obtained more satisfactory, intellect and imagination must be increased, but, and here lies the difficulty, they must be increased in equal relative proportion, for if one is increased at the expense of the other we shall have either cartloads of facts which refuse to combine at all, or a few poor facts combined all awry and twisted by the imaginative fervour out of all truth and natural semblance. At

this problem, how to enhance capacity yet maintain equilibrium, Nature is perpetually working. The history of literature is the history of her many failures and very few successes; but among the latter it seems probable that the writer we are now considering will sooner or later rank. It is likely that his capacity for collecting material and for combining and fusing it will turn out to be of such a kind, of sufficient strength and sufficiently evenly balanced, to make his definitions and descriptions permanently acceptable.

This is a high claim to make, but it is one that can be easily tested, and as the quickest way of doing so we will proceed to quote a few sentences from the book before us describing objects or scenes by the way. First, take this description of a typical Beduin sheykh: 'Zeyd was a swarthy, nearly black sheykh of the 'desert of mid stature and middle age, with a hunger-bitten, 'stern visage. . . . Hollow his cheeks, his eyes looked austerely 'from the lawless land of famine, where his most nourishment 'was to drink coffee from the morning, and tobacco; and where 'the chiefest Beduin virtue is *es-subbor*, a courageous forbearing 'and abiding of hunger.' It is said further of the same man: 'His was a high and liberal understanding becoming a *mejlis* 'man who had sat in that perfect school of the parliament of 'the tribe from his youth. Nothing in Zeyd was barbarous 'and uncivil. His carriage was that haughty grace of the wild 'creatures.' *A propos* of Arab degeneracy when separated from the desert, let us give the account of a party of trading Arabs who claimed the hospitality of the Beduin tents, 'and 'rising from the slender breakfast, gave thanks; yet a little 'with that unhandsome citizens' humility which is not in the 'easy carriage of the nomads. Beduins bless the host and yield 'their thanks to God; but these were border countrymen, and 'had almost the daunted looks of townspeople in the deep 'wilderness.' Here is a twilight touch for those who know the desert: 'As we looked for our Araab we were suddenly in sight 'of the slow, wavering bulks of camels feeding dispersedly 'under the horizon.' Of camels drinking we have this picture: 'If, after some shower, the great drinkless cattle find rain-water 'lodged in any hollow rocks, I have seen them slow to put down 'their heavy long necks; so they snuff to it, and bathing but the 'borders of their flaggy lips, blow them out and shake the head 'again as it were with loathing.' On the march they overtake a little Beduin shepherd-boy: 'The child wept that he and his 'lambs were overtaken by so great a company of strangers, 'but stoutly gathering his little flock he drove aside and turned 'his blubbered cheeks from us.' On Arab character let us

quote this : ' They see but the indigence of the open soil about, ' full of dangers and hardly sustaining them, and the firmament ' above them, habitation the Divine salvation. These Ish- ' maelites have a natural musing conscience of the good and evil ' more than other men.' The least details reveal the combination of qualities we have in view ; take this sentence describing the spring plants dying in the hot sun, ' then the force of life is spent ' of the herb lately so fresh upon the earth, and withering under the sun it is dried up,' and consider the precision and vividness of it. As we began with Zeyd, let us finish with this meeting of his with a Turkish Pasha in mid-desert : ' Zeyd greeted with ' the noble Beduin simplicity in his deep, stern tones and as a ' landlord in his own country, " Peace be with thee." '

Each of these jottings is, it will be seen, a picture, a work of art, a fusion, that is to say, of collected material into significant, organic form. Yet let it be remembered that we are dealing here not with the work of a decorative and picturesque writer at all. We are dealing with the man of whom Mr. Hogarth, a careful and accurate critic, has written that ' no one has ' looked so narrowly at the land and the life of Arabia as Doughty, ' and no one has painted them in literature with a touch so ' sensitive, so sincere, and so sure,' with the man the value of whose work in archæology and geography has been acknowledged by science, and of whom so experienced a judge as Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has said that his knowledge is ' the most complete among Englishmen of Arabian things.' In short, we are dealing with a writer steeped in a scientifically accurate and slowly accumulated knowledge of his subject. Yet in this guise he presents his knowledge to us. We said just now that the difficulty was to attain equipoise and balance of the intellectual and imaginative faculties. Among the imaginative writers we have with us, Mr. Arthur Symons is one of the best known. If, now, the reader will compare a sentence by Mr. Symons, if he will compare this description of Ravenna—' lean and ascetic Ravenna ' has a certain exquisite rigidity in its charm, like that of a ' crucifix, like that of the strange, severe, and sumptuous crucifix ' of engraved silver discs in the cathedral '—with Doughty's ' hollow his cheeks, his eyes looked austerely from the lawless ' land of famine,' he will at once perceive in what the difference consists. Mr. Symons's description is imaginative without being intellectual ; that is to say, it has behind it no sound thought and accurately observed facts, for Ravenna, we need scarcely say, does not possess the attributes here assigned to it in a greater degree than any other city, and its streets bear no resemblance to a sumptuous crucifix whatsoever. Hence as soon

as the gorgeous language of the description is forgotten all is forgotten, and no image remains on the reader's memory. But Doughty's description is the summary of deep thought and keen scrutiny. All that the Arab is in himself, and the strange forces that have made him what he is, are summed up in that lightning flash of imaginative creation which has fused into a single image the experience of years. And so, even when the words are forgotten, the image will remain, and the enduring eyes and the hollow desert behind them will be fixed in the reader's memory for ever.

It is the same of each of the sentences we have quoted and of countless others throughout the book. The 'flaggy lips' of the camels snuffling at the water, the Arab pride of the shepherd boy under his tears, the daunted look of the townsmen in the deep wilderness, the wavering bulk of camels under the horizon, each and all are not more vivid in pictorial presentment than true and durable in observed fact. It is this that is so rare. It would be easy to name many imaginative writers who have given us fine pictures which mean nothing in particular, and as easy to name many others who have given us strings of reliable facts which refuse to combine into a picture at all; but we should be put to it to name another author who unites so equally and powerfully imagination and intellect, and whose fine pictures, with all the colouring and vitality of art, are composed of facts that have all the uncompromising exactitude of science.

This combination of qualities it is which is responsible for the evolution of Mr. Doughty's manner or style of writing. The reader will have noticed from the short quotations we have given that Mr. Doughty's style is by no means an everyday one. It is consistent and of very strongly marked character, yet not like anything we are accustomed to in these days. Mr. Hogarth, in his history of 'The Penetration of Arabia,' after observing that Doughty's language 'has the precision and inevitableness of 'supreme style,' goes on to liken it to our 'stately Elizabethan' prose, in which opinion other critics have followed him. The affinity thus pointed out is obvious, but the significance of it only appears when we realise that the affinity of diction is the outcome of an affinity of mind. Elizabethan prose, and not Elizabethan prose only but all English prose down to the eighteenth century, is remarkable for its rich blending of the imaginative and intellectual qualities. It was the influence of the eighteenth century which, by fostering exclusively the intellectual element, gradually froze out the imaginative, and as the modern mind and modern life became ever more and more thoroughly intellectualised, so did English prose, follow-

ing their lead, constantly increase in exactitude and precision, but decrease constantly in richness and colour. For stating facts correctly it became more and more efficient; for drawing out their meaning and significance less and less efficient. Such a vehicle did not meet the wants of a writer like Doughty at all. Its hard, curt phraseology and clicking, steeltrap periods were impossible to him, because they failed to express him. If he were to deliver himself at all he must do so in terms, not of intellect only, but of intellect and imagination combined. Accordingly he proceeded to do this, working long years at his task, until each phrase gave him back the image of the thing as he had seen and felt it; and inevitably it followed that to match the style thus evolved we have to go back to a period—Elizabethan is a convenient term, but the exact period matters very little—but to a period, at any rate, preceding the rise of the intellectual absolutism of the eighteenth century. To match, that is, the intellectual imaginative style of Doughty we must recur to an age when intellect and imagination were blended in English prose.

As for the power which such a style possesses for enabling us to look through the writer's eyes, no brief quotation can give a right idea of it. So trenchant is the language that each scene seems to be struck into relief as if with a chisel. Wandering up and down these wastes, we feel the influences that surround us, we live with the writer the life of the desert, and long after the book is laid aside the scenes thus depicted return in the memory as though they had formed part of a personal experience. Often, carried up and down, or thwarted and diverted in his progress by the tribes that bear him along, often it is a question if Khalîl will ever return at all to write his book for us and distribute the knowledge he has collected. But yet, though devoted to death more than once by Moslem zealots, though beaten and struck down, the knife bared and lifted that is to end him, he yet on each occasion by happy chance scrapes through, imperturbably to resume his wanderings. Out of such experiences these pages grow. Like the herring-harvests of our winter seas, 'they were na brought here without brave daring.' And yet that the writer came safe through at all belongs also, it may be said, to his genius. For to see things, as we have attempted to show that this traveller saw them, not from without, as struck by their strangeness, but intimately and according to their own nature, involves a certain sympathy and deep fellow-feeling. That comprehending insight which looked through all differences of race and creed evoked a response which had perforce to ignore them also. So men spared him,

they scarcely knew why. They wished to kill him, but could not. He says himself, of one humane and kindly, that 'there 'is no land so perilous which by humanity he may not pass, 'for man is of one mind everywhere.' 'We have all of us,' says Wordsworth, 'one human heart.' Yes, and yet it takes a man of genius to find it out. So Doughty makes friends wherever he goes, and turns into protectors men who feel and even say that if they acted up to their traditions they would destroy him forthwith. It is pleasant to us to know that in the black tents of that interminable wilderness an Englishman is still spoken of as a friend, and not less significant is the thought, as we turn the pages of his book, that the qualities which give value to the written word were the writer's own safeguard through his perilous undertaking.

Such, then, are this traveller's qualifications for interpreting to us that strange and tremendous influence which inhabits the desert, and has acted, and still acts, so potently on human affairs. We will not say that the book explains that influence. No book could do that. Yet it is itself so penetrated by it and bathed in it, that as we read we are made to realise its presence and to some extent its character. These pages abound in material which, though gathered in the shape of isolated incidents and individual traits, yet are susceptible, all of them, of a like interpretation. In all these events of desert life there is at bottom a something in common, a similitude of motive, or origin, working in the heart of them; and this, as we proceed, stays with us and is unconsciously carried on to the next incident, there to be reinforced again and once more carried forward. And so there grows in the mind an impression, an extract from all we have experienced, a presence which attends us on our way, which broods over each scene, and which, itself invisible, is everywhere apparent in its effects. We can identify it with nothing, yet it is in all things. Nothing is so small as not to reveal its influence. We are aware of it in the wiry grass and shrivelled, salt twigs of shrubs; we trace it in the curt speech of the tribesmen, we see it behind Zeyd's 'stern smiling.' It has made the manners of the nomads what they are, and given them their thoughts and their changeless, immemorial customs, and sculptured their hard, spare limbs. This shadowy phantom it is that has used Islam and the Arab as its instruments, that has cut so deep a mark in history, that centuries ago leapt out of the desert to consume the leavings of Rome, and that still in so many ways and different regions manifests its unquenchable vitality. Local rather than racial or religious, it radiates from these grinning reefs and haggard tracts of sand, and

tempers to its own keenness the minds and characters of those subjected to its influence.

And now, if we have succeeded in interesting the reader in any degree in a writer still little known, he will not object perhaps to follow us while we consider, necessarily briefly, the longer and more important of two poems which have recently appeared by the same author. Before turning, however, from the travels we must offer our thanks to Mr. Garnett for the way in which he has carried out the work of curtailment. A critic lately in one of the weekly reviews expressed regret that Mr. Doughty had abandoned his archæological studies to go a-gypsying with a lot of Beduin nomads. The merit of Mr. Garnett's condensation is largely, as it seems to us, the result of his having adopted the exactly opposite view: the view that what the traveller has to tell us about the Beduins and their country is far more important than anything he can possibly tell us about inscriptions and rock-cut tombs. Mr. Garnett has cut out a good deal of archæology, and has effected the rest of the necessary saving mainly by the pruning away of two or three big branches, so that we are not worried by petty economies and the compression of paragraphs. The book, therefore, has lost in little but bulk. Indeed, in spite of its singular merits, it is not the kind of work which it is sacrilege to cut down or meddle with in any way. The effect of these travels is cumulative, it is true, and possesses the reader in proportion as he immerses himself in the writer's experiences; but there is no narrative, and no definite aim or goal is held in view. The scenes before us, each as it occurs, this camp, this camel, these wasting sand-rocks, this coffee-drinking group, are in themselves the object of our journey. A work so inorganic can easily bear to have portions removed without feeling any ill effects in the portions retained. So long as we have enough of desert life to soak ourselves in thoroughly that is all we require, and for this purpose six hundred pages will probably serve most people's turn as well as twice the number.

We turn now to Mr. Doughty's most considerable poetic achievement, 'The Dawn in Britain.' This, if we judge it rightly, is a work of considerable importance in the world of poetry, and a work of such importance cannot be properly understood as an isolated phenomenon. A work of real poetic importance signifies always something more than mere individual capacity or genius. It is led up to and made possible by the conditions of mental growth and developement of its time, and obliges us, if we are to estimate it properly, to take account

of those conditions. The accepted idea that poetry is mainly a matter of the imagination, and prose mainly a matter of the intellect, is no doubt correct. Nevertheless poetry, the imaginative medium, is never at its best unless it admits some of the intellectual or prose element; and prose is never at its best unless it admits some of the imaginative, poetic element. English prose, we pointed out, since the influence of the eighteenth century acted upon it, has become more and more sharpened and hardened into a purely intellectual instrument. In poetry the change has been in the opposite direction. Driven out of prose, the imaginative faculty has taken refuge in poetry. Its rival, content with solid earth and solid prose, had no wish to follow it into these realms, and poetry came to be recognised as the private preserve, so to speak, of the imaginative faculty. The result of this split has been that, as prose has lost much of the colour and warmth due to it from the imaginative faculty, poetry has lost the power of intellectual realisation due to it from the intellectual faculty. It is in this loss of the power of intellectual realisation that the difference between seventeenth-century and nineteenth-century poetry, the difference between the poetry of Milton and Shelley, consists. We mean by the phrase 'intellectual realisation' not subtlety of thought or originality of ideas, but a certain inclination of the mind to grasp its material as so much actual substance and to describe it in exact and definite terms. For instance, we should call

> 'His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
> Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
> Of some great amiral, were but a wand,
> He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
> Over the burning marle'—

an intellectually realised description; and we should call

> 'The same which oft-times hath
> Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn'

an imaginative description. We should call

> 'He was a man, take him for all in all,
> I shall not look upon his like again'

an intellectually realised statement, and

> 'Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
> Stains the white radiance of eternity'

a merely imaginative statement. The broad and general difference between the poetry of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare,

Milton, on the one hand, and Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Swinburne, on the other, is that the poetry of the first four is rich in this power of intellectual realisation, while the poetry of the last four is poor in it. A distinguishing mark of poetry rich in this intellectual quality is that it keeps close to the intellectual vehicle, to prose. Blank verse is that which is nearest to prose, and blank verse needs absolutely to be built on the massy, sure foundation of intellectual realisation. The greatest things in English poetry down to the eighteenth century were done in blank verse, and nothing indicates more clearly modern poetry's loss of the power of intellectual realisation than its total inability to handle blank verse.

As compared with sixteenth- and seventeenth-century poetry the outburst of poetry at the end of the eighteenth century was, in this sense, then, lop-sided, that its imaginative vigour was disproportionately greater than its intellectual vigour. Both the poets and the poetry of the later age miss the all-round sense of robustness and solidity of the earlier. Keats and Shelley lack of the full stature of manhood just what their poems lack of the full stature of poetry. Wordsworth, it is true, suffers nothing from intellectual deficiency, but he suffers nothing from it because he, like Burns before him, restricts himself to that sphere of immediate observation in which the survey and research of intellect are not needed. Tennyson made great efforts to recover the lost connexion, but the intellectual *entente* which he set up was of quite a superficial kind and was easily broken by Mr. Swinburne, who headed a return to the imaginative style in its most pronounced aspect.

In the meantime, while the tendency of poetry had thus declared itself to rely more and more on the imaginative faculty alone, and while it was paying the penalty in its own loss of hold upon life, while it was becoming more and more an ornament on the surface of life instead of a part of life itself, the intellectual faculty was being assiduously exercised and developed in connexion with life. The great scientific movement of the latter half of the nineteenth century had arisen and had set to work analysing, defining, testing, searching out all available sources of knowledge, and storing up on all subjects immense accumulations of facts. Mankind had declared its intention, almost in so many words, of living by intellect alone. Yet here again the result was not wholly satisfactory. Mankind had its stores of knowledge, its accumulations of facts, but somehow it could get very little pleasure out of them. The accumulating was done almost entirely by professors and experts and specialists, and if these took a gloomy joy in the

work they were the only people who seemed to do so. The fact is, mankind was paying the penalty of having exiled the imaginative faculty, for it was only by its help that the accumulated knowledge could be combined and fused into effective and intelligible form. The reader will remember, perhaps, a pathetic passage in Darwin's Diary in which he laments the total eclipse in himself of the love of poetry and pictures and music which he had felt in early life. 'My mind,' he says, 'seems to have 'become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large 'collections of facts'; and he adds, 'If I had to live my life again 'I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some 'music at least once every week, for perhaps the parts of my 'brain now atrophied would then have been kept active through 'use.' What had happened in Darwin's mind may stand as typical of what had happened in the mind of the age. The imaginative faculty, from disuse and an over-cultivation of the intellectual faculty, had become 'atrophied,' and mankind in consequence walked among its accumulations of facts, taking a certain pride in them and talking a great deal about them, no doubt, but really not appreciating their significance or deriving from them any genuine pleasure at all.

Such has been the position of affairs in the literary world for the last quarter of a century. For a quarter of a century literature has subsisted almost without the help of the imaginative faculty. It has been almost entirely a literature of the intellect. Intellect has even invaded the realms of poetry and fiction, and has given us plenty of carefully concocted poems and plenty of carefully concocted plots and characters, creditable achievements many of them, yet wanting, as most people are dismally aware, the spark of genuine vitality. On the other hand, in the departments in which intellect naturally predominates, in history, philosophy, criticism, and scientific research generally, our literature has kept to a fairly high level. It has been scholarly, well informed, and painstaking, and also, as a rule, conspicuously fair-minded. It has established, it may be said, a point of view, and in its steadfast endeavour to attain to a true estimate of things, to separate false or doubtful facts from reliable ones, to sift evidence, and to see things as they are, it has laid down and fore-ordained the direction of the work of the future. And yet, even in these departments, it has not achieved anything of first-rate importance. It has not presented its facts to the world so that the world could appreciate their significance or beauty. It has felt at every step the need of imaginative faculty to help it to mould and fuse its data into organic form. These considerations, this pressing need which

exists for bringing the imaginative faculty to bear on the accumulated material which intellect has heaped up, indicate the allotted task which awaits the writer capable of undertaking it; and it is because Mr. Doughty's poem seems to us the most important attempt so far made to treat its subject from this standpoint that we think it worthy of careful attention.

'The Dawn in Britain' is a representation of British life in the third century as a whole. It is made up of all the circumstances and events, the loving and fighting, the songs and festivities, the shipwrecks, the thousand adventures and incidents, gloomy and terrific or genial and delightful, which may be supposed to have taken place, as well in the lives of peasants and outlaws as in those of chiefs and kings. Under these varying and interwoven circumstances we divine from an unmistakable precision of touch and amplitude of detail a mind drenched in all the literature and legendary lore pertaining to the period; and the results of all this thought and study are given to us with a descriptive power as vivid as it is realistic. That is to say, these results are brought home and made accessible to us for the first time. What Mr. Doughty has done in this poem is the thing which Lord Acton spent all his life preparing to do; for all the sifting and testing and collecting of all the facts in the world are only useful in so far as they lead up to this. It is by a presentment like this that the sifting and testing are justified.

The usual difficulty of adequately illustrating an author by quotation is in the present instance greatly enhanced by the necessity of the reader accustoming himself to the diction of the poem before it can properly appeal to him. We must, however, attempt to give by a few extracts some idea of the poet's method. The 'Dawn,' of which there is here mention, signifies the introduction and spread of Christianity, and it is impossible to help noticing that, just as the spiritual impulse of Christianity itself has been the germ, as it were, of the national life, around which the phases of our civilisation have formed themselves, so the choice he has made of theme seems to admit the author to clearer insight into his subject than he could otherwise have obtained. The reader need not be alarmed. Mr. Doughty does not preach, nor is the subject of religion kept in evidence. The motive is merely felt dimly as a hidden root of coming order and purpose, working out of sight in the heart of tumultuous elements. But at the same time we cannot but feel that the poet's attitude towards this central spiritual idea is responsible for much of the intimacy of his sympathy with our national instincts. It is a clue to deep impulses in the national character; and indeed as we turn these pages we are half inclined to say that it is a

clue to what we love most and feel to be most characteristic in the aspects of our English scenery. Such being the central theme of the poem, let us take the episode of the landing of the first Christians, a party of missionaries from Syria, and for a short space follow their fortunes. We shall pass over their first adventures and escapes, though we are much tempted to linger on the account of the first-seen English meadows, where, after escaping shipwreck, the brethren

> ' Come to the silver-streaming rivers' brink,
> Under bee-murmuring boughs of linden sweet,'

and there rest and refresh themselves. We pass on to their journey under escort to Avalon, the outlaws' sanctuary of southern Britain, through a country strange to their Eastern eyes. In the morning they set off,

> ' By clear brooks, combs, fresh cowslip lawns, blue woods,
> Where bowering under briar, pale primrose blows,'

and in the evening of the first day halt at a herdsman's cabin.

> ' wayfaring thus,
> Chanting their temple-songs, the Syrian brethren
> To place inhabited come, another grange,
> Steading of poor herdfolk, Duneda's servants.
> They in hall of wattled boughs and crooked studs
> Enter, where bond-wives roll the rumbling millstones.
> These pause, then rise up to serve the king's guests ;
> Sith set before them pulse and milk-meat. Sup
> The saints, remembering Christ ; and so they rest :
> But wolves howl night-long, dreary, round that place.'

Thence they proceed the following day over grassy uplands studded

> ' with blissful flowers
> Gladdening their hearts ' ;

whence they look down over a lowland misty wilderness.

> ' Deep way and foul before them lies henceforth,
> Where golden king-cups blow, and marish lilies.
> How, to the Syrians' eyes, yond sallows dim
> Seem olive yards ! Shows them, then, Amathon's son
> Broad-gleaming far-off mere, and holms of Avalon.'

Thus they go down into the haunt of outlaws, among the wattle cabins, where some few poor creatures,

> ' careless of their good,
> As who their hope have in this deadly place
> Lost, look forth at low doors ; and fugitives
> Under blood-ban are many from their tribe.

There some in mire and slough come barefoot forth,
That view with wondering looks the strangers pass
Whom sends Duneda, lord of their poor lives.
So all they wend to the poor outlaws' hall
Of clay-cast wattle work, and daubed with lime,
On ground-wall of green sods, where-midst burns hearth
Of fenny-reeking turves, which squalid wights,
With hollow looks on peaten stools sit round.
These all, uprisen about him, greet prince Kowein,
And some straw down fresh rushes for the guests.
Behold with Kowein sit, amongst outlaws poor,
Those men of prayer. The Syrian brethren muse
To see so many of them with trembling joints,
Whom racks a daily fever of the fen.'

Yet here by degrees they gather friends round them, of those whom they help, or cure, or who are moved by their teaching, for all here in this dim malarial jungle have need of help ;

' Tremble the most with agues, and a spirit,
They say, besets them of the rotten fen ;
Like hag with yellow teeth and baleful eyes ;
And flickers forth on deadly wings the fiend
By night.'

The missionaries labour, weaving wool for winter cloth, or with their ' Syrian country skill ' teach the fen dwellers to

' press curded milk
To cheese and cure their marish fish with salt.'

And when winter comes,

' And hoar dew lies all day on the cold grass ; '

when the poplars are blown bare and

' silent from spray,
The small fowl flits to covert, and all beasts
Go lean and weary in the empty frost ' ;

then one, fashioning a rude plough, scratches the earth and sows wheat, for

' Laid up is his hope in heaven that when
Lent month's smooth winds shall fill with tepid showers
This furrowed glebe, should spring his Briton grain.'

And in their turn the brethren are helped. Their hut is built in the fashion of the place by the countrymen of lopped alder studs,

' Whereon, with osier wands,
They weave round bowers, and tress, as Britons use,
A seemly hall, conducted to man's height,

They raise and underprop the hollow thatch,
And with thick sedges bind ; and sith clay-cast
The house. Now towards his setting the sixth sun
Before the Sabbath rest, the Syrian brethren
Enter unto their own, and God give thanks ;
And that loud temple-chant in stranger tongue
The outlaws throng to hear which they intone ' ;

And this frail tabernacle proving by and by too small to shelter those who come to hear the stranger's hymns they set to work on a larger hall of stone and timber, and one Ithobal, colouring it inside with ochre,

' pourtrays,
With cunning hand in his Phoenician wise,
Ships, stars, eyes, rudders. And that star is Christ,
The ship His Church, whose rudder is the Spirit
That guides souls into Truth through world's dark waves ;
But the Eye is token of High God above.'

Thus, month by month,

' Whilst all without lies cold and comfortless,
They pray and heal the sick in fenny Alban ' ;

And in the meantime we catch rumours of outer life, and there blow into this retreat tidings of a possible Roman invasion and of the meetings and alliances of kings for the defence of Britain, and so we keep touch with the national life and circumstances with which the story is soon to fuse and mingle once more.

We do not know if these few quotations will give the reader an idea of this poem's extraordinary truthfulness ; or if he will derive from such brief glimpses a sense of the realism with which the journey across England, the homesteads and life of the peasants, and the existence of the outlaw community among the Avalon swamps, are depicted. If, however, he can grasp the reality of these scenes he will understand what we meant when we said that all the researches of historical science find in such pictures as these their proper goal and climax ; that these pictures are made possible by those researches, and those researches bear their fruit only when they issue in these pictures. It is for this reason that the capacity thus to describe remote events as realities is entirely a modern capacity. It is not only that until lately sufficient material for a realistic treatment, as a rule, did not exist ; it is, far more, that the instinct and the wish to see past things as they were and past events as they happened did not exist. Tennyson, as we said, made some efforts to keep in touch with the mind of his age ; but Tennyson, when it came to treating of past events, made no attempt to attain to an

intellectual conception of their reality. In the 'Idylls of the King,' Tennyson dealt with a subject akin to that of Mr. Doughty's poem; but the points of view of the two writers have nothing in common. Tennyson writes from the imaginative and sentimental point of view:

> 'Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
> Elaine the lily maid of Astolat.'

We are back with the pre-Raphaelites, in the Gothic revival movement, and in the heart of Victorian sentimentalism. The poems do not give or profess to give a true picture of the events they deal with. They give the romantic rendering, which was the only one possible to a poetry which had become thoroughly de-intellectualised. Nothing can be more opposed to the manner in which Tennyson presents his knights and ladies than the flinty phrases with which Doughty hews out his figures and scenes. But the difference is more than a difference in individual style or individual point of view. It is a difference of age. Tennyson is supported by a wave of sentiment and writes out of that; Doughty is supported by an age of intellectual achievement which renders a realistic treatment necessary and possible, and writes out of that.

Whether the reader will readily consent to this flinty style of Doughty's, whether, indeed, such a style is in every way satisfactory as a vehicle, is a matter of some doubt. The measure and rhythm, and even the rhyme of poetry, are, or should be, indications of imaginative power. That is to say, in poetry imagination not only undertakes to combine and fuse together its material into an effective and significant presentment—for this prose also undertakes to do—but it carries the fusing process a step further and gives us the material in a perfect and rounded form of language. It is impossible to dissociate the idea of final and perfect utterance from the measure and melody of poetry. A thing has not the air of being said once for all, of having realised itself in words, unless it is spoken with this roundness. If this be so, Mr. Doughty's poetry, as also the poetry of Walt Whitman, must be held to fall short of perfect achievement. Both must be considered as in character more or less experimental. Be that as it may, the archaic style of the present poem affords testimony not to be overlooked to that blending of intellectual and imaginative power which we have insisted on as the main characteristic of this writer's genius. It was the intellectual eighteenth century, we said, which handed over prose to intellect and poetry to imagination, and therefore we must go back to before the eighteenth century

to find those qualities blended either in prose or poetry. Well, we have seen that, where critics seek a parallel to Mr. Doughty's prose, they revert by common consent to the seventeenth century. We must do the same with the poetry. Milton was the last of the great English poets in whom the two qualities were united, and even in reading Mr. Doughty's prose narrative it is impossible not to be struck repeatedly by the Miltonic ring of the words and phrases. 'Bathing the borders of their 'flaggy lips,' 'daunted looks of townspeople in the deep wilder-'ness,' 'Hollow his cheeks, his eyes looked austerely' are words and phrases which have this ring, and the same reminiscence stirs through every page. Now, turning to the poem, let us repeat that description of the marsh fiend already quoted :

> 'A spirit,
> They say, besets them of the rotten fen ;
> Like hag with yellow teeth and baleful eyes ;
> And flickers forth on deadly wings the fiend
> By night.'

Certainly there is no mistaking the Miltonic quality there. Doughty's spectre, realised to its eyes and teeth and the flickering motion of its flight, is of like conception with Milton's Satan. The resemblance is much more than accidental or imitative ; it can only be accounted for by a resemblance of the faculties the poetry grew out of. The reason this passage recalls Milton is that it is rich in a quality which Milton was the last of our poets to possess. It is rich in intellectual realisation. In all Doughty's scenes, in all he describes, whether it be a fiend flitting over the Avalon swamps, or a camel drinking in the desert, this quality plays its part, prompting the narrator always to grasp his material firmly and describe it accurately, and the strong admixture of this quality in his verse it is which so often calls up the thought of Milton as we read.

We have not in what we have written attempted any critical estimate of Mr. Doughty's poetry. It seemed to us more interesting to consider his work in relation to the literary tendencies and currents of thought of the age. For some time it has been apparent that the exclusively intellectual developement which followed on the acceptance of the Renaissance ideas was somehow inadequate, that it was a one-sided developement and left out of account a side of human nature not less important than intellect itself. Life to-day is full of the signs and symptoms of the revival of this neglected emotional, spiritual, and imaginative side of human nature. It may, indeed, be said that the problem at present confronting life and literature is the re-establishment

of the alliance between the intellectual and imaginative faculties, which, to the detriment of both, have so long been separated. Mr. Doughty has given us, as we think, the best attempt at a solution of this problem yet forthcoming. He has shown that imagination thrives best on a solid fare of facts, and that facts yield their beauty and significance only when imaginatively fused and combined. And showing us this, he has revealed something of the possibilities that lie before literature; he has given us an inkling of the pleasure and illumination which the modern craving for facts, the modern anxiety to see things as they happened and existed, may be made to yield. Certainly we cannot say that 'The Dawn in Britain' is an easy book to read. Like the travels, it is a mere succession, almost without narrative, of events in the life it describes. Yet if the reader will patiently accept Mr. Doughty's method, if he will go to Mr. Doughty instead of asking Mr. Doughty to come to him, he will find that the pleasure and illumination will be duly forthcoming. He will have his reward in a greatly enhanced insight into the primitive instincts of his nation, and he will realise more fully his country's identity and himself and the present moment as issuing out of, and still one with, generations and ages long passed away; dim racial emotions stirred in him will answer for the truth of the poet's descriptions, and he will be made more freely a partaker in all feelings most truly and deeply English. This, surely, in times like these is no small benefit. We have a great deal to-day of a rather ugly and vulgar kind of patriotism, as well as a great deal of rather nebulous and vague religious sentiment. Amid these claims of the present it is well that we should be sometimes made to feel the claims of the past and be steadied and tranquillised by their influence. It is an advantage to us to be shown how beautiful and solemn a thing true patriotism really is, and how deep in the heart of our race its spiritual faith is embedded.

Art. XII.—PARTIES AND POLITICS.

Amongst all parties and politicians it is now an accepted principle that the People is entitled to have its way. We pride ourselves on being a self-governing nation. National policy, national institutions, the British Constitution itself are such as the nation determines they shall be. With equal unanimity it is admitted by all men that the British Parliament is omnipotent. King, Lords and Commons are together invested with a sovereignty that is absolutely unlimited. With us no Act of Parliament can be *ultra vires*. No court of law can impugn its authority. It is the function of Parliament to interpret the national will, to declare the national will, and through the instrumentality of those in whom it has confidence, to carry the national will into effect. Forcibly to resist an Act of Parliament is nothing less than rebellion.

In other and newer Parliamentary constitutions provision has been made rigidly to limit the powers of the Legislature. They are such only as are allowed them by the Constitution that calls them into being. To alter by one jot or one tittle a single line of the Constitution of the United States of America, is far beyond the authority of chance majorities of Congress. Congress cannot at will invest itself with fresh powers, and enlarge the scope of its authority, whilst in the various States the local constitutions have been framed with the express object of restraining the field of operations of the legislatures within fixed limits. In our country, therefore, it is far more important than elsewhere that Parliament, whose power is entirely unrestricted, should be in fact as in theory the true exponent of the general will, and of the settled convictions of the people.

So far, we think, taking a wide view of our national history, Parliament has shown itself on the whole worthy of its high trust. Its legislation has corresponded with the growing ideas of the public. It has not gone in advance of them. There has been little legislation due to sudden impulse, making it necessary for Parliament to repeal one year the laws it had passed the year before. Party majorities come and go; but the steady pressure of public opinion operates on both parties alike, and when an Opposition gets into power it has frequently happened that instead of a reversal of the legislation against which it has protested, a further advance in the same direction takes place. Mr. Bright introduced the original land purchase clauses into

the Irish Church Bills. Mr. Gladstone substituted the system of rent courts for contracts in the holding of Irish land. But the purchase system and the rent court system were enormously enlarged by Conservative legislation. Amidst the ups and downs of parties it is not difficult to trace a steady stream of opinion flowing in one direction. In the midst of the miserable rivalry and bickering of the religious sects, which have so greatly impeded educational reform, a change of standpoint even amongst extreme denominationalists is noticeable, and significant of progress. The right of parents to choose the religious education of their children is surely a worthier object to contend for than the right of State-aided Church schools, say in Wales, to maintain exclusively the specific religious teaching even of small minorities. The time is probably approaching when even on this much vexed subject Parliament will be able to give effect to a really national and final settlement of the whole question.

But if Parliament is to continue to retain its power to reflect and carry into execution the deliberate wishes of the nation, it must itself act with deliberation. That it has for the most part done so is due to the spirit of genuine debate and discussion which has in the past prevailed in the House of Commons, and to the occasional intervention of the House of Lords. Yet if we would listen to some politicians deliberation is the last thing required in the House of Commons. Members have been returned with a mandate how to vote. Why, then, waste time in talking? The country has already decided what it wants. Parliament is merely the machinery by which its will is to be automatically converted into law. Why should there be a House of Lords, or indeed any second chamber? Let the people enforce their will through the House of Commons alone. No more is required.

These views force us to ask who are the people? And how are we to ascertain their general opinions, before which we are all agreed to bow? Questions which party leaders and party newspapers and party caucuses have no difficulty whatever in answering, at least, to their own satisfaction; but which seem far from simple to more independent-minded men. The Prime Minister, the leader of the majority at the previous General Election, claims the approval of the people for *every* project which in the course of the succeeding years he may choose to place before Parliament. He holds that the people have given him a blank cheque which he is authorised to fill up; and that for members of Parliament of his own party to exercise any individual discretion as to the merits or demerits of his pro-

posals is hardly short of treason. The extreme doctrine of loyalty to the party seems indeed hardly consistent with loyal service to the country, on the part of members of Parliament, or with their own individual self-respect. Lord Hartington and the Liberal Unionists of 1886 were traitors to Liberalism in the eyes of good Gladstonians, when they refused to support Home Rule; just as Free Traders are regarded as traitors by the Tadpoles and Tapers of modern Toryism, because they refuse to accept Protection as the principal article in the creed of 'Unionism'!

The steadying effect of party feeling is no doubt necessary for the satisfactory working of Parliamentary institutions. It serves an all-important purpose, as nothing else would, in placing responsibility mainly on the shoulders of those who lead. Without the constant pressure of a force of this kind the House of Commons would at once degenerate into a mere crowd of six hundred individuals, each voting on every question, we trust on what seems to each the real merits, but certainly on the merits as seen from the particular standpoint of each. A large popular assembly without adequate leading can only result in confusion; and leading of course necessitates following; hence party to some extent there must be. In theory it may seem desirable that each member should cast his vote after hearing debate with the same sense of individual responsibility that belongs to a judge in deciding a cause after he has listened to counsel; but a very little practical acquaintance with such a body as the House of Commons would quickly convince the most sanguine *doctrinaire* of the hopelessness and impossibility of anything of the kind being attained. Speaking generally, therefore, party feeling is a good and a necessary thing; but, like many other good things it may easily be carried to excess. Loyalty to the monarch is a good thing; but English history shows us how possible it is for men to make the profession of loyalty to king, or statesman, or party, a cloak to conceal in some cases the dictates of personal ambition, in others the sheer dread of the personal consequences which independent action may entail. In the politics of our own day party feeling is surely carried to excess when on broad questions of principle men in responsible positions such as members of Parliament, in or out of office, surrender entirely their individual judgement to the orders or guidance of others —party leaders, party whips, party caucuses, cliques of constituents, newspaper denunciations, threats from powerful trades, and the many other influences before which the generality of the representatives of the people tremble.

The Prime Minister—the leader of the majority for the time being—as we have seen, finds for all purposes the unmistakeable voice of the people in the result of the General Election which placed him in power. The view of the leader of the Opposition is equally simple and equally unconvincing. In his eyes there was about the last General Election something wrong, which prevented it being a genuine popular verdict for his opponents. That verdict was given under a misapprehension. The people were deceived, it is even alleged by false representations, made by the statesmen who won. If the Prime Minister really wishes to know what the people think, the leader of the Opposition would advise him to have recourse to another dissolution; and should he, as is highly probable, decline so to do, his refusal is held to be proof positive that he himself recognises that the country is no longer on his side, and that he is determined to govern in spite of it. The Opposition leader having thus to his own satisfaction discounted the authority of the previous General Election, points to the latest two or three bye-elections that have resulted in his favour as irrefragable evidence that the nation has now clearly pronounced its approval of the various 'planks' which caucuses and irresponsible busybodies have forced, very probably against the will of a weak-kneed leadership, into the party 'platform.' At the present time the King's Ministers are bold enough to find in the General Election of 1906 national approval for the various projects and proceedings with which in truth the public has been not a little startled—the virtual reduction of Parliament to *one* legislative chamber, the abandonment in Ireland of the first duty of any Executive—the maintenance of the law, the establishment of a sweeping system of non-contributory pensions at the expense of the taxpayers, the introduction of the Irish Land System on this side of the Irish Channel, the disregard of the proprietary interests of those concerned in carrying on an honest and lawful trade. For Opposition statesmen, on the other hand, the voice of Peckham is amply sufficient. At Peckham spoke the people of England! Tariff Reform—'the first constructive work of the Unionist 'Party'—is approved by the nation; and every Tory caucus rejoices in the thought that Protection is at hand, and that 'The Church' and 'The Trade' will once more regain the weight which, in their opinion, properly belongs to those great institutions.

The British public in the meantime looks quietly on, and sees through it all. They know that in this fashion, for time out of mind, the political game has been played in Parliament, on the

Platform, and in the Press. It is but the common form of political controversy between 'ins' and 'outs.' They know very well that the General Election of 1906 meant that they were heartily tired of Mr. Balfour's Government, and did *not* mean that they were longing for revolutionary change. They know that 'Peckham,' whilst strong evidence that the public is becoming impatient of the present Ministry, does *not* mean that the nation is clamouring for the taxation of its own bread and butter! If there is one thing certain, it is that we cannot look for the true opinion or wishes of the British people in the language or action of the party caucuses on either side of politics. It is indeed the first function of these very unrepresentative and much manipulated bodies to express in times of party stress that confidence in themselves and their leaders which the general public does *not* feel. The Liberal caucuses will doubtless continue to express their admiration for the education policy, the Irish policy, and the licensing policy of the present Government, till a General Election gives them a rough awakening. Tory caucuses will go on affirming that Unionism is now synonymous with Protectionism, till the near approach of a dissolution teaches Conservative statesmen, as it quickly will, that whatever the caucuses may wish, the country, when it comes to the point, will stand by Free Trade.

An interesting treatise might be written on the true interpretation of the General Elections of the last half-century. The popular vote is of necessity given in part for men, in part for measures, in part out of satisfaction or dissatisfaction with Ministers and the recent past, in part out of more or less definite hope for the future. We see a good deal, no doubt, of action and reaction in the popular feeling for and against change; but we cannot agree that on the whole the British Democracy deserves the charge of fickleness often brought against it, either as regards men or as regards policy. Indeed, there appears to be more constancy of political principle with the people than with the statesmen. To Mr. Gladstone's 'whips' no doubt the General Election of July 1886, which drove him from power, must have seemed a striking reversal of the popular voice which only six months before had made him Prime Minister. Some twenty years later, during almost the whole of which Unionists had been in power, a Unionist Ministry was defeated in the country by a majority without precedent. Beforehand, in each case, partisans of the Ministry appeared to believe that the electorate would care only for party names and party flags, and would not trouble itself about the utterly changed things and causes for

which those names and flags now stood. In 1886 Mr. Gladstone adopted Home Rule and called it Liberalism; and the caucuses said ditto. The electorate, however, refused to regard the election as one between Liberal and Conservative, treated it as it really was, a contest between Home Rule and Union, and installed Lord Salisbury in power practically for the rest of his life.

In 1906 Mr. Balfour's Ministry had hardly anywhere lost the confidence of the caucuses, whilst that of the people was completely gone. But, again, what evidence was there of popular fickleness, unless indeed it is merely to the party *name* that loyalty and constancy belong? The Ministry in which the country had previously declared its confidence was presided over by Lord Salisbury, who was associated with the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Mr. Ritchie, Lord James of Hereford, Lord George Hamilton, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and Sir Matthew White Ridley. All these men had gone. The Ministry that was rejected in 1906 was virtually a different Ministry from the one that the nation had installed in power six years before. It is needless to contrast with the names of the statesmen who had gone—men who deservedly stood for much in the public estimation—the names of those who took their places. The country in 1906 did not believe that the Union was at stake, and the Liberal leaders very rightly and wisely engaged not to use a victory, likely to be obtained on other issues, for the purpose of establishing an Irish Parliament. But the country did believe, as it had good reason for doing, that the Conservative party was longing to return to the fiscal policy which Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Disraeli, Lord Salisbury, and every Ministry, Conservative or Liberal, of the last sixty years had agreed in repudiating. When the historian, far removed from the party prejudices of to-day, reflects on the conduct of the British Democracy in these two remarkable years, 1886 and 1906, his comment will surely be that they reflected the highest credit on the sound intelligence and the political steadfastness of the British people. It was no passing fancy, but deep-seated and long held conviction, that won the great popular victories for the Union and Free Trade.

There is, and always has been, a striking contrast between the vehement and exaggerated language of party politicians and the sober line of conduct which Parliament actually pursues. Since 1832 progress, no doubt at varying rates, has been continuous. At times legislation may have pressed hardly on classes and interests, which, however, would in all probability

have suffered still more sharply had Parliament left the laws unchanged. It would puzzle the most conservative or the most timid amongst us to point to a single Act of Parliament since the great Reform Bill which deserves to be described as revolutionary or confiscatory in character. There has been plenty of foolish and turgid talk, often from men who should know better, both in Parliament and on the platform. Ultra-Radicalism and ultra-Toryism are, and always will be, popular with audiences. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Chaplin give as much delight to Radical and Conservative 'demonstrations' in 1908 as Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill used to give them in 1885. Speeches are not more violent to-day, against property and the House of Lords, for instance, than they were three-and-twenty years ago, when the ex-President of the Board of Trade was preaching the doctrine of ransom and denouncing the Hereditary Chamber. In the voluminous pages of the British Statute Book we may search in vain for the spirit of revolutionary change. We find, on the other hand, much of that practical wisdom and moderation which are the true preventives of revolution.

It is the fashion in some quarters at the present day to lament the lack of influence in the political world of the moderate man. The caucuses, we are told, have decreed that parliamentary candidates must accept the creed of the Liberal Home Ruler or of the Tory Protectionist, so that the electorate is to be limited to the choice of members professing those very principles which the great bulk of the nation have so signally condemned! This, if it could be carried out in practice, would be a *reductio ad absurdum* of our representative system. A House of Commons divided between Home Rulers and Whole Hoggers (as Tariff Reformers strangely like to call themselves) is hardly thinkable. Between the two camps stands a great weight of opinion amply sufficient, surely, to prevent the realisation of either a Home Rule or a Protectionist policy. It is exceedingly significant that prudent statesmen in each party are by no means anxious at the present time that the so-called 'first plank' of their programme should be the deciding issue at the next General Election. If, to use the favourite expression of Mr. Gladstone, Home Rule is once more 'to hold the field,' it will be because the *Unionist* party will not allow it to drop out of sight. The Liberals wish to fight, not on Home Rule, but on Tariff Reform; whilst the wiser men amongst the Opposition, with Mr. Balfour at their head, know what this means, long to give fiscal policy a back place in their programme, and will strain every effort

to unite the party against Home Rule in defence of the Union. In these circumstances there is assuredly no reason why that vast body of intermediate opinion, which rejects Home Rule, and rejects Protection too, should not contemplate the future with considerable equanimity. A Liberal majority of unprecedented magnitude is in power. Mr. Birrell says, 'Of course 'the Liberal Party is a Home Rule party.' Perhaps so; but where is Home Rule? Deep, it is suggested, in the hearts of all true Liberals; where, we venture to think, it is likely to remain. It is possible, though improbable, that the Conservatives in a year or two will command a large majority in the House of Commons. Is it certain, is it probable, that they will at once begin to tax the bread and butter of the people? And yet there are those who say that the caucuses govern England, and that moderate men have no power! That the caucuses have an unfortunate effect in diminishing the truly representative character of the House of Commons, the credit and authority of which Chamber are thereby lessened, can hardly be disputed. It is therefore natural enough that something in these days should be heard of the necessity of a Middle Party in Parliament; but as yet there seems to be a good deal of crudeness in the conception as to what this party is to consist of, and as to what, after it has come into being, it will be likely to effect.

The nation has just suffered an irreparable loss in the death of a statesman who for a long series of years faithfully represented in his own person the political sentiments and the sound judgment of Englishmen. No friend of the late Duke of Devonshire need regret that he was never Prime Minister. The part which he did play was exactly that for which his character, his qualities, and his circumstances fitted him. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of the services he rendered to the State. In times of fierce political passion and rivalry he stood forth as the calm and courageous counsellor who, without talking about patriotism, was yet evidently placing the welfare of his country far beyond the interests of his party and himself. Thus for many years his countrymen regarded him as pre-eminently the statesman amongst all his contemporaries who represented in the highest degree those qualities of common sense and political candour which they hold dear. His intellect, as well as his conscience, was an honest one, and it was of that masculine quality which enabled him to grasp with exceptional power the fundamental principle in political problem or controversy. His character, his courage, and his common sense were recognised

by his countrymen from the first; but it may be doubted whether his very exceptional ability or his painstaking thoroughness have been equally appreciated outside the circle of his political intimates.

We need not refer to the great controversies and occasions when, as all men know, the action of Lord Hartington, or the Duke of Devonshire, had such conspicuous influence on the fortunes of the State. His loss will be felt in the less conspicuous everyday work of political life. Beginning his career when very young, a party man by inheritance and by close association with Liberal statesmen, always in an atmosphere of politics, he never regarded politics merely 'as a game.' He led for some years the Liberal Opposition; but he would have been incapable of enunciating, or of assimilating, that shallow doctrine of irresponsible leadership, that it is 'the duty of an Opposi-'tion to oppose.' Mr. Gladstone's remark in 1886, that Lord Hartington was 'going to play the game of the Tories,' serves only to bring into relief the fact that Lord Hartington was not playing a game at all, but was in all solemn seriousness engaged in serving the State. The wise advice, which in more recent times the Duke of Devonshire used occasionally to give to the House of Lords, will be greatly missed when measures of the Government supported by large majorities of the House of Commons once more begin to make their appearance before the Peers. The Ministerial attack upon the Upper House has so far failed to obtain general approval with the public; but a very different state of feeling would prevail if the House of Lords were really to allow itself to become the mere instrument of party interests in the House of Commons. Last year, on the difficult subject of education, the Duke of Devonshire pointed strongly towards the possibility and advisability of compromise. This year the Government approaches contentious questions in a more chastened spirit. The Archbishop of Canterbury, as usual, brings his wise and liberal mind to assist the cause of peace; but the absence of the Duke of Devonshire greatly lessens the weight which the moderate men can throw into the scale. It will be a reproach to Parliament if once more a settlement is rendered impossible by the hostility between narrow-minded nonconformity on one side and narrow-minded ecclesiasticism on the other—these two sections of the religious community forming together a mere fraction of the serious and rational lay world which is interested in education, and in religion also.

It is, of course, the intense dissatisfaction of moderate men in both the great parties that gives rise to the call for a Middle

Party in Parliament and the country. There is, in truth, much that is very unreal about the issues for which the two sides are supposed to be contending; and there is, moreover, a certain similarity between the uncomfortable conditions prevailing in the Radical and Unionist camps. Home Rule in the Nationalist sense—nay, in the sense given to it in Mr. Gladstone's Bills—has to-day little acceptance amongst responsible Liberal statesmen. The word 'devolution' does duty to the party necessity of keeping Liberals and Irish Nationalists 'under the 'same umbrella.' On the other side, 'Tariff Reform' is 'Protection' in everything but name. It is only as Protection pure and simple, and as what may be called 'local' or 'class' Protection, that it finds any support in the electorate. Cement, hops, slates, quarried stone, and so on, are treated by electioneerers solely from the local standpoint. The interest of the country as a whole is completely forgotten! 'Colonial 'preference' strikes the Englishman as the giving of a bounty at his expense to favour colonial produce in British markets, whilst colonists are doing their best by protective tariffs to exclude British manufacturers from competing in colonial markets. The great majority of economists recognise the extraordinary fallacies upon which Mr. Chamberlain rested his case—the injury done to labour by Free Trade, the falling off of exports, the danger of ruin from increasing imports, the success of Protection in averting the terrible evil of unemployment. But the Conservative party for the most part does not consist of economists. The man who is without employment, or who is dissatisfied with the price that his commodities command, listens easily to the bold assurances of those who promise him high wages and high prices, all at the cost of 'the 'foreigner'! Mr. Balfour, and at least some other leading Conservatives who count, are not, of course, taken in by this claptrap. In private it is not improbable that they may even expatiate upon the wide gulf of difference that separates the 'Tariff Reform' of Mr. Chamberlain from the 'Birmingham 'Programme' of the Conservative leader. Like the Liberals, the Conservatives need their umbrella, under which the whole party can rally, if only the language of statesmen is sufficiently vague. What Home Rule is to Devolution on the one side, so is Tariff Reform to the Birmingham Programme on the other.

The joint cause of the Union and Free Trade has received a great accession of strength in Lord Cromer. His splendid services to the nation secure him an attentive hearing from all

Englishmen, and the conspicuous absence of political partisanship that has marked his recent addresses makes him a valuable counsellor at the present juncture. As regards Foreign Policy, Indian Policy and Finance, he speaks as an expert; and with a record such as his it is impossible even for the narrowest and bitterest Protectionism to denounce him as a 'Little Englander.' In the long run reasoning prevails; and sometimes facts triumph over declamation to a degree and with a rapidity which is positively comical. We have been told of the ruin Free Trade has brought upon agriculture by lowering the price of wheat. Protection is asked for in this, as in other countries, to restore the prosperity of 'the greatest of home industries.' Suddenly, owing to natural causes the price of wheat rises. This is found to be no blessing for the nation, but a misfortune; and it is promptly laid to the account of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman! For some years we have been taught that the desire for cheapness is a rather low predilection of Cobdenite Free Traders, which the Imperial patriotism of the present day rejects. Then in a moment the somewhat elementary truth is discovered that cheapness is another word for plenty, dearness another word for dearth, and Protectionists are found straining every nerve to be on the side of the 'big loaf.'

There is in truth no sign whatever that discussion and argument are converting the British people to Home Rule or Protection. But is it beyond the bounds of likelihood that one or other of these ends may be obtained by the mere force and play of party politics? The present Ministry may fall from causes quite unconnected with Tariff Reform, and the result will be to instal a majority of Protectionists in power. Mr. Gladstone's great Ministry of 1868, after five years of splendid work, was accused by Mr. Disraeli in the once famous 'Bath Letter' of 'having harassed every trade, worried every profession, 'assailed or menaced every class, institution and species of 'property in the country.' Lord Rosebery a short time ago pointed out with great force that no Government could maintain itself in power which was supposed with good cause to be threatening the security of property. This is at present the rock ahead. If shipwreck ensues, we shall not believe that the new Ministry which in this way succeeds to power will be able to perform, without the direct approval of the people, the herculean task of overthrowing the Free Trade system of the greatest industrial and commercial nation of the world. With or without a 'Middle 'Party,' definitely formed, the voice of serious men who are something more than mere partisans will make itself heard, and

will demand that for so mighty a change the express consent of the public must be obtained.

The two-party system has struck its roots deep in the practice of British politics, and on the whole it is fortunate that it has been so. There seems little prospect of the formation of a Middle Party of moderate men, strong enough to cast off extremes on both sides, and itself to undertake the government of the country. This may sound plausible in theory; but no one in the least degree conversant with public life in the world of politics can deem it possible in the existing condition of things. Groups of men standing apart in the country and in Parliament from the recognised parties have from time to time played an all-important part in our history; and history may very probably repeat itself. But it was not after that fashion. The Whigs who in 1793 followed Burke and the Duke of Portland, the Peelites in the middle of last century, and the Liberal Unionists a few years ago, afford the main examples of the power of 'dissentients'; and, let it be added, of the service which men strong enough to break the chains of party have at certain times been able to render to the State. The influence which these groups exercised on the great parties was immense, and on the political course of the nation it was decisive. In the resistance to the French Revolutionaries and to Napoleon, in the triumph of Free Trade, in the preservation of the Union, the nation was saved by a combination of parties. Free Trade, which was won by a combination between Whigs and Tories, can only be preserved by some sort of co-operation between the Radicals and Unionists of a later day.

Let the country realise where it stands. No one really cares for the Birmingham Programme, except as a stepping-stone to genuine Protection. No one really cares a jot about 'devolution' except as an advance to the 'larger policy' of Home Rule and a National Parliament and Government in Dublin. The leaders of the two great British parties think that party salvation can be found in the adoption of some form of words to conceal the fundamental differences of opinion that exist. Facts will be too strong for them. The nation has to decide whether Great Britain and Ireland are to be politically one or two. It is not a question of more or less local government. It is a fundamental question of nationhood. So the nation has to decide one way or the other, for Free Trade or Protection. It is nothing less than discreditable to British statesmanship that, instead of endeavouring to lead the country to a right decision, it should spend all its efforts in the supposed interest of party, in obscuring

the issue in a maze of phrases and a fog of words. The supreme need of the British people in these troubled times is a statesmanship that is frank and honest. Moderate men, at all events, are getting tired of 'the game' and of 'party tactics,' and would give much to see again in the front rank of politics the directness, the honesty, and the calm courage which marked so conspicuously the whole career of the late Duke of Devonshire.

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